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THE UNACCUSTOMED EARS OF EUROPE

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I

WHEN, as a child, I learned the Westminster Catechism by heart I found the Ten Commandments easy to remember. There was something straightforward in these prohibitions. Once started in the right direction one could hardly stray from the path. But I stumbled over the question, 'What are the reasons annexed to the First Commandment?'

That a commandment should be committed to memory seemed just. I was prepared to submit to the severest tests of verbal accuracy. But that there should be 'reasons annexed,' and that these also should be remembered, seemed to my youthful understanding a grievance. It made the path of the obedient hard. To this day there is a haziness about the 'reasons' that contrasts with the sharp outlines of the commandment itself.

I fancy that news-gatherers have the same experience. They are diligent in collecting items of news and reporting them to the world, but it is a real hardship to them to have to give any rational account of these bits of fact. They tell what is done in different parts of the world, but they forget to mention 'the moving why they did it.' The consequence is that, in this age of in-

stantaneous communication, we know what is going on in other countries, but it seems very irrational. The rational elements have been lost in the process of transmission.

There has, for example, been no lack of news cabled across the Atlantic in regard to the nominations for President of the United States. The European reader is made aware that a great deal of strong feeling has been evoked, and strong language used. When a picturesque term of reproach has been hurled by one candidate at another it is promptly reported to a waiting world. But the 'reasons annexed' are calmly ignored. The consequence is that the reader is confirmed in his exaggerated idea of the nervous irritability of the American people. There seems to be a periodicity in their seizures. At intervals of four years they indulge in an orgy of mutual recrimination, and then suddenly return to their normal state of money-getting. It is all very unaccountable. Doubtless the most charitable explanation is the climate.

It was after giving prominence to an unusually vivid bit of vituperation that a conservative London newspaper remarked, 'All this is characteristically American, but it shocks the unaccustomed ears of Europe.'

As I read the rebuke I felt positively

ashamed of my country and its untutored ways. I pictured Europe as a dignified lady of mature years listening to the screams issuing from her neighbor's nursery. She had not been used to hearing naughty words called out in such a loud tone of voice. Instead of discussing their grievances calmly, they were actually calling one another names.

It was therefore with a feeling of chastened humility that I turned to the columns devoted to the more decorous doings of Europe. Here I should find examples worthy of consideration. They are drawn from the homes of ancient civility. Would that our rude politicians might be brought under these refining influences and learn how to behave!

But alas! When we drop in upon our neighbors, unannounced, things are sometimes not so tidy as they are on the days 'at home.' The hostess is flustered and evidently has troubles of her own. So, as ill-luck would have it, it is with Dame Europe's household. The visitor from across the Atlantic is surprised at the obstreperousness of the more vigorous members of the family. Evidently a great many interesting things are going on, but the standard of deportment is not high.

While the unaccustomed ears of Europe were shocked at the shrill cries from the rival conventions at Chicago and Baltimore, there was equal turbulence in the Italian Parliament at Rome. There were shouts and catcalls and every sign of uncontrollable violence. What are the 'reasons annexed' to all this uproar? I do not know. In Budapest such unparliamentary expressions as 'swine,' 'liar,' 'thief,' and 'assassin' were freely used in debate. An honorable member who had been expelled for the use of too strong language, returned to 'shoot up' the House. The chairman, after dodg-

ing three shots, declared that he must positively insist on better order.

In the German Reichstag a member threatens the Kaiser with the fate of Charles the First, if he does not speedily mend his ways. He suggests as a fit Imperial residence the castle where the Mad King of Bavaria was allowed to exercise his erratic energies without injury to the commonweal. At the mention of Charles the First the chamber was in an uproar, and amid a tumult of angry voices the session was brought to a close.

In Russia, unseemly clamor is kept from the carefully guarded ears of the Czar. There art conspires with nature to produce peace. We read of the Czar's recent visit to his ancient capital. 'The police during the previous night made three thousand arrests. The Czar and Czarina drove through the city amid the ringing of bells, and with banners flying.'

On reading this item the American reader plucks up heart. If, during the Chicago convention, the police had made three thousand arrests the sessions might have been as quiet as those of the Duma.

Even the proceedings of the British House of Commons are disappointing to the pilgrim in search of decorum. The Mother of Parliaments has trouble with her unruly brood.

We enter the sacred precincts as a member rises to a point of order.

'I desire to ask your ruling, Mr. Speaker, as to whether the honorable gentleman is entitled to allude to members of the House, as miscreants.'

The Speaker: 'I do not think the term "miscreant" is a proper Parliamentary expression.'

This is very elementary teaching, but it appears that Mr. Speaker is compelled to repeat his lesson almost daily. It is 'line upon line and precept upon precept.'

The records of the doings of the House contain episodes which would be considered exciting in Arizona. We read: 'For five minutes the Honorable George Lansbury defied the Speaker, insulted the Prime Minister, and scorned the House of Commons. He raved in an ecstasy of passion; challenging, taunting, and defying.' The trouble began with a statement of Mr. Asquith's. 'Then up jumped Mr. Lansbury, his face contorted with passion, and his powerful rasping voice dominating the whole House. Shouting and waving his arms, he approached the government Front Bench with a curious crouching gait, like a boxer leaving his corner in the ring. One or two Liberals on the bench behind Mr. Asquith half rose, but the Prime Minister sat stolidly gazing above the heads of the opposition, his arms folded, and his lips pursed. Mr. Lansbury had worked himself up into a state of frenzy and, facing the Prime Minister, he shouted, "You are beneath my contempt! Call yourself a gentleman! You ought to be driven from public life."'

I cannot remember any scene like this in Disraeli's novels. The House of Commons used to be called the best club in Europe. But that, says the conservative critic, was before the members were paid.

II

But certain changes, like the increased cost of living, are going on everywhere. The fact seems to be that all over the civilized world there is a noticeable falling-off in good manners. It is useless for one country to point the finger of scorn at another, or to assume an air of injured politeness. It is more conducive to good understanding to join in a general confession of sin. We are all miserable offenders, and there is little to choose between us. The con-

ventionalities which bind society together are like the patent glue we see advertised on the streets. A plate has been broken and then joined together. The strength of the adhesive substance is shown by the way it holds up a stone of considerable weight attached to it. The plate thus mended holds together admirably till it is put in hot water.

I have no doubt but that a conservative Chinese gentleman would tell you that since the Republic came in there has been a sad falling-off in the observance of the rules of propriety as laid down by Confucius. The conservative newspapers of England bewail the fact that there has been a lamentable change since the present government came in. The arch offender is 'that political Mahdi, Lloyd George, whose false prophecies have made deluded dervishes of hosts of British workmen, and who has corrupted the manners of Parliament itself.'

This wicked Mahdi, by his appeals to the passions of the populace, has destroyed the old English reverence for Law.

I do not know what may be the cause, but the American visitor does notice that the English attitude toward the laws of the realm is not so devout as he had been led to expect. We have from our earliest youth been taught to believe that the law-abidingness of the Englishman was innate and impeccable. It was not that, like the good man of whom the Psalmist speaks, he meditated on the law day and night. He did n't need to. Decent respect for the law was in his blood. He simply could n't help conforming to it.

And this impression is confirmed by the things which the tourist goes to see. The stately mansions embowered in green and guarded by immemorial oaks are accepted as symbolic of an ordered life. The multitudinous rooks suggest security which comes from

triumphant legality. No irresponsible person shoots them. When one enters a cathedral close he feels that he is in a land that frowns on the crudity of change. Here everything is 'a thousand years the same.' And how decent is the demeanor of a verger!

When the pilgrim from Kansas arrives at an ancient English inn he feels that he must be on his good behavior. Boots in his green apron is a lesson to him. He is not like a Western hotel bell-boy on the way to becoming something else. He knows his place. Everybody in this country knows his place, and there is no unseemly crowding and pushing. And what stronger proof can there be that this is a land where law is revered than the demeanor of a London policeman. There is no truculence about him, no show of physical force. He is so mild-eyed and soft of speech that one feels that he has been shielded from rude contact with the world. And so he has been. He represents the Law in a land where law is sacred. He is instinctively obeyed. He has but to wave his hand and traffic stops.

When the traveler is told that in the vicinity of the House of Commons traffic is stopped to allow a Member to cross the street, his admiration increases. Fancy a Congressman being treated with such respect! But the argument which, on the whole, makes the deepest impression is the deferential manners of the tradesmen with their habit of saying, 'Thank you,' apropos of nothing at all. It seems an indication of perpetual gratitude over the fact that things are as they are.

But when one comes to listen to the talk of the day, one is surprised to find a general lack of docility. I suspect that the Englishman has not nearly as much respect for law as he has for custom. When, therefore, a law is enacted which is opposed to the custom in

which he believes, his instinct is to resist it in a most vigorous and conscientious way. I doubt whether he has the veneration for the abstract idea of Law that we find among Americans. There is to the average American a certain finality about a decision of the Supreme Court. The Law has spoken, let all the land keep silent! It seems like treason to criticize it. It is anarchy to defy it.

To the modern Englishman this attitude seems superstitious. The counsel of perfection is to obey a law till such time as it can be repealed. But this is too tedious a process. The British way is to disobey and take the consequences. There is a long tradition of such heroic non-conformity. Passive resistance — with such active measures as may make the life of the enforcers of the law a burden to them — is a popular method.

Just at this time every earnest and wide-awake person seems to be engaged in some form of resistance to law. The conscientious women who throw stones through shop windows, and lay violent hands on cabinet ministers, do so, avowedly, to bring certain laws into disrepute. They go on hunger-strikes, not in order to be released from prison, but in order to be treated as political prisoners. They insist that their methods should be recognized as acts of legitimate warfare. They may be extreme in their actions, but they are not alone in their theory.

The Insurance Law, by which all workers whose wages are below a certain sum are compulsorily insured against sickness and the losses that follow it, is just going into effect. Its provisions are necessarily complicated, and its administration must at first be difficult. The Insurance-Law Resisters are organized to nullify the act. Its enormities are held up before all eyes, and it is flouted in every possible way.

According to this law, a lady is compelled to pay threepence a week toward the insurance fund for each servant in her employ. Will she pay that threepence? No! Though twenty acts of Parliament should declare that it must be done, she will resist. As for keeping accounts, and putting stamps in a book, she will do nothing of the kind. What is it about a stamp act that arouses such fierceness of resistance?

High-born ladies declare that they would rather go to jail than obey such a law. At a meeting at Albert Hall the Resisters were addressed by a duchess who was 'supported by a man-servant.' What can a mere Act of Parliament do when confronted by such a combination as that? Passive resistance takes on heroic proportions when a duchess and a man-servant confront the Law with haughty immobility.

In the meantime, Mr. Tom Mann goes to jail, amid the applause of organized labor, for advising the British soldier not to obey orders when he is commanded to fire on British workingmen.

Mr. Tom Mann is a labor agitator, while Mr. Bonar Law is the leader of the Conservative party; but when it comes to legislation which he does not like, Mr. Bonar Law's language is fully as incendiary. He is not content with opposing the Irish Home Rule Bill: he gives notice that when it has become a law the opposition will be continued in a more serious form. The passage of the bill, he declares, will be the signal for civil war. Ulster will fight. Parliament may pass the Home Rule Bill, but when it does so its troubles will have just begun. Where will it find the troops to coerce the province?

One of the most distinguished Unionist members of Parliament, addressing a great meeting at Belfast says, 'You are sometimes asked whether you propose to resist the English army? I

reply that even if this Government had the wickedness (which, on the whole, I believe), it is wholly lacking in the nerve required to give an order which in my deliberate judgment would shatter for years the civilization of these islands.' If the Government does not have the nerve to employ its troops, 'It will be for the moon-lighters and the cattle-maimers to conquer Ulster themselves, and it will be for you to show whether you are worse men, or your enemies better men, than the forefathers of you both. But I note with satisfaction that you are preparing yourselves by the practice of exercises, and by the submission to discipline, for the struggle which is not unlikely to test your determination. The Nationalists are determined to rule you. You are determined not to be ruled. A collision of wills so sharp may well defy the resources of a peaceful solution. . . . On this we are agreed, that the crisis has called into existence one of those supreme issues of conscience amid which the ordinary landmarks of permissible resistance to technical law are submerged.'

When one goes to the Church to escape from these sharp antagonisms, he is confronted with huge placards giving notice of meetings to protest against 'The Robbery of God.' The robber in this case is the Government, which proposes to disendow, as well as disestablish, the Church in Wales. Noble lords denounce the outrage. Mr. Lloyd George replies by reminding their lordships that their landed estates were, before the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII, Church property. If they wish to make restitution of the spoil which their ancestors took, well and good. But let them not talk about the robbery of God, while their hands are 'dripping with the fat of sacrilege.'

The retort is effective, but it does not make Mr. Lloyd George beloved

by the people to whom it is addressed. Twitting on facts has always been considered unmannerly.

III

When we hear the acrimonious discussions and the threats of violence, we feel that there must have been a mistake in our political geography. There is a manifest lack of the English 'reverence for laws ourselves have made.' Indeed, the laws seem to be flouted in the most remarkable manner. What is the reason for this falling-off in qualities which we have been taught to admire?

I think the reason is one that is not discreditable to all concerned. These are not ordinary times, and they are not to be judged by ordinary standards. England is at the present time passing through a revolution, the issues of which are still in doubt. Revolutionary passions have been liberated by the rapid course of events. 'Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise.' The confused noise may be disagreeable to persons of sensitive nerves, but it is a part of the situation.

When we consider the nature of the changes that have been made in the last few years, and the magnitude of those which are proposed, we do not wonder at the tone of exasperation which is common to all parties.

It is seldom that a constitutional change, like that which deprived the House of Lords of powers exercised for a thousand years, has been made without an appeal to arms. But there was no civil war. Perhaps the old fashion of sturdy blows would have been less trying to the temper.

A revolution is at the best an unmannerly proceeding. It cannot be carried on politely, because it involves not so much a change of ideas and methods as a change of masters. A change of ideas

may be discussed in an amiable and orderly way. The honorable gentlemen who have the responsibility for the decision are respectfully asked to revise their opinions in the light of new evidence which, by their leave, will be presented.

But a change of masters cannot be managed so inoffensively. The honorable gentlemen are not asked to revise their opinions. They are told that their opinions are no longer asked for. The matter is severely personal. The statement is not, 'We do not believe in your ideas'; it is, 'We do not believe in *you*.'

When political discussion takes this turn, then there is an end to the amenities suited to a more quiet time. It is no longer a question as to which is the better cause, but as to which is the better man.

Mr. Asquith, who has retained in this revolutionary period the manners of the old school, recently said in his reply to a delegation of his opponents, 'When people are on opposite sides of a chasm they may be courteous to one another, and regret the impossibility of their shaking hands, or doing more than wave a courteous gesture across so wide a space.'

These are the words of a gentleman in politics, and express a beautiful ideal. But they hardly describe the present situation. As to waving a courteous salutation to the people on the other side, — that depends on who the people are. If you know them and have been long familiar with their good qualities, the courteous salutation is natural. They are, as you know, much better than their opinions.

But it is different when they are people whom you do not know, and with whom you have nothing in common. You suspect their motives, and feel a contempt for their abilities. They are not of your set. The word

'gentleman' is derived from the word *gens*. People of the same *gens* learn to treat each other in a considerate way. Even when they differ they remember what is due to gentle blood and gentle training.

It is quite evident that the challenge of the new democracy to the old ruling classes has everywhere produced exasperation, and nowhere so much as in England. It is no longer easy to wave courteous salutations across the chasms which divide parties. Political discussion takes a rude turn. The cry is heard, 'Turn the rascals out!' It is no longer possible to preserve the amenities. We may expect the minor moralities to suffer while the major moralities are being determined by hard knocks.

Good manners depend on the tacit understanding of all parties as to their relations to one another. Nothing can be more brutal than for one to claim superiority, or more rude than for another to dispute the claim. Such things should, if they exist, be taken for granted.

Relations which were established by force may, after a time, be made so beautiful that their origin is forgotten. There must be no display of unnecessary force. The battle having been decided, victor and vanquished change parts. It pleases the conqueror to sign himself, 'Your obedient servant,' and to inquire whether certain terms would be agreeable. Of course they would be agreeable. So says the disarmed man looking upward to his late foe, now become his protector.

And the conqueror with grave goodwill takes up the burden which Providence has imposed upon him. Is not the motto of the true knight, *Ich dien*? Such service as he can render shall be given ungrudgingly.

Now, this is not hypocrisy. It may be Christianity and Chivalry and all sorts of fine things. It is making the

best of an accepted situation. When relations which were established by force have been sanctioned by custom, and embodied in law, and sanctified by religion, they form a soil in which many pleasant things may grow. In the vicinity of Vesuvius they will tell you that the best soils are of volcanic origin.

Hodge and Sir Lionel weed in the garden which one owns, and in which the other digs with the sweat of his brow. There is kindly interest on the one hand, and decent respect on the other. But all this sense of ordered righteousness is dependent on one condition. Neither must eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge that grows in the midst of the garden. A little knowledge is dangerous, a good deal of knowledge may be even more dangerous, to the relations which custom has established.

What right has Sir Lionel to lay down the law for Hodge? Why should not Hodge have a right to have his point of view considered? When Hodge begins seriously to ponder this question his manners suffer. And when Sir Lionel begins to assert his superiority, instead of taking it for granted, his behavior lacks its easy charm. It is very hard to explain such things in a gentlemanly way.

Now, the exasperation in the tone of political discussion in England is largely explained by the fact that all sorts of superiorities have been challenged at the same time. Everywhere the issue is sharply made, 'Who shall rule?'

Shall Ireland any longer submit to be ruled by the English? The Irish Nationalists swear by all the saints that, rather than submit, they will overthrow the present government and return to their former methods of agitation.

If the Home Rule Bill be enacted into law, will Ulster submit to be ruled

by a Catholic majority? The men of Ulster call upon the spirits of their heroic sires, who triumphed at the Boyne, to bear witness that they will never yield.

Will the masses of the people submit any longer to the existing inequalities in political representation? No! They demand immediate recognition of the principle, 'One man, one vote.' The many will not allow the few to make laws for them.

Will the women of England kindly wait a little till their demands can be considered in a dignified way? No! They will not take their place in the waiting-line. Others get what they want by pushing; so will they.

Will the Labor party be a little less noisy and insistent in its demands? All will come in time, but one Reform must say to another, 'After you.' Hoarse voices cry, 'We care nothing for etiquette, we must have what we demand, and have it at once. We cannot stand still. If we are pushing, we are also pushed from behind. If you do not give us what we ask for, the Socialists and the Syndicalists will be upon you.' There is always the threat of a General Strike. Laborers have hitherto been starved into submission. But two can play at that game.

IV

This is not the England of Sir Roger de Coverly with its cheerful contentment with the actual, and its deference for all sorts of dignitaries. It is not, in its present temper, a model of propriety. But, in my judgment, it is all the more interesting. To say that England is in the midst of a revolution is not to say that some dreadful disaster is impending. It only means that this is a time when events move very rapidly, and when precedents count for little. But it is a time when common sense

and courage and energy count for a great deal; and there is no evidence that these qualities are lacking. I suspect that the alarmists are not so alarmed as their language would lead us to suppose. They know their countrymen, and that they have the good sense to avoid most of the collisions that they declare to be inevitable.

I take comfort in the philosophy which I glean from the top of a London motor-bus. From my point of vantage I look down upon pedestrian humanity as a Superman might look down upon it. It seems to consist of a vast multitude of ignorant folk who are predestined to immediate annihilation. As the ungainly machine on which I am seated rushes down the street, it seems admirably adapted for its mission of destruction. The barricade in front of me, devoted to the praise of BOVRIL, is just high enough to prevent my seeing what actually happens, but it gives a blood-curdling view of catastrophes that are imminent. I have an impression of a procession of innocent victims rushing heedlessly upon destruction. Three yards in front of the onrushing wheels is an old gentleman crossing the street. He suddenly stops. There is, humanly speaking, no hope for him. Two nursemaids appear in the field of danger. A butcher's boy on a bicycle steers directly for the bus. He may be given up for lost. I am not able to see what becomes of them, but I am prepared for the worst. Still the expected crunch does not come, and the bus goes on.

Between Notting Hill Gate and Charing Cross I have seen eighteen persons disappear in this mysterious fashion. I could swear that when I last saw them it seemed too late for them to escape their doom.

But on sober reflection I come to the conclusion that I should have taken a more hopeful view if I had not been so

high up; if, for example, I had been sitting with the driver where I could have seen what happened at the last moment.

There was much comfort in the old couplet:—

Betwixt the saddle and the ground,
He mercy sought and mercy found.

And, betwixt the pedestrian and the

motor-bus, there are many chances of safety that I could not foresee. The old gentleman was perhaps more spry than he looked. The nursemaids and the butcher's boy must assuredly have perished unless they happened to have their wits about them. But in all probability they did have their wits about them, and so did the driver of the motor-bus.

A FATHER TO HIS FRESHMAN SON

No doubt, my son, you have got out of me already what there was to help or mar you. You are eighteen years old and have been getting it, more or less and off and on, for at least seventeen of those years. I regret the imperfections of the source. No doubt you have recognized them. To have a father who is attentive to the world, indulgent to the flesh, and with a sort of kindness for the Devil—dear son, it is a good deal of a handicap! Be sure I make allowances for you because of it. *Ex eo fonte*—*fons*, masculine, as I remember; *fons* and *mons* and *pons*, and one other. Should the pronoun be *illo*? As you know, I never was an accurate scholar, and I suppose you're not—*Ex eo fonte* the stream is bound to run not quite clear.

My advice to you is quite likely to be bad, partly from the imperfection of its source, partly because I am not you, and partly because of my imperfect acquaintance with the conditions you are about to meet. When I came to college my father gave me no advice. He gave me his love and some necessary money, which did not come, I fear, as easy as the love. His venerable

uncle who lived with us—my great uncle—gave me his blessing and told me, I remember, that so far as book-learning went, I could learn as much without going to college. Still he did not discourage my going. He was quite right. I could have got more book-learning out of college than I did get in college, and I suppose that you, too, might get, out, more than you will get, in. Of course, that's not the whole story; neither is it true of all people. For me, college abounded in distractions, and I suppose it will for you. And I was incorrigibly sociable and ready to spend time to get acquainted, and more, to stay acquainted, and if you have that propensity you need n't think it was left on the doorstep. You come by it lawfully. Getting acquainted is, for most of us, one of the important branches. But it's only one of them, and to devote one's whole time to it is a mistake, and one that the dean will help you avoid if necessary, which probably, if I know you at all, it won't be.

It is important to know people, but it is more important to be worth knowing. College offers you at least two

valuable details of opportunity: a large variety of people to know, and a large variety of means to make yourself better worth knowing. I hope, my son, that you will avail yourself of both these details.

This is a mechanical age, and the most obtrusive of the current mechanisms is the automobile. It has valves and cylinders and those things that give it power and speed, and rubber tires that it runs on, and a wheel and steering-gear and handles and treadles by which it is directed. Your body, especially your stomach, is the rubber tires; your brains are the cylinders and valves; and your will and the spiritual part of you are the chauffeur and his wheel.

I beg you to be kind to your stomach, as heretofore. It needs no alcohol at your time of life—if ever—and the less you find occasion to feed into it, the more prosperous both your physical and mental conditions are likely to be. I do not aspire to make a teetotaler of you, and I am aware that life, and college life in particular, has its convivial intervals; but you might as well understand (and I have been remiss, or have wasted time, if you do not understand it already) that alcohol is one of the chief man-traps, abounding in mischiefs if you play with it too hard. Be wary, always wary, with it, my son, and especially with hard liquor. There is some fun to be had with the stimulating beverages, and there is something useful to be learned about the handling of them that can hardly be learned altogether by observation. If you are open-eyed and abstemious, you can have the fun without paying too dear for it, but never forget that alcohol is a risky plaything; a test; on occasion a lawful joy, but never for the young a safe prop or a salutary habitual refreshment. Drink light, my son, drink light.

Your mind, like your body, is a thing whereof the powers are developed by effort. That is a principal use, as I see it, of hard work in studies. Unless you train your body you can't be an athlete, and unless you train your mind you can't be much of a scholar. The four miles an oarsman covers at top speed is in itself nothing to the good, but the physical capacity to hold out over the course is thought to be of some worth. So a good part of what you learn by hard study may not be permanently retained, and may not seem to be of much final value, but your mind is a better and more powerful instrument because you have learned it. 'Knowledge is power,' but still more the faculty of acquiring and using knowledge is power. If you have a trained and powerful mind, you are bound to have stored it with something, but its value is more in what it can do, what it can grasp and use, than in what it contains; and if it were possible, as it is not, to come out of college with a trained and disciplined mind and nothing useful in it, you would still be ahead, and still, in a manner, educated. Think of your mind as a muscle to be developed; think of it as a searchlight that is to reveal the truth to you, and don't cheat it or neglect it.

As to competitive scholarship, to my mind it is like competitive athletics, — good for those who have the powers and like the game. Tests are useful; they stimulate one's ambition, and so do competitions. But a success in competitive scholarship, like a success in competitive athletics, may, of course, be too dearly bought. Not by you, though, I surmise, my son. If you were more urgent, either as a scholar or as an athlete, I might think it needful to warn you not to wear your tires out scorching too early in life. As things are, I say to you, as I often say to myself: Don't dawdle; don't scramble.

When you work, work; when you play, play; when you rest, rest; and think all the time.

When you get hold of an instructor who is worth attention, give him attention. That is one way of getting the best that a college has to offer. A great deal you may get from books, but some of the most valuable things are passed from mind to mind, and can only be had from some one who has them, or else from the great Source of all truth. I suspect that the subtle development we call 'culture' is one of those things, and the great spiritual valuables are apt to come that way.

You know you are still growing, both in mind and body, and will continue so to be for years to come, — I hope, always. One of the valuable things about college is that it gives you time to grow. You won't have to earn any money and will have time to think and get acquainted with yourself and others, as well as with some of the wisdom that is spread upon the records. You would be so engaged, more or less, in these years, wherever you might be. But in college, where you are so much your own man, and are freed from the demands and solitudes of your parents, the conditions for it are exceptionally favorable. I suppose that is one thing that continues the colleges in business, since I read so often that at present they are entirely misdirected and teach the wrong things in the wrong way.

But nobody denies that they give the young a breathing-spell. Breathe, my son; breathe freely. Remember that the aim of all these prospective processes is to bring out the man there is in you, and arm him more or less for the jousts ahead. It is not to make you over into somebody else: that can't be done, — not in three or four years, anyhow; but only to bring out, and train as much as possible of you. There's plenty in most of us if we can

only get it out; more, very much more, than we ever do get out. So will you please think of college as a nursery in which you are to grow a while, — and mind you do grow, — and then, presently, to be transplanted. It is not as if college was the chief arena of human effort. Nevertheless, for your effort, while you are there, it is the chief arena, and I am far from giving you the counsel to put off trying until you leave.

I hear a good deal about clubs and societies: how many there are, how important they are; how it is that, if a youth shall gain the whole of scholarship and all athletics and not 'make' a proper club, he shall still fall something short of success in college. Parents I meet who are more concerned about clubs than about either scholarship or deportment. They are concerned and at the same time bothered: so many strategies and chances the clubs involve; so bad it may be to be in this one; so bad to be out of that; so much choice there is between them, and so much choice exercised within them, by which any mother's hopeful may be excluded.

There is a democratic ideal of a great college without any clubs, where the lion and the lamb shall escort one another about with tails entwined, and every student shall be like every other student, and have similar habits and associates. This ideal is a good deal discussed and a good deal applauded in the public press. Whether it will ever come true I can't tell, but there has been some form or other of clubs in our older colleges, I suppose, for one or two centuries, and they are there now and will at least last out your time; so it may be you will have to take thought about them in due time.

Not much, however, until they take thought of you.

You see, clubs seem to be a sort of natural provision, just as tails were,

maybe, before humanity outgrew them. I guess there is a propensity of nature toward groups, and the natural basis of grouping seems to be likeness in feathers and habits. The propensity works to include the like and, incidentally but necessarily, to exclude the unlike. Whether it is the Knights of the Round Table or the Knights of the Garter or the Phi Beta Kappa, you see these principles working. The measure of success in a club is its ability to make people want to join it, and that seems to be best demonstrated and preserved by keeping most of them out.

Now the advantages of the clubs are considerable. To have a place always open where you can hang up your hat, and where a hospitable welcome always awaits you, and where there is enough of a crowd and not too much, and where you can in your later years inspect at all times a family of selected undergraduates,—all that is valuable and good, and pleasant besides, and this continuity of interest that the clubs foster among their members helps to keep up in those members a lively and helpful interest in their college. The drawback to the clubs is their essential selfishness, and their disposition to take you out of a large family and limit you to a small one, and one that is not yours by birth, or entirely by choice, but is selected for you largely by other persons.

In any club you yield a certain amount of freedom and individuality, the amount being determined by the degree in which the club absorbs you. Don't yield too much! Don't take the mould of any club! A college is always bigger than its clubs, and the biggest thing in a college is always a man. The object of being in college is to develop as a man. If clubs help in that development,—and I think they do help some men,—they are a gain; but, of course, if they dwarf you down

to the dimensions of a club-man, they are a loss. Some men take their club-shape, such as it is, and find a sufficient satisfaction in it. Others react on their clubs, take what they have to give, add to it what is to be had elsewhere, and turn out rather more valuable people than if they had had no club experience.

At all events, don't take this matter of the clubs too hard. For those youths, comparatively few, who by luck and circumstances find themselves eligible to them, they are an interesting form of discipline or indulgence, and I will not say that they are unimportant. Neither would I have you keep out of them because of their drawbacks. If you begin by keeping out of all things that have drawbacks, your progress in this world will involve constant hesitations. Alcohol has numerous drawbacks, but I don't advise you to be a teetotaler. Tobacco has drawbacks, but I believe you smoke it. Money has drawbacks, and so has advertisement. But, bless you, we have to take things as they come and deal with them as we can. The trick is to get the kernel and eliminate the shuck. A large proportion of people do the opposite. If you can manage that way with the clubs,—provided you ever get a chance,—you will be amused to observe in due time how large a proportion of your brethren value these organizations chiefly for their shuck, and grasp most eagerly at that. For the shuck, as I see it, is exclusiveness, which is not valuable except to persons justly doubtful of their own merits. Whereas the kernel is the fellowship of like minds which has always been treasured by the wise.

The clubs, my son, some more than others, are recruited considerably from what is known as the leisure class. To be sure, I don't see any very definite or important leisure class about in our land. Everybody who amounts to any-

thing works, and always did and must, for you can't amount to anything otherwise; but the people who have money laid out ahead for them, are apt to work somewhat less strenuously than the rest of us, and not so much for money. Don't get it into your head that you want to tie up to the leisure class, or that the condition of not having to work is desirable. Have it in mind that you are to work just about as hard as the quality of your tires and cylinders will warrant. Plan to get into the game if you have to go on your hands and knees. Plan to earn your living somehow. Don't aim to go through life spoon-fed; don't aim to get a soft seat. If you do, you won't have your fair share of fun. There is no real fun in ease, except as you need it because you have worked hard.

I say, plan to earn your living! Whether you actually earn the money you live on, makes no great difference, though in your case I guess you'll have to if you are going to live at all well. But if you get money without earning it, it leaves you in debt to society. Somebody has to earn the money you spend. In mine, factory, railroad, or office, somebody works for the money that supports you. No matter where the money comes from, that is true: somebody has to earn it. If you get it without due labor of your own, you owe for it. Recognize that debt and qualify yourself to discharge it. Study to put back into the world somewhat more than you take out of it. Study to be somewhat more than merely worth your keep. Study to shoulder the biggest load your strength can carry. That is life. That is the great sport that brings the great compensations to the soul. Getting regular meals and nice clothes, and acceptable shelter and transportation, and agreeable acquaintances, is only a means to an end, and if you accept the means and

shirk the end, the means will pall on you.

I said 'agreeable acquaintances.' A very large proportion of the acquaintances you can make will be agreeable if you can bring enough knowledge and a sufficiently hospitable spirit to your relations with them. I don't counsel you to cultivate the arts of popularity, for they are apt not to wash, — apt, that is, to conflict with inside qualities that are vastly more valuable than they are. But keep, in so far as you can, an open heart. There is no one to whom you are not related if only you can find the relation; there is no one but you owe him a benefit if you can see one you can do him.

Don't be too nice. It is such an impediment to usefulness as stuttering is to speech, — a sort of spiritual indigestion; a hesitation in your carbureter. By all means, be a gentleman, in manners and spirit, in so far as you know how, but be one from the inside, out.

If you had come as far as you have in life without acquiring manners, you might well blush for your parents and teachers. I don't think you have, but I beg you hold on to all the good manners you have, and get more. Good manners seem to me a good deal to seek among present-day youth, but I suppose they have always been fairly scarce, and the more appreciated for their scarcity. Tobacco manners are uncommonly free and bad in this generation; more so, I think, than they were in mine. Since cigarettes came in, especially, youths seem to feel licensed to smoke them in all places and company. And the boys are prone to too much ease of attitude, and lounge and loll appallingly in company, and I see them in parlors with their legs crossed in such a fashion that their feet might almost as well be in the ladies' laps.

Have a care for these matters of deportment. Be strict with yourself and your postures. Keep your legs and feet where they belong; they were not meant for parlor ornaments. Show respect for people! Lord bless me! the things I see done by males with a claim to be gentlemen: tobacco-smoke puffed in women's faces; men who ought to know better, smoking as they drive out with ladies; men who put their feet on the table and expect you to talk over them! Show respect for people; for all kinds of people, including yourself, for self-respect is at the bottom of all good manners. They are the expression of discipline, of good-will, of respect for other people's rights and comfort and feelings. I suppose good manners are unselfish, but the most selfish people might well cultivate them, they are so remunerative. In the details of life, in the public vehicles, in crowds, and in all situations where the demand presses hard on supply, what you get by hogging is incomparably less than what you get by courtesy. The things you must scramble and elbow for are not worth having; not one of them. They are the swill of life, my son; leave them to swine.

You will have to think more or less about yourself, because that belongs to your time of life, provided you are the

sort that thinks at all. But don't overdo it. You won't, because you will find it, as all healthy people do, a subject in which over-indulgence tends rapidly to nausea. To have one's self always on one's mind is to lodge a kill-joy; to act always from calculation is a sure path to blunders.

Most of these specific counsels I set down more for your entertainment than truly to guide you. You don't live by maxims any more than you speak by rules of grammar. You will speak by ear (improving, I hope, in your college environment), and you will live by whatever light there is in you, getting more, I hope, as you go along.

Grow in grace, my son! If your spirit is right, the details of life will take care of their own adjustment. Go to church; if not invariably, then variably. They don't require it any more in college, but you can't afford not to; for the churches reflect and recall — very imperfectly, to be sure — the religion and the spirit of Christ; and on that the whole of our civilization rests. Get understanding of that. It is by far the most important knowledge in the whole book, the great fountain of sanity, tolerance, and political and social wisdom, a gateway to all kinds of truth, a rectifying and consoling current through all of life.

E. S. M.

THE ETHICS OF BUSINESS

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE phrase ethics of business means right conduct in business, not merely as a possibility or a desirability, but as an actuality; not as a dream of Utopia, but as the notion of conduct by which the relations of business men with each other, and with the community, are actually regulated at any given moment. Its gist is to-day, and long has been, the belief that the individual may rightly and justifiably promote his economic welfare in any way which the law as enforced by the courts does not explicitly prevent. It is negative rather than positive, specifying what the individual may not do, instead of what he may. To sell as cheaply as possible, to buy as cheaply as possible, both produce and labor, are its maxims. Business is a bargain whose only requirement is that both parties be satisfied; it is a sort of fight where each individual has the same opportunities to help himself, and where the state merely undertakes to prevent actual foul play.

Of late, this existing ethics of business has been more and more frequently held responsible for many of the most serious economic, political, and social evils. Clearly, problems growing out of the existence of railroads, trusts, banks, the stock-market, — 'big business,' — result from the relation of business men with each other. Prices result from the contact of manufacturer, retailer, and consumer; while the relations of manufacturer and employee bring promptly to the fore such burning issues as the hours of labor,

wages, the closed shop, strikes, child-labor, and many more. Moreover, it is true that in the last analysis all these questions are psychological rather than economic, ethical rather than social. Their decision also will rest upon a standard of right conduct; for the laborer's proportionate share of the profits of production, the standard of living involved in the demand for a minimum wage, for a maximum length of the working-day, are all dependent upon the denial of the justifiability of paying as little as a man will work for, of allowing him to work as long as he will, — upon a denial of the rightness of the present ethics of business. In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every issue now largely discussed by the public is one which can be decided only by agreeing upon a standard of right and wrong.

It is, therefore, an exceedingly striking and significant fact that upon the ethical issue the warring parties fundamentally disagree. On the one hand, we find the business men firm in the belief that the great majority of transactions have been, and are, just and equitable, and according to all reasonable standards of right conduct. On the other hand, their accusers stand, equally insistent that the business men have done wrong, and loudly demanding legislation, constitutional amendments, and new political devices to make such conduct impossible in the future. It is not less remarkable that neither of the combatants seems to be conscious that the disagreement is

fundamental. In fact, the reformers are rather inclined to insist that the present standards of conduct in business proceed mainly from the intentional dishonesty of a few men who could be punished by the courts, thereby putting an end to the entire trouble, if the judges were not equally venal. They thus give the impression that the difficulty is superficial and in the main the work of a few individuals. Nor will they accept a denial as conclusive of anything but guilt.

The issue, thus misunderstood, has been raised by the discussions of the presidential campaign into a matter of national significance, and the rectitude or turpitude of business conduct is fast becoming the dominant note in discussions about the tariff, the railroads, the recall of judges, the initiative and referendum. It seems almost as if the strenuous declarations of the radicals, and the articles in some magazines, were fast creating in the public mind by the mere force of reiteration a growing conviction that business has been, and in the main still is, dishonest.

The main difficulty — the disagreement on the vital and fundamental fact of what business ethics ought to be — is accentuated by the failure of the average business man, and of the average reformer alike, fully to understand what the present ethics of business is, what its history has been, and what sanctions of tradition, law, philosophy, logic, and theology stand behind it. They do not thoroughly grasp the fact that the first step in reform is not vilification of the superficial, but comprehension of the fundamental. We shall not need to resort to the distortions of fact so common among the exponents of the materialistic theory of history, to find the past crowded with so many data adequately explaining the existence of the ideas of right conduct now prevalent in business, that a brief

article will barely permit their enumeration without the inevitable qualification or necessary proof which a scientific historian would demand. In fact, adequately to demonstrate the reasons for the present situation would be to write a history of the legal, social, philosophical, and ethical concepts of the race.

The earliest form of society of which we have definite traces in Europe was that of a 'family' composed of the actual or supposed descendants from a common mother. On this blood relationship, real or fictitious, were formed all the social units known to historic antiquity. Within these units, the blood-tie imposed upon the individual definite obligations toward the other members; toward aliens, the non-kin, the barbarians of the Greek writers, the individual assumed no obligations at all. In a primitive society whose ideas of private ownership of personal property were rudimentary, and whose ideas of property in land were non-existent, and who still ate, like the Spartans, at a common table, the barter which went on was not considered trade, and was really inconsiderable in amount.

Trade in antiquity took place *between* families, clans, cities, *between* the groups of blood-kin, *and the merchant was always an alien*. The only ethical or moral notions primitive man had did not apply to trade. The merchant was outside the pale; they might do to him or he to them anything either could. Trade was therefore dangerous. Phœnician and Greek merchants piled goods on the beach and retired to the long black ships; the natives, who refused to come out of the woods till the dreaded merchants had pulled off-shore, then appeared, inspected the pile, made one of their own, and sought again the safety of the woods. The Greeks rowed in, looked over what was

offered, added to their own pile, and rowed out again; the natives returned, increased theirs, and retired; and so the process continued until both were satisfied. An unobjectionable bargain was one to which both consented; but to get a large amount in exchange for a small was positively laudable; and for either to carry off the other's goods, or for the merchants to steal the natives' women and children was common, and was considered excellent business and admirable ethics.

The very earliest notion of trade that history records, therefore, shows us that it was not governed by the usual ethical standards of community or family life; that merchant and consumer both considered perfectly justifiable any means by which one could best the other; and that the merchant was thought to be a professional robber against whose violence the most extreme precautions needed to be taken. Naturally, as Greek and Roman society developed, this primitive aspect of trade disappeared, but even the final formulation of the Roman law sanctioned individual selfishness in trade, and at least one writer of eminence explicitly declared that there was legal sanction 'for either to over-reach the other.'

The barbarians who poured down upon the Empire from the forests of Germany brought with them the same primitive belief that the merchant was an alien who was not bound by the folk-law, and could not be tried by the hundred or shire-moot. They, too, considered him a deceitful and dangerous man; no one was allowed to buy from him except before witnesses who could swear, when the man from whom they assumed as a matter of course that the merchant had stolen the goods should appear in pursuit, that the purchaser was innocent.

The early law of trade was, in fact,

nothing but the law of theft. To all these notions the prevailing concept of the personality of law lent powerful sanction. Where we hold to-day that the place where the crime is committed, or the residence of the party, determines not only in which court the case shall be tried but the substantive law governing it, the Burgundian, the Visigoth, and the Saxon expected to be tried, wherever he was, by the law of his own tribe, by *his* law, the law into which he had been born. Thus the first notion in Germanic law, that an individual is responsible when away from home, claimed that he could only be held responsible to the law which governed him at home. The merchant's law, then, was the idea of right conduct which he brought with him; this, and not the consumer's idea of ethical behavior, was to govern their relations. Thus the ethics of business was not only different from the ordinary law of the community, but was to be settled by the standard of the merchant, not by that of the consumer.

* The anomalous position of merchants in the feudal society which the Norman Conquest superimposed upon this Germanic society in England, the scorn openly expressed for trade as such, accentuated the merchant's isolation and, by refusing him the privileges of ordinary feudal law, freed him from its obligations. Throughout the Middle Ages, the individual merchant was personally responsible only to the king, and from him alone could he obtain redress for wrong. A number of tradesmen, associated together, secured from kings charters of liberties, which gave them their own courts and their own law, a right to control their own business, and to enforce their laws upon all outsiders. In time, as towns became more numerous, a Law Merchant came to be recognized, consisting of the customs approved by the

majority of the towns, and administered with regularity and some uniformity by a well-known series of courts; a special house of merchants was for a time added to the national assembly in order to insure their payment of taxes.

Within the towns, the guild merchants and the craft guilds produced a series of rigid rules governing prices, wages, and all buying and selling, aimed wholly at aggrandizing themselves at the expense of the country-folk who sold produce to them, and of the nobles who bought their silks and broadcloths. There was one price at which the guild member bought, and a higher at which the outsider purchased; but the latter must sell to the former for less than the guild allowed him to sell for to any one else in the market. Each market-day the mayor or wardens fixed all prices for all goods displayed. When the first bell rang the citizens might buy; after the second, if anything was left, others might buy.

The regulation of trade in all its branches was thus left for centuries in the hands of the merchants themselves, who naturally shaped its laws and its ethics in accordance with the feudal attitude toward it as a subject which really concerned no one but themselves, and which might very well therefore be regulated in their interest. With this Law Merchant and its courts, the royal courts—the King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer—had nothing to do until the seventeenth century; and not, indeed, till the eighteenth century did Lord Mansfield really 'create' the present common law of trade by accepting much of the old Law Merchant and amalgamating it with the practices and dicta of the common law. Is it not a fact of extreme significance to the student of the present notion of business ethics that for only a little more than a century has the merchant been deprived en-

tirely of his own law and his own courts? Is it, after all, so very remarkable that business men still think that their notions of right conduct, and not those of the general public, should regulate commercial transactions?

When, however, the mercantile community was firmly subject to the common law and its courts, the judges began to apply to the relations of merchants with each other, and with their customers, the same notion of individual freedom already worked out by generations of judges for other cases—the idea that the individual might do everything he pleased until he infringed some one else's rights sufficiently to cause the latter to sue him for redress in court. Remedy for infringement of another's rights would not be given, however, until the accuser actually demonstrated to the satisfaction of the court a breach of some explicit law; and, what was more, until he proved a substantial injury.

The common law was negative and not positive: it enumerated no general categories of acts which were legal, or ethical concepts by which right could be distinguished from wrong, but merely listed certain specific acts which were illegal. All else was permissible; the individual must act at his peril. He was safe-guarded, indeed, by the fact that the courts would not of themselves investigate his behavior, nor use their own knowledge of the law, or of his acts, against him: they would hold him guiltless until the accuser actually demonstrated in court an offense punishable by law, and actually proved his injury existent. One famous judge even went so far as to declare that if he saw a man commit murder and knew that he was the only witness, it would be his duty to acquit the man in court. The defendant at law was liable, not for what he had done, but for what the plaintiff could prove he had done.

Indeed, to break the law was not reprehensible or punishable; and the dialecticians eagerly argued that a crime unproven was no crime at all. Surely here are the clear outlines of the present notions of ethics as understood by the business world.

From the premises of the intellectual and philosophical revolution of the last four centuries this conception has drawn the subtlest of confirmations, partly from a misconception of the ideas of great thinkers, partly from the dissociation of those ideas from the general field of speculative thought to which they were intended to apply. It should never be forgotten that the force which has moulded history has been not so much the truth itself, as what honest and sincere men understood to be the truth.

The basis of nearly all modern thought has been the individual, but at no epoch of recorded history has the individual held such prominence as during the Renaissance. In the attempt to free him from the restraints imposed by feudalism, the scholastic philosophy and theology, the guild and open-field systems, he was left without any restraint at all except the opposition he would naturally meet from other individuals. The means which most quickly and surely attained the end in view were those most applauded and approved; the possible became synonymous with the right; and men whose familiar weapons were assassination and poison can hardly have had scruples about misrepresentation of goods, under-selling, and low wages. The possession of wealth was the evidence of the possession of ability, and therefore of virtue.

From the Reformation came an entirely different, but not less powerful, sanction which appealed to another section of the community. The Renaissance sanctioned the ethics of business

as profitable; the Reformation added the weight of scriptural authority. It taught the individual that he was justified by faith alone; that he stood 'naked before God,' with none to help him; that with his own hands and his own learning he must save his soul. It told him, that, when wallowing in the Slough of Despond, he would find in the Bible an infallible counsel and direction which God had Himself given man for every emergency. The Puritan, thus seeking God's guidance in his daily tasks, found in Old Testament and New alike many a story of business dealing which explicitly showed patriarchs and prophets engaged in aggrandizing their personal fortunes by the same methods which his unconscious and instinctive preferences indicated to him, but which he could not accept without warrant of God's law. The Bible, in fact, was a vivid record of the primitive notion of trade, and based the conception of its ethics upon the blood-kin. The old sanctions, long dead, were thus revived by the literal acceptance of the Scriptures. In fact, the Puritans of New England became noted for real piety and scrupulous morality and for exceptionally sharp dealing in business, stretching at times to practices which less ostentatiously pious people began to stigmatize as 'ungodly.'

To the support of theology came philosophy and logic, teaching that the good of the individual was supreme. Metaphysical distinctions and assumptions the average man understood little or not at all, but he did distinctly obtain a strong confirmation of his own idea that the pursuance of his own selfish ends in any possible way was justifiable, and indeed, that in their fulfillment lay the reason for society's existence. Hobbes and Locke explicitly said that the state was created by the individual for the furtherance of

his own ends. 'The ultimate ground of public life and of social coherence was placed in the interests of individuals.' Man was an isolated unit, essentially unsocial, if not anti-social; the ethical ideal of life was personal, and consisted in the fullest development of the individual's possibilities. Such an individual was therefore lacking in definite altruistic responsibilities; his first duty was to himself and not to others. The Hedonists and Utilitarians developed a 'logical' explanation of all human life based on these premises.

On them, too, were founded the new democratic theories of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Society was to Rousseau a voluntary union of individuals each of whom entered the social compact with the intention of receiving as great benefits as possible in exchange for the renunciation of as little as possible of his liberty. 'The best government,' said Jefferson, 'is that which governs least.' The rights of the individual to better his own condition, Rousseau declared, were inherent, imprescriptible, inalienable; inasmuch as laws, courts, and kings normally stood in the way of his development, restraints upon him should be as few and infrequent as possible, and the fewer and more infrequent the better for him and for society. Crime lay not in the infringement of some absolute standard, but in the breach of another's rights. 'Nothing can be prevented,' read the *Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen*, 'which is not forbidden by law, and no one may be forced to do anything not provided for by law.' Such a notion of 'liberty' could not fail powerfully to support the old common law notion already applied to the law of trade.

Upon this same hedonistic basis of individual satisfaction, Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Mill reared the new science of political economy, the science

of wealth and of the most efficient methods for its speedy acquisition. The normal individual, they premised, was purely selfish, and as the existence of ethical impulses could not be predicated with certainty, such motives must be considered accidental, capable of producing exceptions to the general law, but not of influencing the operation of the law of economic development itself. To have based the science of business logic upon selfishness, to have made the chief limitations upon the acquisition of wealth the strength of the desire for it, to have declared these considerations the 'law' by which the community had grown into being, to have assumed that to interfere with them would hinder the normal development of both community and individual, was indeed to place the right of man to follow his inclinations in pursuit of wealth, wherever they might lead him, upon a high pedestal. It was even easy to conclude that the working of economic law could not be changed, and that no conscious reform would be possible. Indeed, if this were the law of life, no reform was needed, for what existed was for that very reason right.

Upon very nearly this same basis, Spencer and Darwin constructed the doctrine of evolution. 'Each individual shall take the consequences of his own nature and actions; survival of the fittest being the result.' That cunning, ability, high morality, as well as physical force, might be decisive factors in determining who was fit, Spencer readily conceded; but he clung steadfastly to the conclusion that the man who survived, for whatever reason, would be thus proven the man whom the future needed. The individual was to use in every possible way every faculty he possessed, and those methods by which he secured his continued existence were proved by their success to

have been the right ones in his particular case. An altruism which resulted in the sacrifice of the individual was not only a mistake from his point of view, but a crime from that of society: he had broken the law of life wittingly; he had committed suicide.

In this very struggle of individuals for survival, Spencer taught, was progress; and the greatest progress, and indeed any progress at all, was possible only by giving the individual full scope to develop in any direction he pleased. He therefore concluded, as had Rousseau and Jefferson for different reasons, that the function of the state was purely negative; that no virtues or values could be created or changed by legislation; that the state should merely insure the individual a fair chance. To him, as to Darwin, the 'natural' impulses of man's nature — his strength, cunning, cupidity, selfishness — had been the dominant factors in the evolution of existing society, and must be accepted therefore as the proper factors, as right and ethical as any, unless one assumed that the evolutionary process was in itself wrong. Ethics, morality, religion, all played their only part in evolution, not as absolute factors, but as elements in the strength or weakness of some individual which influenced the result of his struggle to best the other man. Is not the ethics of business the Spencerian law of social development? Are not its processes the very methods by which Spencer believed the world itself had been built?

In the subtlety of subtle ways has come from the latest American philosophy a sort of esoteric support for those who had begun to have vague doubts about the doctrines of Mill and Spencer. From the *Pragmatism* of William James they have drawn a conclusion which he certainly never intended, but which men unskilled in philosophical speculation not unnatu-

rally drew. Professor James many times insisted that the test of the truth of an idea was its 'cash value' for the individual. What, indeed, he had in mind was the very subtle idea, based upon Lessing's standard of the relativity of truth, that the criterion of truth is not so much the conformity of a concept to some absolute standard, as its workableness for the individual in question; but the popular conclusion was that the truth of ideas, religion, ethical standards, was to be tested by their usefulness to the individual, a standard which naturally became his material welfare. The individual, they understood, in fact created his own standard, and was furnished with the right to reject all other notions of right conduct than his own.

Undoubtedly, any one with the prophet's vision who will now lift his eyes to the hills will see them already filled with chariots and horsemen ready to do battle with the present conception of business ethics. Undoubtedly, a proper understanding of the very factors here traced has been slowly undermining their past influence upon the public mind. Undoubtedly, many other powerful influences are building a strong social consciousness and a social concept of the loftiest and truest altruism, and steadily bringing to its support more and more noble men and women. There has probably never been a time in the history of the world when so large a proportion of the community was as anxious to do right as to-day. But it is none the less true that we must tilt, not against windmills and imaginary armies, but against the mental and moral standards of the race.

The new ethics of business proposes nothing less than to abolish a standard of right conduct by which the race has *lived*, and to put in its place an ideal of which a part of the race

has often *dreamed*. We are face to face with the fact that the race is still essentially primitive in its social relations and aspirations. The few thousand years of recorded history have found it difficult to erase the impressions ground into us by the hundreds of thousands of years of barbarism.

The problem of reform is fundamental and transcends the individual. The summary punishment of many men, volumes of statutes, many political expedients, will not seriously affect the instinctive preferences and inarticulate beliefs which lead the average man to believe in the rectitude of his present

conduct, and to declare that he cannot do business otherwise. All unconscious of his support, he is intrenched behind the primitive conception of trade, sustained by the common law, and fortified by modern philosophy, political economy, and the theories of democracy and evolution. The remedy must be no less fundamental than the problem. Until we have destroyed the fortifications, we shall not seriously impair the enemy's real strength, and it is still to be proved that the walls will fall, if we, like Joshua and the Children of Israel, continue to march round them shouting and blowing rams' horns.

'THE GRATEFUL DEAD'

BY PAUL MARIETT

THE grateful dead, they say, lie snug and close
Under the smooth, soft sloping of the grass,
Grateful indeed because above them pass
No other steps than those of wind or bird;
No other sound is heard.

For without eyes we see and, earless, hear;
Sweeter is this than nights of restless mood,
Sweeter than nights of blank infinitude,
Sweeter than ghostly pageants of a dream,
Half-caught of things that seem.

Another life have we than those who live,
Another death have we than those who die;
Mortal and ghost and angel pass us by,
Mortal and ghost and angel have one breath;
Die, would ye learn of death !

THE PROFESSOR'S MARE

BY L. P. JACKS

I

THE Reverend John Scattergood, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology, was of Puritan descent. The founder of the family was Caleb Scatter-the-good-seed, a cornet-of-horse in Cromwell's army, who had earned his master's favor by prowess at the battle of Dunbar. The family tradition averred that when Cromwell halted the pursuit of Lesley's scattered forces for the purpose of singing the One Hundred and Seventeenth Psalm, it was Caleb Scatter-the-good-seed who gave out the tune and led the psalmody. This he did at the beginning of every verse by striking a tuning-fork on his bloody sword. He was mounted, said the tradition, on a coal-black horse.

John Scattergood, D.D., was a hard-headed theologian. His lectures on Systematic Theology ended, as all who attended them will remember, in a cogent demonstration of the Friendliness of the Universe, firmly established by the Inflexible Method. This was a masterpiece of ratiocination. The impartial observation of facts, the even-handed weighing of evidence, the right ordering of principles and their application, the separation and weaving together of lines of thought, the careful disentangling of necessary presuppositions, the just treatment of objectors — all the qualities demanded of one who handles the deepest problems of thought were combined in Dr. Scattergood's demonstration of the Friendli-

ness of the Universe according to the Inflexible Method. Most of his hearers were convinced by his arguments, and went forth into the world to publish the good news that the universe was friendly.

Hard-headed as Scattergood was, it would be unjust to his character to describe him as free from superstition. Much of his life, indeed, had been spent in attacking the superstitions of the ignorant and the thoughtless; but this very practice had bred in him, as in so many others, a superstitious regard for the argumentative weapons used in the attack. Like his ancestor at Dunbar he struck his tuning-fork on his sword. To be sure he was a Rational Theist, and a cause of Rational Theism in others; but, unless I am much mistaken, the ultimate object of his faith, the Power behind his Deity, was the Inflexible Method. Superstition never dies; it merely changes its form. It is not a confession we make to ourselves so much as a charge we bring against others, and its greatest power is always exercised in quarters where we are least aware of its existence. And Scattergood, of course, was unaware that his attitude toward the Inflexible Method was profoundly superstitious. It follows that he was unprepared for the part which superstition, changing its form, was destined to play in his life.

Theology, then, was his vocation, but I have now to add — the Horse was his hobby. Although he had taken to riding late in life he was by no means an incapable rider or an ignorant horse-

man. Next to the Universe, the Horse had been the subject of his profoundest study; and as he was a close reasoner in regard to the one, he was a tight rider in regard to the other. His seat, like his philosophy, was a trifle stiff; but what else could you expect in one who had passed his sixtieth year? He never rode to hounds, or otherwise unduly jeopardized his neck; but for managing a high-spirited horse, when all the rest of us were in difficulties, I never knew his better. 'Let Scattergood go first,' we cried, as the traction engine came snorting down the road and our elderly hacks were prancing on the pavement; and sure enough his young thoroughbred would walk by the monster without so much as changing its feet.

'Scattergood,' I once asked him, 'what do you *do* to that young mare of yours when you meet a traction engine or a military band?'

'Nothing,' he replied.

'Then what do you *say* to her?'

'Nothing.'

'Then *how* do you manage it?'

'I have n't the faintest idea.'

And I honestly believe he told me the truth.

Needless to say that he was deeply respected in the stables. 'A gen'l'man with a wonderful 'orse-sense,' said the old ostler one day, expatiating, as usual, on Scattergood's virtues. 'If I'd had a 'orse-sense like him, I'd be one o' the richest men in England. If ever there was a man as throwed himself away, there he goes! 'Orse-sense is n't a thing as you see every day, sir. The only other man I've ever knowed as had it was his Lordship, as I was his coachman in Ireland more than twenty years ago. His Lordship used to say to me, "Tom," he says, "Tom, it all comes of my grandfather and his father before him bein' jockeys." And between you and me, sir, that's what's the matter with his Reverence. He's

jockey-bred, sir, you take my word for it. — Well, his father may have been a bishop, for all I care. But what about his mother, and what about his mother's father, and his father before him, and all the rest on 'em. When it comes to a matter o' breedin', you don't stop at fathers; you take in the whole pedigree. Was n't his Lordship's father a brewer? And what difference did that make? When 'orse-sense once gets started in a family it takes more than brewin', and more than bishopin', to wash it out o' the blood.'

'I've heard that gypsies have the same gift,' I said.

'I've 'eard it, too, sir. But I never would have nothing to do with gypsies; though his Lordship was as thick as thieves with 'em. And thieves are just what they are, sir, and if it were n't for that, I'd say as the old gen'l'man was as like to be gypsy-bred as jockey. Don't you never let the gypsies sell you a 'oss, sir; you'll be took in if you do. But they could n't gypsy *him*! Why, I don't believe as there's a 'oss-dealer for twenty miles round as would n't go out for a walk if he 'eard as Dr. Scattergood was comin' to buy a 'oss.'

That the ostler's last remark was true in the spirit, if not in the letter, the following incident seems to prove. Once I was myself entrapped into the folly of buying a horse, and I was on the point of concluding the bargain, which seemed to be all in my favor, when a friendly daimon whispered in my ear that I had better be cautious. So I said to the dealer, 'Yes, the horse seems all right. But before coming to a final decision, I'll bring Dr. Scattergood round to have a look at him.' Whereupon the dealer abated his price by fifteen pounds, on the understanding that 'that there interfeerin' old Scattergood, as had already done him more bad turns than one, was not

allowed to poke his nose into business which was none of his.'

'Pretty good,' said the Professor, when I showed him my purchase. 'Pretty good. But I think I could have saved you another ten pounds, had you taken the trouble to consult me.'

Scattergood kept but one horse, and it was observed, as a strange thing in a lover of horses, that he never kept that one for long. He was constantly changing his mount. By superficial observers, this was set down to a certain fickleness of disposition; but the truth seems rather to have been that Scattergood, consciously or unconsciously, was engaged in the quest for the Perfect Horse. No man knew better than he what equine perfection involved, and none was ever more painfully sensitive to the lightest deviation from the Absolute Ideal. Whatever good qualities his horse might possess, and they were always numerous, the presence of a single fault, however slight, would haunt and oppress him in much the same way as a venial sin will trouble the conscience of a saint. I remember one beautiful animal in which the severest judges could find no defect save that it had half a dozen miscolored hairs hidden away on one of its hind legs. Every time the good Doctor rode that horse, he saw the miscolored hairs through the back of his head; and away went the beast to Tattersall's after a week's trial. Another followed, and another after that; but we soon ceased to count them, and took it for granted that Scattergood's horse, seen once, would not be seen again. So it went on until in the fullness of time there appeared a horse, or more strictly a mare, which did not depart as swiftly as it came.

Whatever perfection may be in other realms, perfection in horses seems after all to be a relative thing; for though Dr. Scattergood himself regarded this

one as perfect, I doubt if he could have found a single soul in the wide world to agree with him. To be sure, she was beautiful enough to cause a flutter of excitement as she passed down the street; but a beast of more dangerous mettle never pranced on two feet or kicked out with one. She was the terror of every stable she entered, and it was only by continual largess on the part of Scattergood that any groom could be induced to feed or tend her. What she cost him monthly for tips, for broken stable furniture, and for veterinary attendance on the horses she kicked in the ribs, I should be sorry to say. But Scattergood paid it all without a murmur; no infatuated lover ever bore the extravagance of his mistress with a lighter heart. For the truth of the matter was that he was deeply attached to his mare, and his mare was deeply attached to him.

Why the mare was fond of Scattergood is a problem requiring for its solution more horse-sense than most of us possess; so we had better leave it alone. But Scattergood's reason for being fond of the mare can be stated in a sentence. She reminded him, constantly and vividly, of Ethelberta. Her high spirits, her dash, her unexpectedness, her brilliant eyes, her gait, and especially the carriage of her head, were a far truer likeness of Ethelberta than was the faded photograph, or even the miniature set in gold, which the Reverend Professor kept locked in his secret drawer.

Now Ethelberta was the name of the lady whom Scattergood wished he had married. For five-and-thirty years he had never ceased wishing that he had married *her*, — and not some one else. Some one else! Ay, there was the rub! The lawful Mrs. Scattergood was not a person whose portrait I should care to draw in much detail. Can you imagine a harder lot than that of a world-

famous Systematic Theologian, publicly pledged to maintain the Friendliness of the Universe, but privately consumed with anxiety lest on returning home (*horresco referens!*) he should find a heavy-featured, blear-eyed, irredeemable woman, the woman who called herself his wife, narcotized on the drawing-room sofa, with an empty chloral bottle at her side? That was the lot of John Scattergood, D.D., and he bore it like a man, keeping up a pathetic show of devotion to his intolerable wife, and concealing his personal misery from the world with an ingenuity only equal to that with which he published abroad the Friendliness of the Universe.

To be sure he had long abandoned the quest for happiness as a thing unworthy of a Systematic Theologian — what else, indeed, could he do? Still it was hardly possible to avoid reflecting that he would have been happier if he had married Ethelberta. Each day something happened to convince him that he would. For example, his first duty every morning, before settling down to work, was to make a tour of the house, sometimes in the company of a trusted domestic, hunting for a concealed bottle of morphia; and when at last the servant, with her arm under a mattress, said, 'I've got it, sir,' he could not help reflecting that the burden of life would have been lighter had he married the high-souled Ethelberta. And with the thought a cloud seemed to pass between John Scattergood and the sun.

He would often say to himself that he wished he could forget Ethelberta. But in point of fact he wished nothing of the kind. He secretly cherished her memory, and the efforts he made to banish her from his thoughts only served to incorporate her more completely with the atmosphere of his life.

All through life John Scattergood

had been a deeply conscientious man. But conscience, — or rather something that called itself conscience, but was in reality nothing of the kind, — which had served him so well in other respects, had been his undoing in the matter of Ethelberta. It was at the age of twenty-five that he first loved Ethelberta, and he was not then aware that a man's evil genius, bent on doing its victim the deadliest turn, will often disguise itself in the robes of his heavenly guide. He was, as we have seen, of Puritan descent; his evangelical upbringing had taught him to regard as heaven-sent all inner voices which bade him sacrifice his happiness; and this it was of which the enemy took advantage. In his love for Ethelberta the young man was radiantly happy; but that very circumstance aroused his suspicions. 'You are not worthy of this happiness,' said an inner voice, 'and, what is far more to the point, you are not worthy of Ethelberta. She is too good for such as you.'

'Who are you?' said the young Scattergood, addressing the inner voice. 'Who are you that haunt me night and day with this horrible fear?'

'I am your conscience,' answered the Devil. 'You are unworthy of Ethelberta; and it is I, your conscience, that tell you so. I am a voice from heaven, and beware of disregarding me.'

Had Scattergood been thirty years older, this strange anxiety on the part of his conscience to establish its claims as a voice from heaven would have put him on his guard: he would have lifted those shining robes and seen the hoofs beneath them. But these precautions had not occurred to him in the days when he and Ethelberta were walking hand in hand. So he listened with awe to the fiendish whisper; he listened until its lying words became an obsession; until they darkened his mind; until they drowned the voices of love and began

to find utterance in his manners, and even in his speech, with Ethelberta. She, on her part, did not understand — what woman ever could or would? — and a cloud came between them.

'The cloud is from heaven,' said the voice. 'I have sent it; let it grow; you are not good enough for Ethelberta, and it will be a sin to link your life with hers.'

So the cloud grew, till one day a woman's wrath shot out of it; there was an explosion, a quarrel, a breach; and the two parted never to meet again.

'You have done your duty,' said the false conscience. 'You have dealt me a mortal hurt,' said the Soul. But Scattergood was still convinced that he was not good enough for Ethelberta.

Within a year or two the usual results had followed. Scattergood married a woman who was not good enough for *him*; and that other man, who had been watching his opportunity, like a wolf around the sheepfold, married Ethelberta. And that other man was not good enough for *her*.

And now many years had passed, and Ethelberta was long since dead. But that made no difference to the aching wound; for Professor Scattergood, who was intelligent about all things, and far too intelligent about Ethelberta, used to reflect that probably she would still be alive, had she married him. 'They went to Naples for their honeymoon,' he would say aloud — for he was in the habit of talking to himself — 'they went to Naples for their honeymoon; there she caught typhoid fever, and died six weeks after her marriage. But things would have happened differently had she married *me*. We were not going to Naples for the honeymoon. We were going to Switzerland: we settled it that night after the dance at Lady Brown's — the night I first told her I was not worthy of her. Fool that I was!' — Such were the medita-

tions of Professor John Scattergood, D.D., as he trotted under the hedge-row elms and heard the patter of his horse's hoofs falling softly on the withered leaves.

Thus we can understand how it came to pass that Dr. Scattergood's imagination was abnormally sensitive to anything which could remind him of Ethelberta. And I have no doubt that his peculiar horse-sense was also involved in the particular reminder with which we have now to deal.

Certain it is that he discerned the resemblance to Ethelberta the moment he cast eyes upon the mare. He was standing in the dealer's yard, and the dealer was leading the animal out of the stable. Suddenly catching sight of the strange black-coated figure, the mare stopped abruptly, lowered her head, curved her neck, and looked Scattergood straight between the eyes. For a moment he was paralyzed with astonishment and thought he was dreaming. The movement, the attitude, the look, were all Ethelberta's! Exactly thus had she stopped abruptly, lowered her head, curved her neck, and looked him in the face when, thirty-five years ago, he had been introduced to her at an Embassy ball in Vienna. A vision swept swiftly over his inner eye; he saw bright uniforms, heard music, felt the presence of a crowd; and so completely was the actuality of things blotted out that he made a low reverence to the animal as though he were being introduced to some high-born dame. The dealer noticed the movement and wondered what 'new hanky-panky' old Scattergood was trying on the mare.

'Now, that's a mare I raised myself,' said the dealer. 'I've watched her every day since she was foaled, and I'll undertake to say as there is n't another like her in —'

'In the wide world: I know there is n't,' said Scattergood, cutting him

short. Then, suddenly, 'What's her name?'

'Meg,' replied the dealer, who was expecting a very different question.

'Meg—Meg,' said the Doctor. 'Why, it ought to be— Well, never mind, Meg will do. So you raised her yourself. Will you swear you did n't *steal* her?'

This was too much even for a horse-dealer. 'We're not a firm of horse-thieves,' he said, and was preparing to lead the animal back into the stable.

'I'm only joking,' said Scattergood in a tremulous voice which belied him. 'She's the living likeness of one I remember years ago—one that *was* stolen. Come, bring her back. I'm ready to buy that mare at her full value.'

'And what may that be?' replied the dealer, glad that the enemy had made the first move.

'A hundred and twenty guineas.'

The dealer was astonished; for his customer had offered the exact sum at which he hoped to sell the mare. For a moment he thought of standing out for a hundred and fifty, but he knew it was useless to bargain with Scattergood, so he said, —

'It's giving her away, sir, at a hundred and twenty. But for the sake of quick business, and you being a gentleman as knows a horse when you sees one, I'll take you at your own figure.'

'Done,' said Scattergood. 'I'll send you a check round in ten minutes.'

And without another word he walked out of the yard. He had found the Perfect Horse.

The dealer stood dumbfounded, halter in hand. He was unconscious that Meg had already got his shirt-sleeve between her teeth. Could that retreat-figure be the wary Scattergood—Scattergood of the thousand awkward questions, Scattergood the terror of every horse-dealer on the country-

side? Never before had he found so prompt, so reckless a customer. Were his eyes deceiving him? Was it a dream? A violent jerk on his right arm, and the simultaneous sound of tearing linen, recalled him to himself.

'You she-devil!' he said, 'I'll take the skin off you for this. But I hope the old gentleman's well insured.'

Meanwhile the Professor was walking home in a state of profound mental perturbation. Visions of the Embassy ball in Vienna, Buddhist theories of reincarnation, problems of animal psychology, doubts as to the validity of the Inflexible Method, vague and nameless feelings that accompanied the operations of his horse-sense, a yet vaguer joy as of one who has found something precious which he had lost, and beneath all, the ever-present, subconscious fear that he would find his wife narcotized on the drawing-room sofa, were buzzing and dancing in his brain.

'It's the mare's likeness to Ethelberta that puzzles me,' he began to reflect. 'A universal resemblance, borne by particulars not one of which is really like the original. Quite unmistakable, and yet quite unthinkable. An indubitable fact, and yet a fact which no one, who has not seen it, could ever be induced to believe.'

Had any one half an hour earlier propounded the statement that a woman could bear a closer resemblance to a horse than to her own portrait, he would have treated the proposition as one which no amount of evidence could make good. So far from the evidence proving the proposition true, he would have said, it is the proposition which proves the evidence false. Otherwise, what is the use of the Inflexible Method? But now the thing was flashed on him with the brightness of authentic revelation, and there was no gainsaying its truth. Not once during the five-and-thirty years of his

mourning for Ethelberta had anything happened to bring her so vividly to mind; not even among the dreams that haunt the borderland of sleep and waking; no, nor even when he listened to the great singer whose voice had filled his soul with the sad and angry music of Heine's bitterest song. Professor Scattergood was a firm believer in the efficacy of *a priori* thought; but though by means of it he had excogitated a system in which the plan of an entire universe was sufficiently laid down, there was not one of his principles, either primary or secondary, which could have built a niche for the experience he had just undergone in the horse-dealer's yard.

As he neared his doorstep the confusion of his mind suddenly ranged itself into form and gave birth to an articulate thought. 'I'm sure,' he said to himself, drawing his latch-key out of his pocket and inserting it in the key-hole, 'I am sure that Ethelberta is not far off. Yes, as sure as I am of anything in this world.'

II

The horse-sense, with which Professor Scattergood was so strangely endowed, was always accompanied by a well-marked physical sign — to wit, a curious tingling at the back of the head, a tingling which seemed to be located at an exact spot in the cortex of the brain. So long as the back of his head was tingling, every horse was completely at his mercy: he could do with it whatever he willed. But I have it on his own authority that at the moment he cast eyes on his new mare the tingling suddenly ceased and his horse-sense deserted him.

Accordingly, the first time he took her out he mounted with trepidation, and fear possessed his soul that she would run away with him. Though

nothing very serious followed, the fear was not entirely groundless. His daily ride, which usually occupied exactly two hours and five minutes, was accomplished on this occasion in one hour and twenty, and for a week afterward the Professor's man rubbed liniment into his back three times a day. On the second occasion he had the ill-luck to encounter the local hunt in full career, a thing he would have minded not the least under ordinary circumstances, but extremely disconcerting at a moment when Meg was in one of her wildest moods and his horse-sense happened to be in abeyance.

Before he had time to take in the situation Meg joined the rushing tide and for the next forty minutes the field was led by the first Systematic Theologian in Europe, who had given himself up for lost, and was preparing for instant death. And killed he probably would have been but for two things: the first was the fine qualities of his mount, and the second was a literary reminiscence which enabled him to retain his presence of mind.

For, even in these desperate circumstances, the Professor's habit of talking to himself remained in force; and a young Don who was riding close behind him, told me that he distinctly heard Scattergood repeating the lines of the *Odyssey* which tell how Ulysses, on the point of suffocation in the depths of the sea, kept his wits about him, and made a spring for his raft the instant he rose to the surface. Again and again, as he raced across the open, did the Professor repeat those lines to himself; and whenever a dangerous fence or ditch came in sight he would break off in the middle of the Greek and cry aloud in English, 'Now, John Scattergood, prepare for death, and sit well back' — resuming the Greek the moment he was safely landed on the other side, and thus proving once more that the

blood of the Ironsides still ran in his veins.

Said a farmer to me one day, —

'Who's that gentleman as just went up the lane on the chestnut mare?'

'That,' said I, 'is Professor Scattergood — one of our greatest men.'

'H'm,' said the farmer. 'I reckon he's a clergyman — to judge by his clothes.'

'He is.'

'Well, he's a queer 'un for a clergyman, danged if he is n't. He's allus talking to himself. And what do you think I heard him say when he come through last Thursday? "John Scattergood," says he, "you were a damned fool. Yes, there's no other word for it, John, you were a *damned* fool!"'

'That,' I said, 'is language which no clergyman ought to use, not even when he is talking to himself. But perhaps the words were not his own. They may have been used about him by some other person — possibly by his wife, who, people say, is a bit of a Tartar. In that case he would be just repeating them to himself, by way of refreshing his memory.'

The farmer laughed at this explanation. 'I see you're a gentleman with a kind 'cart,' said he. 'But a man with a swearin' wife don't ride about the country lanes refreshin' his memory in that way. He knows his missus will do all the refreshin' he wants when he gets 'ome. No, you'll never persuade *me* as them words were n't the gentleman's own. From the way he said 'em you could see as they tasted good. Why, he said 'em just like this.'

And the farmer repeated the objectionable language, with a voice and manner that entirely disposed of my charitable theory. He then added, 'But clergyman or no clergyman, I'll say one thing for him — he rides a good 'oss. I'll bet you five to one as that chestnut mare cost him a hundred

and twenty guineas, if she cost him a penny.'

From the tone in which the farmer said this I gathered that a gentleman whose 'oss cost him a hundred and twenty guineas was entitled to use any language he liked; and that my explanation, therefore, even if true, was entirely superfluous.

What did the Professor mean by apostrophizing himself in the strong language overheard by the farmer? The exegesis of the passage, it must be confessed, is obscure and, not unnaturally, there is a division of opinion among the higher critics. Some, of whom I am one, argue that the words refer to a long-past error of judgment in the Professor's life; more precisely, to the loss of Ethelberta. Others maintain that this theory is far-fetched and fanciful. The Professor, they say, was plainly cursing himself for the purchase of Meg. For is there not reason to believe that at the very moment when the obnoxious words were uttered, he was again in trouble with the mare and, therefore, in a state of mind likely to issue in the employment of this very expression?

Now, although I have always held the first of these two theories, I must hasten to concede the last point in the argument of the other side. It is a fact that at the very moment when the Professor cursed himself for a fool he was again in trouble with Meg. On previous occasions her faults had been those of excess; but to-day she was erring by defect: instead of going too fast she was going too slow, and occasionally refusing to go at all. She would neither canter nor trot; it was with difficulty that she could be induced to walk and then only at a snail's pace; apparently she wanted to fly. In consequence of which the Professor's daily ride promised to occupy at least three hours, thereby compelling him to be

twenty-five minutes late for his afternoon lecture.

Meg's behavior that day had been irritating to the last degree. She began by insisting on the wrong side of the road; and before the Professor could emerge from the traffic of the town he had been threatened with legal proceedings by two policemen and cursed by several drivers of wheeled vehicles. Arrived in the open country, Meg spent her time in examining the fields on either side of the road, in the hope apparently of again discovering the hunt; she would dart down every lane and through every open gate, and now and then would stop dead and gaze at the scenery in the most provoking manner. Coming to a blacksmith's shop with which she was acquainted, a desire for new shoes suddenly possessed her feminine soul, and whisking round through the door of the shoeing shed, she knocked off the Professor's hat, and almost decapitated him against the lintel.

The Professor had not recovered from the shock of this incident when a black Berkshire pig, that was being driven to market, came in sight round a turn of the road. Meg, as became a high-bred horse, positively refused to pass the unclean thing, or even to come within twenty yards of it. She snorted and pranced, reared and curvetted, and was about to make a bolt for home, when the pig-driver, who had considerably driven his charge into a field where it was out of sight, seized Meg's bridle and led her beyond the dangerous pass.

'Meg, Meg,' said the Professor as soon as they were alone and order had been restored, 'Meg, Meg, this will never do. You and I will have to part company. I don't mind your *looking* like Ethelberta, but I can't allow you to *act* as she did. To be sure, Ethelberta broke my heart thirty-five years

ago. But that is no reason why I should suffer *you* to break my neck to-day. We'll go home, Meg, and I'll take an early opportunity of breaking off the engagement, just as I broke it off with Ethelberta — though between you and me, Meg, I was a damned fool for doing it.'

Professor Scattergood spoke these words in a low, soft, musical voice: the voice he always used when talking to horses, or to himself about Ethelberta. Even the obnoxious adjective — which I must apologize to the reader for repeating so often — was pronounced by the Professor with that tenderness of intonation which only a horse or a woman can fully understand. And here I must explain that this particular tone came to him naturally in these two connections only. In all others, his voice was high-pitched, hard, and a trifle forced. Years of lecturing on Systematic Theology had considerably damaged his vocal apparatus. He had developed a throat-clutch; he had a distressing habit of ending all his sentences on the rising inflection; and whenever he was the least excited in argument he had a tendency to scream. It was in this voice that he addressed his class. But whenever he happened to be talking to horses, or to himself about Ethelberta, — and you might catch him doing so at almost any time when he was alone, — you would hear something akin to music, and would reflect what a pity it was that Professor Scattergood had never learned to sing.

It was, I say, in this low, soft, musical voice that he addressed his mare, somewhat exceptionally, it must be admitted, on the day when, sorely tried by her bad behavior, he had come to the conclusion that the engagement must be broken off. And now I must once more risk my reputation for veracity; and if the pinch comes and I have

to defend myself from the charge of lying, I shall appeal for confirmation to my old friend, the ostler, who knows a great deal about 'osses and believes my story through and through. What happened was this.

The moment Professor Scattergood began to address his mare in the tones aforesaid, she stood stock-still, with ears reversed in the direction from which the sounds were coming. When he had finished a gentle quiver passed through her body. Then, suddenly lowering her head, she turned it round with a quick movement toward the off stirrup and slightly bit the toe of Professor Scattergood's boot. This done she recovered her former attitude of attention and again reversed her ears as though awaiting a response. Taking in the meaning of her act with a swift instinct which he never allowed to mar his treatment of Systematic Theology, the Professor said one word, — 'Ethelberta,' — and the word had hardly passed his lips when something began to tingle at the back of his head. Instantly the mare broke into the gentlest and evenest canter that ever delighted a horseman of sixty years; carried him through the remainder of his ride without a single hitch, shy, or other misdemeanor, and brought him to his own doorstep in exactly two hours and five minutes from the time he had left it. From that time onward till the last day of his life he never had the slightest trouble with his mare. That is the story which the ostler believes through and through.

Next day the Professor said to this man, —

'Tom, I'm going to change the name of my mare.'

'You can't do that, sir. You'll never get her to answer a new name.'

'I mean to try, anyhow. Here,' — and he slipped half a sovereign into the man's hand, — 'you make this mare answer to the name of Ethelberta and

I'll give you as much more when it's done.'

'Beg your pardon, sir,' said the man, slipping the coin into his pocket. 'Beg your pardon, sir, but there never was a 'oss with a name like that. It's not a 'oss's name at all, sir.'

'Never mind that. Do as I tell you, and you won't regret it. Ethelberta — don't forget.'

The groom touched his hat. Professor Scattergood left the stables, and presently the groom and his chief pal were rolling in laughter on a heap of straw.

A fortnight later the groom said, —

'The mare answers wonderful well to that new name, sir. Stopped her kicking and biting altogether, sir. Why, the day before we give it her, she tore the shirt off my back and bit a hole in my breeches as big as a mangel-wurzel.'

'I'll pay for both of them,' said Professor Scattergood.

'Thank 'ee, sir. But since we give it her she's not even made as though she *wanted* to bite anybody. And as for kicking, — why, you might take tea with your mother-in-law right under her heels, and she would n't knock a saucer over. I nivver see such a thing in all my life, and don't expect nivver to see such another! *Wonderful* 's what I calls it! Though since I've come to think of it, there *was* once a 'oss named Ethelberta as won the Buddle Stakes. Our foreman says as he remembers the year it won. Maybe as you had a bit yourself, sir, on that 'oss — though beg your pardon for saying so.'

'Yes,' said the Professor, 'I backed Ethelberta for all I was worth and won ten times as much. Only some fellow stole the winnings out of my — my inner pocket just before I got home. It was thirty-five years ago.'

'So it was a bit o' bad luck after all, sir?'

'It was,' said Scattergood, 'extremely bad luck.'

'Did they ever catch the thief, sir?'

'They did. They caught him within a year after the theft.'

'I expect they give it 'im 'ot, sir?'

'Yes. He got a life-sentence, the same as mi — the same as that man got who was convicted the other day.'

At this lame conclusion the groom looked puzzled, and Scattergood had to extricate himself. 'You see, Tom,' he went on, 'the value of what I lost on Ethelberta was enormous.'

'It must have been a tidy haul to get the thief a sentence like that,' said Tom. 'But maybe he give you a tap on the head into the bargain, sir.'

'He put a knife into me,' said Scattergood, 'and the wound aches to this day.'

For some reason he felt an unwonted pleasure in pursuing this conversation with the sympathetic groom.

III

Among Professor Scattergood's numerous admirers there have always been some who remain unconvinced by his arguments for the Friendliness of the Universe. They begin by pulling his logic to pieces and conclude by saying, with the air of people who keep their strongest argument to the last, 'It looks, at all events, as though the friendly universe had done our good Professor a most unfriendly turn by depriving him of Ethelberta and substituting the present Mrs. Scattergood in her place.' And there is no denying the force of the argument.

For half a long life-time John Scattergood had lived his earnest days with little aid from those sources of spiritual vitality upon which most of us depend. Love in all its finer essences had been denied him — denied him, as he knew better than anybody, by that very

Universe whose friendliness he had set himself to prove. Among the many lonely souls one meets beneath the stars it would be hard to find one lonelier than he. Even the demonstrated friendliness of the Universe did not seem to thaw his heart, or break down the barriers of his reserve. The only means of discovering his inner mind was to put your ear to the keyhole when he was talking to himself. 'Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!' is what you would often hear him say.

Mrs. Scattergood was said to have once been a very beautiful woman; and I can well believe it was even so. She was the daughter of a baronet, and had been brought up to think that the mission of women in this world is to have a good time. But her husband had thwarted this mission; at all events he had not provided its fulfillment. And the lady made it a point of daily practice to remind him of this failure, driving the reminder home with the help of expletives learned in her father's stables long ago. John Scattergood would retire from these interviews talking to himself. 'If I could keep her from the morphia,' he would say, 'I think I could bear the rest.' He would then shut himself up in his study, would take out the miniature of Ethelberta from his secret drawer — a foolish thing to do, but a thing which somehow he could n't help; would shake his head and say for the thousandth time, 'Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!' And then, having brushed aside a tear, he would take up his pen and continue his proof of the Friendliness of the Universe according to the Inflexible Method.

If Scattergood could have seen himself, as I see him, seated in his quiet study, with the skeleton, the thesis, the miniature of Ethelberta in their respective positions, forming as it were the three points of a mystic triangle, I think he would have praised God for

the Friendliness of the Universe, and would have lifted up his voice loud and strong, 'to the tune of Bangor' belike, and in the words of the Hundred and Seventeenth Psalm.

But alas! all Q.E.D.'s are fatal to emotion, and it was Q.E.D. that Professor Scattergood had placed at the end of his thesis. In some respects he resembled that other great philosopher who became so absorbed in his proof of the existence of God that he forgot to say his prayers. The fact of the matter is, and I can't disguise it, that after proving the ultimate nature of the universe to be friendly he was no whit more in love with the universe than he was before. Nay, his interest was less rather than greater. His thesis, by becoming demonstrably true, had ceased to be morally exciting. He actually looked forward to his afternoon ride as a means of getting the taste of the universe out of his mouth.

John Scattergood had thus arrived, by long and devious ways, at the point from which he had set out; he had arrived, I mean, at that extremely common state of mind when one actual smile seen on the face of the world, or a moment of contact with any one of the innumerable friendly presences which the world harbors, was worth more to him, both as philosopher and as man, than were all the achievements of the Inflexible Method, past, present, and to come. And I have now to record that such a smile was vouchsafed to him, and such a living contact provided, by the mediation of a humble beast.

Now Scattergood, as the great champion of the Inflexible Method, knew something about it which the public, who received the doctrine at his hands, did not know. He knew its weak points. He knew that its very inflexibility was a weakness. He knew that his vessel would have been more seaworthy had he been able to build it out

of more elastic material. There were moments when Scattergood would gladly have escaped if he could from the necessity which compelled him to be a passenger in his own ship; and some screwing-up of courage was needed before he could muster heart to put to sea. This did him good; this saved him from torpor; this kept his heart receptive and ready for the ministrations of his beast.

Let no one suppose, however, that our Professor was led astray by fatuous fancies concerning his mare. He did not jump to the conclusion that she was a reincarnation of the long-lost Ethelberta. The Inflexible Method, thank God, saved him from that. But if you ask me how it all came about, I am bound to confess I don't know. All we can be sure of is that his mare did for Professor Scattergood something which a life-time of reflection had been unable to accomplish. No doubt the life-time of reflection had dried the fuel. But it was the influence of Ethelberta that brought the flame.

'It's quite true,' he said one day, 'that I prepare my lectures on horseback; and people tell me that I have fallen into a habit of preparing them aloud. But the fact is I am going to deliver a new course; and I find that horse-exercise quickens the action of the brain — a necessary thing at my time of life, when one's powers of expression are on the wane, and new ideas increasingly difficult to put into form.'

'You ride a beautiful animal,' said his interlocutor.

'Yes, and as good as she's beautiful.' And then in a lowered voice he repeated the line, —

"'Tra bell' e buona, non so qual fosse più.'"

This favorable view of Ethelberta's qualities was by no means convincing to Professor Scattergood's friends. We

knew she was 'bella'; but we doubted the 'buona.'

The spectacle of an elderly Doctor of Divinity setting out for his daily ride on a magnificent race-horse in the pink of condition was indeed a spectacle to fill the bold with astonishment and the timid with alarm. 'The man is mad,' said some. 'Will no one warn him of his danger?' Various attempts were made, but they came to nothing. Knowing myself to be the least cogent of advisers I kept silence to the last; but when all the others had failed I resolved to try my hand.

'Scattergood,' I said, 'that thoroughbred of yours is not a suitable mount for a man of your years. She ought to be ridden by a jockey. I wish to Heaven you would sell her.'

'Nothing in this world would induce me to part with Ethelberta,' he answered.

'I'm sorry to hear it. There's no man living in England at this moment whose life is more precious than yours. We can't afford to lose you. Then think of your' — I was going to say 'your wife,' but I checked myself in time — 'think of your work. It's a very serious matter. Sure as fate that brute' — ('She's not a *brute*,' he interrupted) — 'Sure as fate that beauty will run away with you one of these days, and break your neck.'

'How do you know that?' he asked quietly.

'Because she's run away with you twice already, and you escaped only by a miracle. She'll do it again, and next time you may not be quite so fortunate.'

'She'll never do it again,' he said in the same quiet voice.

'How do you know that?' I said, thinking that I had turned the tables on him.

'Never mind how. I know it well enough.'

'By the Inflexible Method?'

'Of course not,' he said with some annoyance. 'There are different kinds of certainty, and this about Ethelberta is one of the most certain of all.'

'More certain than the Inflexible—?'

'Oh, damn the Inflexible Method!' he cried. 'I'm sick to death of it. You'll do me a kindness by not mentioning it again.'

'All right; I'm as sick of it as you are. After all, it's not your philosophy I'm thinking of; what I am concerned about is your life. Now, Scattergood,' I added, — for I was an old friend, — 'frankly, between you and me, don't you think you're a bit of a fool?'

'My dear fellow, I am and always have been a' — and here he used that objectionable word — 'always have been a certain sort of fool. But not about Ethelberta. We understand each other perfectly. She looks after me, and takes care of me like a — like a mother. My life is absolutely safe in her hands — I mean, of course, on her back.'

'Confound those mixed metaphors!' I cried. 'That's the seventh I've heard to-day, and they're horribly confusing, even when they are corrected as you corrected yours. Now, what on earth do you mean?'

He looked at me curiously. 'I mean,' he said, 'that Ethelberta is as friendly to me as you are.'

'Or as the Universe is. Well, here's a plain question. Would you be prepared to stand before your class to-morrow morning and bid them trust the Universe for no better reasons than those on which you trust your life to the tender mercies of that brute — of Ethelberta?'

'I only wish I could find them reasons half as good.'

'Half as good as what?'

'As those for which I trust my life to Ethelberta.'

'What are they?'

'I can't tell you. If I could they would lose their force. But until they are uttered they are quite conclusive.'

'What!' I cried, laughing, 'are the reasons *taboo*? Have you got a magic formula?'

'Don't jest,' he said. 'The matter's far too serious. There is more at stake in this than the mere safety of my life.'

'Then you admit your life *is* at stake,' said I; and I thought I had scored a point.

'No, I don't. But other things are — things of far greater importance. My life, however, runs no risk from Ethelberta.'

'Then tell me this. Who runs the bigger risk, — you who trust your life to a beast for no reasons you can assign; or we, your disciples, who trust ourselves to the Universe in the name of your philosophy?'

'By far the bigger risk,' he answered, 'is yours.'

'Then you mean to say that you have better reasons for trusting your beast than we have for trusting your system?'

'I do.'

'You are quite serious?'

'I am.'

'But follow this out,' I said. 'If we, your disciples, run the bigger risk in trusting ourselves to your system, you, its author, run the same risk yourself.'

'You're entirely mistaken,' he answered.

'Surely,' said I, 'we are all in the same boat. What reasons can you have, other than those you have given us, for trusting your conclusion as to the friendliness of the universe?'

'You forget,' he said. 'In addition to the reasons I have given you, I have all those which induce me to trust my life to Ethelberta.'

'But how do they affect your philosophy?'

'They affect it vitally.'

'In the way of confirmation or otherwise?'

'Confirmation.'

'You mean that your philosophy is already conclusively proved, and yet made more conclusive by Ethelberta?'

'Put it that way, if you like.'

'Is there no hope,' I asked, 'that you will be able one day to communicate the reasons to *us*?'

'None,' he answered. 'But what I can do, and will do, if I live long enough, is to show that all of you are acting precisely, in regard to your whole lives, as I am acting in regard to Ethelberta.'

'But we are not all risking our lives on thoroughbred horses.'

'Yes, you are,' he said, 'and you are fools not to see it. And until quite recently I was — perhaps I still am — the biggest fool of all.'

'Scattergood,' I said, 'it's plain to me that you will have to do one of two things. Either you must radically change your philosophic system — or you must sell Ethelberta. Personally, I hope you'll do the last.'

'In any case,' he replied, 'I shall not sell Ethelberta.'

'Then,' said I, 'may the Friendly Universe preserve you from being killed!' And with that I took my departure.

IV

That very afternoon, Professor Scattergood, arrayed in a tweed suit and a pair of goodly riding-boots, went round to the stables to mount his mare. The groom met him as usual.

'She's been wonderful restless all night, sir,' said he. 'She's broke her halter and a'most kicked the door out. And she's bitin' as though she'd just been married to the Devil's son.'

'She wants exercise,' said Scattergood. 'Put the saddle on at once.'

'Not me, sir,' answered the groom. 'It's as much as a man's life is worth to go near her.'

'Bring me the saddle, then, and I'll do it myself,' said Scattergood. He opened the door of the stable, and the moment the light was let in Ethelberta announced her intentions by a smashing kick on the wooden partition.

'Have a care, sir!' cried the terrified groom as Scattergood, with the saddle on his arm, passed through the door. 'She'll give you no time to say yer prayers. Look out, sir! She'll whip round on you like a bit o' sin and put her heel through you before you know where you are. — Good Lord!' he added, addressing another man, 'it's a *hexecution*! The ole gen'l'man 'll be in heaven in less than half a minute.'

'Ethelberta, Ethelberta, what's the meaning of all this?' said Scattergood, in a quiet voice, as he faced the animal's blazing eyes. 'Come, come, sweetheart, let us behave for once like rational beings.' And he put his arm round Ethelberta's neck and rubbed his cheek against hers.

In five minutes the saddle was on, and Scattergood, seated on as quiet a beast as ever submitted to bridle, was riding down the stable-yard.

'That ole Johnnie knows a trick or two about 'osses,' said the groom as soon as the Professor was out of hearing. 'I'd give a month's wages to know 'ow he quieted that mare.'

Meanwhile Professor Scattergood, after trotting three or four miles down the London road, had turned into the by-lane that led to the villages of Medbury and Charlton Towers. Up to this point the behavior of Ethelberta had been beyond reproach. But as they turned down the lane, a tramp with a wooden leg, who was nursing a fire of

sticks by the roadside, some fifty yards ahead, got up and stepped out into the road. For a few moments Ethelberta did not see him and maintained her swinging trot. Professor Scattergood tightened his grip. The mare went on until the tramp was not more than five paces distant, and then suddenly noticing his deformity, she planted her forefeet and stopped dead. Scattergood, nearly unhorsed by the sudden stoppage, was thrown off his guard, and in the momentary confusion of mind that followed called out in his rasping voice, 'Steady, Meg, steady!'

In an instant she was off like the wind.

Professor Scattergood did not again lose his presence of mind. For a moment he tried to check the mare, but feeling her mouth like iron he loosened his rein and let her race. He knew the road for the next five miles was fairly straight; there was a long steep hill on this side of Charlton Towers, and he reflected that the mare was certain to be blown before she reached the top. He could keep his seat, and, barring a collision with some passing vehicle, the chances were that he would win through. He shouted, indeed, and tried such resources of language as his breathlessness allowed; but Ethelberta was far beyond the reach of endearments, and the race had to be run. So with the lines from Homer once more buzzing through his brain Scattergood sat tight and awaited the issue.

His mind, I say, was perfectly clear. It seemed as if his desperate condition had given him a large quiet leisure both for introspection and observation. As objects on the road shot by him he noted each one; and, with a curious double consciousness, began watching the flow of his own thoughts. He even wondered at the calmness and lucidity of his mind and asked himself the reason. 'Perhaps it is the im-

minence of death,' he reflected, 'but death, now that it has come so near, has no terrors. That is John Hawksbury's cottage. I wonder if his son has returned from India. I must be careful on the bridge. God grant that we don't meet a cart!'

On they went. Medbury was in sight. On nearing the village, Scattergood heard the pealing of bells mingled with the roar of the wind as it rushed past his ears. As they shot past the church he saw a wedding-party standing aghast in the churchyard. He saw the bride, leaning on the bridegroom's arm. The party had just emerged from the porch, and the look of terror on the bride's face was clearly visible to Scattergood. 'Poor thing,' he reflected, 'she'll take this for a bad omen.'

He saw men running and heard their shouts. At the end of the village street a brave lad stood with arms outstretched. Ethelberta swerved not an inch, but on coming up to the lad leaped clean over him, leaving him untouched.

'A hero,' thought Scattergood; 'he will surely be rewarded in the resurrection of the just.'

Medbury was now far behind and they were breasting the two-mile hill on this side of Charlton Towers. By this time he had lost his glasses; a serious loss, for being short-sighted he could not tell what lay ahead. Moreover, the cold wind beating into his unprotected eyes had so blinded him that he could hardly see the road beneath his horse's feet. But he kept up his heart, as a brave theologian should, saying aloud, 'Please God, I shall win through yet.' However, Ethelberta, though still going terrifically fast, was no longer maintaining her first furious rush. As the gradient steepened, her pace fell slightly, and Scattergood now promised himself that he would have her in hand before they reached the level

ground on the top. Some distance ahead of him he could dimly see the form of a tall tree. With admirable presence of mind he said to himself, 'On passing that tree, but not before, I will tighten the rein and gradually tighten it until, on reaching the summit, I shall have completely pulled her up.'

They were almost abreast of the tree when suddenly a dark-plumaged bird, frightened from its roost, fluttered out of the upper branches, and flew with a whirl of wings right athwart the road. At sight of the black object flung as it were into her eyes, Ethelberta made a rapid swerve and placing her near forefoot on a rolling stone, plunged forward with her head between her knees. Down she came, almost turning a somersault with the violence of her impetus, and Professor Scattergood, hurled far from his saddle, fell prone with a terrific shock on the newly metalled road.

When consciousness at length returned it brought no pain of wounds; but cold pierced his body like a knife and a shock of sounds was in his ears. A thousand memories swept over him. Beginning in the distant past, and streaming through the years with incredible rapidity, they terminated abruptly in a vision seen far below him, as though he were a watcher in the skies. He saw a deeply wounded man lying outstretched on the circumpolar ice, and a horse stood by him like a ministering priest. The horse was warming the man with its breath, and the steam of its body rose high into the frozen air. The consciousness of Scattergood, hovering in a present which had well-nigh become a past, was on the borderland which separates a running experience from a completed fact; vaguely suffering, yet aloof from the sufferer, whom he seemed to remember as one who long ago endured the bitterness of death.

The vision of what lay in the road was hardly more than a spectacle, the last link in a long chain of memories, and the past would have claimed it entirely had not the stunning sounds still fettered some fragment of consciousness in the body of the freezing man.

The din in his ears increased, and in great bewilderment of mind he began to seek for its cause. Now it was one thing, now another. 'This sound,' he thought, 'is the grind and roar of colliding ice-floes and the crackle of the Northern Lights.'

The sounds thus identified immediately became something else. They seemed to scatter and retreat, and then, concentrating again, returned to him as the tolling of an enormous bell. Nearer and nearer it came, till the quivering metal lay close against his ear, and the iron tongue of the bell smote him like a bludgeon.

A warmth passed over his face, and instantly a troubled thought began to disturb him. 'I am sleeping through the summer; I must rouse myself before winter comes back.' And with a great reluctant effort he opened his eyes.

A scarlet veil hung before him. He tried to thrust it aside with his hands, which seemed to fail him and miss the mark. Succeeding at last he saw a vast living creature standing motionless above him, its hot breath mingling with his, its great eyes, only a handbreadth away, looking with infinite tenderness into his own.

He tried to recollect himself and something in his hand gave him a clue. 'This thing,' he mused, 'is surely my handkerchief. It belongs to John Scattergood. It is one of a dozen his poor drug-sodden wife gave him on Christmas Day. And here, close to me, is Ethelberta. How red her feet are!' And he stared vacantly at a deep gash

on Ethelberta's chest and watched the great goutts that were dripping from her knees and forming crimson pools round her hoofs.

The crimson pools were full of mystery; they fascinated and troubled him; they were problems in philosophy he could not solve. 'Surely,' he thought, 'I have solved them, but forgotten the solution. I have lost the notes of my lecture. Dyed garments from Bozrah. The color of my Doctor's gown — I have trodden the wine-press alone. The color of poppies — drowsy syrups — deadly drugs! The ground-tint of the universe — a difficult problem! Strange that a friendly universe should be so red. Gentlemen, I am not well to-day — don't laugh at an old man. The red is quite simple. It only means that some one is hurt. Not I, certainly. Who can it be? Ah, now I see. Poor old girl!' — And he feebly reached out his handkerchief, already soaked with his own blood, as though he would staunch the bleeding wounds of Ethelberta.

As he did so, the great bell broke out afresh. First the sound drew near; then it fell away into the distance. A second joined it; a third, a fourth, a fifth, until a whole peal was ringing, and the air seemed full of music and of summer warmth. Scattergood was dreaming his last dream, ineffably content.

He stood by the open door of a church; inside he could see the ringers pulling at the ropes. And Ethelberta, young and happy as himself, was leaning on his arm.

'Sweetheart,' she whispered, 'let us behave ourselves for once like rational beings.'

He laughed, and would have spoken. But a din of clattering hoofs, which drowned the pealing of the bells, struck him dumb. The swift image of an old man, riding a maddened horse, shot

out of the darkness, passed by, and vanished; and the wedding-party stood aghast.

'Who is yonder man?' he said, with a great effort, bending over Ethelberta.

'A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' said a soft voice in his ear.

Ten thousand echoes caught up the words and flung them far into space. And then it seemed that thunders awoke behind, and rolled after the echoes like pursuing cavalry. 'A man of sorrows,' cried the echoes. 'He has come through great tribulations,' the thunders shouted in reply; and they lashed their horses and leaped over the mountain-tops.

On went the chase, the flying echoes in retreat, the deep-voiced thunder in pursuit. The wide heavens were filled with the tumult; myriads of eager stars were watching, and great waters were shouting and clapping their hands.

'Who is this that leads the chase? Who is this that feels the thunder leap beneath him like a living thing? It is I — John Scattergood — it is I!' And ever before him fled the echoes; they mocked the chasing squadrons and the wild winds aided their flight.

And now the pursuer perceived himself pursued. A swarm of troubled thoughts, on winged horses, seemed to be overtaking him. They swept by on either side; they forged ahead; they pressed close and jostled him on his rocking seat. There was a shock; the thunder collapsed beneath him and he fell and fell into bottomless gloom.

Suddenly his fall was stayed. A hand caught him; a presence encircled him, something touched him on the lips, and a voice said, 'At last! At last!'

Professor Scattergood was sitting on the stones, his body bowed forward, his hands feebly clasped round the head

of his motionless horse; he was gashed, shattered, and bleeding; the breath of life was leaving him, and his heart was almost still. But the dying flame flickered once more. Opening his eyes, he gazed into the darkness like one who sees a long-awaited star. Then his fingers tightened; he seemed to draw the head of Ethelberta a little nearer his own; and it was as if they two were holding some colloquy of love.

In the twinkling of an eye it was done, and the pallor of death crept over his face. The clasped hands, with the blood-stained handkerchief still between them, slowly relaxed; the glance withered; the arms fell; the head drooped. It rested for a moment on the soft muzzle of the beast; and then, with a quiet breath, the whole body rolled backwards and lay face upward to the stars.

All was still. Clouds swept over the sky, the winds were hushed, and the dense darkness of a winter's night fell like a pall over the dead. Not a soul came nigh the spot, and for hours the silence was unbroken by the foot-fall of any living creature or by the stirring of a withered leaf. And far away in the dead man's home lay an oblivious woman, drenched in the sleep of opium.

It was near midnight when a carrier's cart, drawn by an old horse and lit by a feeble lantern, began to climb the silent hill. Weary with the labors of a long day the carrier sat dozing among the village merchandise. Suddenly he woke with a start; his cart had stopped. Leaning forward he peered ahead, and the gleam of his lantern fell on the stark figure of a man lying in the middle of the road. A larger mass, dimly outlined, lay immediately beyond. Raising his light a little higher the carrier saw that the farther object was the dead body of a horse.

THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

I

SMITH flashed upon me unexpectedly in Berlin. It was nearly a year ago, just before the summer invasion of tourists, and I was reading the letters of a belated mail over my coffee, when I was aroused by an unmistakable American voice demanding water. I turned and beheld, in a sunny alcove at the end of the restaurant, my old friend Smith, who had dropped his newspaper for the purpose of arraigning a frightened and obtuse waiter for his inability to grasp the idea that persons in ordinary health, and reasonably sane, do, at times, use water as a beverage.

It was not merely the alarmed waiter and all his tribe that Smith execrated: he swept Prussia and the German Empire into the limbo of lost nations. Mrs. Smith begged him to be calm, offering the plausible suggestion that the waiter could n't understand a word of English. She appealed to a third member of the breakfast-party, a young lady, whose identity had puzzled me for a moment. It seemed incredible that this could be the Smiths' Fanny, whom I had dandled on my knee in old times, — and yet a second glance convinced me that the young person was no unlikely realization of the promise of the Fanny who had ranged our old neighborhood at 'home,' and appalled us, even at five, by her direct and pointed utterances. If the child may be mother to the woman, this was that identical Fanny. I should have known it from the cool fashion in

which she dominated the situation, addressing the relieved waiter in his own tongue, with the result that he fled precipitately in search of water — and ice, if any indeed were obtainable — for the refreshment of these eccentric Americans.

When I crossed to their table I found Smith still growling, while he tried to find his lost place in the New York stock market in his London newspaper. My appearance was the occasion for a full recital of his wrongs, in that amusing hyperbole which is so refreshing in all the Smiths I know. He begged me to survey the table, that I might enjoy his triumph in having been able to surmount local prejudice and procure for himself what he called a breakfast of civilized food. The continental breakfast was to him an odious thing; he announced his intention of exposing it; he meant to publish its iniquity to the world and drive it out of business.

Mrs. Smith laughed nervously. She appeared anxious and distraught and I was smitten with pity for her. But there was a twinkle in Miss Smith's eye, a smile about her pretty lips, that discounted heavily the paternal fury. She communicated, with a glance, a sense of her own attitude toward her father's indignation: it did not matter a particle; it was merely funny, that was all, that her father, who demanded and commanded all things on his own soil, should here be helpless to obtain a drop of cold water with which to slake his thirst, when every one knew that he could have bought the hotel itself with

a scratch of the pen. When Smith asked me to account for the prevalence of hydrophobia in Europe it was really for the joy of hearing his daughter laugh. And it is well worth any one's while to evoke laughter from Fanny. For Fanny is one of the prettiest girls in the world, one of the cleverest, one of the most interesting and amusing.

II

As we lingered at the table (water with ice having arrived and the stars and stripes flying triumphantly over the pitcher), I was brought up to date as to the recent history of the Smiths. Being an old neighbor from home I was welcomed to their confidence. The wife and daughter had been abroad a year, with Munich as their chief base. Smith's advent had been unexpected and disturbing. Rest and change having been prescribed, he had jumped upon a steamer, and the day before our encounter had joined his wife and daughter in Berlin. They were waiting now for a conference with a German neurologist to whom Smith had been consigned — in desperation, I fancied — by his American doctor. Mrs. Smith's distress was as evident as his own irritation; Miss Fanny alone seemed wholly tranquil. She ignored the apparent gravity of the situation and assured me that her father had at last decided upon a long vacation. She declared that if he persisted in his intention of sailing for New York three weeks later, she and her mother would return with him.

While we talked a cablegram was brought to Smith; he read it and frowned; Mrs. Smith met my eyes and shook her head; Fanny frugally subtracted two thirds of the silver Smith was leaving on the tray as a tip and slipped it into her purse. It was a handsome trinket, the purse; Fanny's

appointments all testified to Smith's prosperity and generosity. I remembered these friends so well in old times, when they lived next door to me in the mid-Western town which Smith, ten years before, had outgrown and abandoned. His income had in my observation jumped from two to twenty thousand, and no one knew now to what fabulous height it had climbed. He was one of the men to reckon with in the larger affairs of Big Business. And here was the wife who had shared his early struggles, and the child born of those contented years, and here was Smith, with whom in the old days I had smoked my after-breakfast cigar on the rear platform of a street-car in our town, that we then thought the 'best town on earth,' — here were my old neighbors in a plight that might well tax the renowned neurologist's best powers.

What had happened to Smith? I asked myself; and the question was in his wife's wondering eyes also. And, as we dallied, Smith fingered his newspaper fretfully while I answered his wife's questions about our common acquaintances at 'home,' as she still called our provincial capital.

It was not my own perspicacity, but Fanny's, which subsequently made possible an absolute diagnosis of Smith's case, somewhat before the cautious German specialist had announced it. From data supplied by Fanny I reached the conclusion that Smith is the Tired Business Man, and only one of a great number of American Smiths who are afflicted with the same malady, — bruised, nerve-worn victims of our malignant gods of success.

The phrase, as I shall employ it here, connotes not merely the type of iron-gray stock-broker with whom we have been made familiar by our American drama of business and politics, but his brother (also prematurely gray and a

trifle puffy under the eyes), found sedulously burning incense before Mammon in every town of one hundred thousand souls in America. I am not sure, on reflection, that he is not visible in thriving towns of twenty-five thousand, — or wherever 'collateral' and 'discount' are established in the local idiom, and the cocktail is a medium of commercial and social exchange. The phenomena presented by my particular Smith are similar to those observed in those lesser Smiths who are the restless and dissatisfied biggest frogs in smaller puddles. Even the farmers are tired of contemplating their glowing harvests and bursting barns, and are moving to town to rest.

III

Is it possible that tired men really wield a considerable power and influence in these American states so lately wrested from savagery? Confirmation of this reaches us through many channels. In politics we are assured that the tired business man is a serious obstructionist in the path of his less prosperous and less weary brethren, engaged in the pursuit of happiness and capable of enjoying it in successes that would seem contemptibly meagre to Smith. Thousands of Smiths not yet ripe for the German specialists are, nevertheless, tired enough to add to the difficulty of securing so simple a thing as reputable municipal government. It is because of Smith's weariness and apathy that we are obliged to confess that no decent man will accept the office of mayor in one of our American cities.

In my early acquaintance with Smith, in those simple days when he had time to loaf in my office and talk politics, an ardent patriotism burned in him. He was proud of his ancestors, who had not withheld their hand all the way from Bunker Hill to Yorktown,

and he used to speak with emotion of that dark winter at Valley Forge. He would look out of the window upon Washington Street and declare, with a fine sweep of the hand, 'We've got to keep all this; we've got to keep it for these people and for our children.' He had not been above sitting as delegate in city and state conventions, and he had once narrowly escaped a nomination for the legislature. The industry he owned and managed was a small affair and he knew all the employees by name. His lucky purchase of a patent, that had been kicked all over the United States before the desperate inventor offered it to him, had sent his fortune spinning into millions within ten years. Our cautious banker, who had vouchsafed Smith a reasonable, guarded credit in the old days, had watched, with the mild, cynical smile peculiar to conservative bank presidents, the rapid enrollment of Smith's name in the lists of directors of some of the solidest corporations known to Wall Street.

It is a long way from Washington Street to Wall Street, and men who began life with more capital than Smith never cease marveling at the ease with which he effected the transition. Some who continue where he left them in the hot furrows, stare gloomily after him and exclaim upon the good luck that some men have. Smith's abrupt taking-off would cause at least a momentary chill in a thousand safety-vault boxes. Smith's patriotism has changed since the old days, when he liked to speak of America as the Republic of the Poor, and when he knew most of the Commemoration Ode and all of the Gettysburg Address by heart. It is far more concrete than it used to be. When Smith visits Washington during the sessions of Congress, the country is informed of it. It is he who scrutinizes new senators and passes upon their

trustworthiness. And it was Smith who, after one of these inspections, said of a member of our upper chamber, 'He's all right; he speaks our language'; meaning not the language of the Commemoration Ode or the Gettysburg Address, but a recondite dialect understood only at the inner gate of the money-changers.

IV

No place was ever pleasanter in the old days than the sitting-room of Smith's house. It was the cosiest of rooms, and gave the lie to those who have maintained that civilization is impossible round a register. A happy, contented family life existed about that square of perforated iron in the floor of the Smiths' sitting-room, and we were all proud of the privilege of 'dropping in' on the long winter evenings. In the midst of arguments on life, letters, the arts, politics, and what-not, Smith would, as the air grew chill toward midnight, and while Mrs. Smith went to forage for refreshments in the pantry, descend to the cellar to renew the flagging fires of the furnace with his own hands. The purchase of a new engraving, the capture of a rare print, was an event to be celebrated by the neighbors.

We went to the theatre sometimes, and kept track of the affairs of the stage; and lectures and concerts were not beneath us. Mrs. Smith played Chopin charmingly on a piano Smith had given her for a Christmas present when Fanny was three. They were not above belonging to our neighborhood book and magazine club, and when they bought a book it was a good one. I remember our discussions of George Meredith and Hardy and Howells, and how we saved Stockton's stories to enjoy reading them in company round the register. A trip to New York was

an event for the Smiths in those days, as well as for the rest of us, to be delayed until just the right moment for seeing the best plays, and an opera, with an afternoon carefully set apart for the Metropolitan Museum. We were glad the Smiths could go, even if the rest of us could not, for they told us all so generously of their adventures when they came back! They kept a 'horse and buggy,' and Mrs. Smith used to drive to the factory with Fanny perched beside her, to bring Smith home at the end of his day's work.

In those days the Smiths presented a picture before which one might be pardoned for lingering in admiration. I shall resent any suggestions that I am unconsciously writing them down as American bourgeois, with the contemptuous insinuations that are conveyed by that term. Nor were they Philistines; but sound, wholesome, cheerful Americans, who bought their eggs direct from 'the butter-man' and kept a jug of buttermilk in the ice-box. I assert that Smiths of their type were and are, wherever they still exist, an encouragement and a hope to all who love their America.

Theirs is the America to which Lincoln became as one of Plutarch's men, and for whom Longfellow wrote 'The Children's Hour,' and on whom Howells smiles quizzically and with complete understanding. Thousands of us knew thousands of these Smiths only a few years ago, all the way from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. I linger upon them affectionately as I have known and loved them in the Ohio Valley, but I have enjoyed glimpses of them in Kansas City and Omaha, Minneapolis and Detroit, and know perfectly well that I should find them realizing to the full, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in many other regions, — for example, with only slight differences of background,

in Richmond, Virginia, and Burlington, Vermont. And in all these places some particular Smith is always moving to Chicago or Boston or New York, on his way to a sanatorium or to Bad Nauheim and a German specialist! Innumerable Smiths, not yet so prosperous as the old friend I encountered in Berlin, are abandoning their flower-gardens and their cosy verandahs (sacred to neighborhood confidences on the long summer evenings) and their gusty registers, for compact and steam-heated apartments with only the roof-garden overhead as a breathing-place.

There seems to be no field in which the weary Smith is not exercising a baneful influence. We have fallen into the habit of laying many of our national sins at his door, and usually with reason. His hand is hardly concealed as he thrusts it nervously through the curtains of legislative chambers, state and national. He invades city halls and corrupts municipal councils. Even the fine arts are degraded for his pleasure. Smith, it seems, is too weary from his day's work to care for dramas

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe.

He is one of the most loyal patrons of that type of beguilement known as the musical comedy, which in its most engaging form is a naughty situation sprinkled with cologne-water and set to waltz time. Still, if he dines at the proper hour at a Fifth Avenue restaurant and eats more and drinks more than he should (to further the hardening of his arteries for the German specialist), he may arrive late and still hear the tune every one on Broadway is whistling.

The girl behind the book-counter knows Smith a mile off, and hands him at once a novel that has a lot of 'go' to it, or one wherein 'smart' people, assembled in house-parties for

week-ends, amuse themselves by pinning pink ribbons on the Seventh Commandment. If the illustrations are tinted and the first page opens to machine-gun dialogue, the sale is effected all the more readily. Or he may overcome even this brief temptation and gather up a few of those magazines whose fiction jubilantly trumpets the least noble passions of man. And yet my Smith delighted, in those old days round the register, in Howells's clean, firm stroke; and we were always quoting dear Stockton — 'black stockings for sharks' — 'put your board money in the ginger-jar.'

What a lot of silly, happy, comfortable geese we were!

It seems only yesterday that the first trayful of cocktails jingled into a parlor in my town as a prelude to dinner; and I recall the scandalous reports of that innovation which passed up and down the maple-arched thoroughfares that give so sober and cloistral an air to our residential area. When that first tray appeared at our elbows, at that difficult moment when we gentlemen of the provinces, always rather conscious of our dress-coats, were wondering whether it was the right or left arm that we should offer the lady we were about to take in, we were startled, as if the devil had invaded the domestic sanctuary and perched on the upright piano. Nothing is more depressing than the thought that all these Smiths, many of whose fathers slept in the rain and munched hardtack for a principle in the sixties, are now unable to muster an honest appetite, but must pucker their stomachs with a tonic before they can swallow their daily bread. Perhaps our era's great historian will be a stomach specialist whose pages, bristling with statistics and the philosophy thereof, will illustrate the undermining and honeycombing of our institutions by gin and bitters.

V

The most appalling thing about us Americans is our complete sophistication. The English are children. An Englishman is at no moment so delightful as when he lifts his brows and says, 'Really!' The Frenchman at his sidewalk table watches the world go by with unwearied delight. At any moment Napoleon may appear; or he may hear great news of a new drama; or the latest lion of the salon may stroll by. Awe and wonder are still possible in the German, bred as he is upon sentiment and fairy-lore. The Italian is beautifully credulous. On my first visit to Paris, having arrived at midnight, and been established in a hotel room that hung above a courtyard, which I felt confident had witnessed the quick thrusts of Porthos, Athos, and Aramis, I awoke at an early hour to the voice of a child singing in the area below. It has always seemed to me that that artless song flung out upon the bright charmed morning came from the very heart of France. France, after hundreds of years of achievement, prodigious labor, and staggering defeat, is still a child among the nations.

Only the other day I attended a prize-fight in Paris. It was a gay affair, held in a huge amphitheatre and before a great throng of spectators, of whom a third were women. The match was for twenty rounds, between a Frenchman and an Australian Negro. After ten rounds it was pretty clear that the Negro was the better man; and my lay opinion was supported by the judgment of two American journalists, sounder critics than I profess to be of the merits of such contests. The decision was, of course, in favor of the Frenchman, and the cheering was vociferous and prolonged; and it struck me as a fine thing that that crowd could cheer so lustily the wrong decision. It

was that same spirit that led France forth jauntily against Bismarck's bayonets. I respect the emotion with which a Frenchman assures me that one day French soldiers will plant the tricolor on the Brandenburg Gate. He dreams of it as a child dreams of to-morrow's games.

But we are at once the youngest and the oldest of the nations. We are drawn to none but the 'biggest' shows, and hardly cease yawning long enough to be thrilled by the consummating leap of death across the four rings where folly has already disproved all natural laws. The old prayer, 'Make me a child again just for to-night,' has vanished with the belief in Santa Claus. No American really wants to be a child again. It was with a distinct shock that I heard recently a child of five telephoning for an automobile, in a town that was threatened by hostile Indians not more than thirty years ago. Our children avail themselves with the coolest condescension of all the apparatus of our complex modern life; they are a thousand years old the day they are born.

The farmer who once welcomed the lightning-rod operator as a friend of mankind is moving to town now, and languidly supervising the tilling of his acres from an automobile. One of these vicarious husbandmen, established in an Indiana county-seat, found it difficult to employ his newly acquired leisure. The automobile had not proved itself a toy of unalloyed delight, and the feet that had followed unwearied the hay-rake and plough faltered upon the treads of the mechanical piano. He began to alternate motor flights with more deliberate drives behind a handsome team of blacks. The eyes of the town undertaker fell in mortal envy upon that team and he sought to buy it. The tired husbandman felt that here indeed was an opportunity to find

light gentlemanly occupation, while at the same time enjoying the felicities of urban life, so he consented to the use of his horses, but with the distinct understanding that he should be permitted to drive the hearse.

VI

If we are not, after all, a happy people, in the full enjoyment of life and liberty, what is this sickness that troubleth our Israel? Why huddle so many captains against the walls of the city, impotently whining beside their spears? Why seek so many for rest while this our Israel is young among the nations? 'Thou hast multiplied the nation and not increased the joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.' Weariness fell upon Judah, and despite the warnings of noble and eloquent prophets she perished.

It is now a good many years since Mr. Arnold cited Isaiah and Plato for our benefit, to illustrate his belief that, with us, as with Judah and Athens, the majority are unsound. And yet, to read his essay on 'Numbers' — an essay for which Lowell's 'Democracy' is an admirable antidote — is to turn with a feeling of confidence and security to that untired and unwearying majority which Arnold believed to be unsound. Many instances of the soundness of our majority have been afforded since Mr. Arnold's death, and it is a reasonable expectation that, in spite of the apparent ease with which the majority may be stampeded, it nevertheless pauses with a safe margin between it and the precipice.

Illustrations of failure abound in history, but the very rise and development of our nation has discredited history as a prophet. In the multiplication of big and little Smiths lies our only serious danger. The disposition

of the sick Smiths to deplore as unhealthy and unsound such a radical movement as began in 1896, and still sweeps merrily on in 1912, never seriously arrests the onward march of those who sincerely believe that we were meant to be a great refuge for mankind. In our very eagerness to experiment there is hope. Our impatience of the bounds of law set by men who died before the republic was born does not justify the whimpering of those Smiths who wrap themselves in the grave-clothes of old precedents, or who, if it serve them in dire extremity, become the Constitution's most valiant defenders. Tired business men, weary professional men, bored farmers, timorous statesmen, are not of the vigorous stuff of those

Who founded us and spread from sea to sea
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty,
And gave to man this refuge from his past,
Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered.

Our country's only enemies are the sick men, the tired men, who have exhausted themselves in the vain pursuit of vain things; who forget that democracy like Christianity is essentially social, and who constitute a sick remnant from whom it is devoutly to be hoped the benign powers may forever protect us.

VII

It was a year ago that I met my old friend Smith, irritable, depressed, anxious, in the German capital. This morning we tramped five miles, here among the Vermont hills where he has established himself. Sound in wind and limb is my old neighbor, and his outlook on life is sane and reasonable. I have even heard him referring, with something of his old emotion, to that dark winter at Valley Forge, but with a new hopefulness, a wider vision. He does not think the American republic will perish, even as Nineveh and Tyre,

any more than I do. He has come to a realization of his own error, and he is interested in the contemplation of his own responsibilities. And it is not the German specialist he has to thank for curing his weariness half so much as Fanny.

Fanny! Fanny is the wisest, the most capable, the healthiest-minded girl in the world. Fanny is adorable! As we trudged along the road, Smith paused abruptly and lifted his eyes to a rough pasture slightly above and beyond us. I knew from the sudden light in his face that Fanny was in the landscape. She leaped up on a wall and waved to us. A cool breeze rose from the valley and swept round her. As she poised for a moment before running down to join us in the road, there was about her something of the grace and vigor of the Winged Victory as it challenges the eye at the head of the staircase in the Louvre. She lifted her hand to brush back her hair — that golden crown so loved by light! And as she ran we knew she would neither stumble nor fall on that rock-strewn pasture. When she reached the brook she took it at a bound, and burst upon us radiant.

It had been Fanny's idea to come here; and poor, tired, broken, disconsolate Smith, driven desperate by the restrictions imposed upon him by the German doctors, and only harassed by his wife's fears, had yielded to Fanny's importunities. I had been so drawn into their affairs that I knew all the steps by which Fanny had effected his redemption. She had broken through the lines of the Philistine and brought

him a cup of water from that unquenchable well by the gate for which David pined, and for which we all long when the evil days come. The youth of a world that never grows old is in Fanny's heart. She is to Smith as a goddess of liberty, in short skirt and sweater, come down from her pedestal to lead the way to green pastures beside waters of comfort. She has become to him the spirit not merely of youth but of life, and his dependence upon her is complete. It was she who saved him from himself when to his tired eyes it seemed that

All one's work is vain,
And life goes stretching on, a waste gray plain,
With even the short mirage of morning gone,
No cool breath anywhere, no shadow nigh
Where a weary man might lay him down and die.

Later, as we sat on Smith's verandah watching the silver trumpet of the young moon beyond the pine-crowned crest, with the herd a dark blur in the intervening meadows, and sweet, clean airs blowing out of the valley, it somehow occurred to me that Fanny of the adorable head, Fanny, gentle of heart, quick of wit, and ready of hand, is the fine essence of all that is worthiest and noblest in this America of ours. In such as she there is both inspiration to do and the wisdom of peace and rest. As she sits brooding with calm brows, a quiet hand against her tanned cheek, I see in her the likeness of a goddess sprung of loftier lineage than Olympus knew, for in her abides the spirit of that old and new America that labors in the sun and whose faith is in the stars.

THE NOVELIST'S CHOICE

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

FOR a number of years, in my desultory novel-reading, I have found myself occasionally dropping into a particular line of speculation. As I re-read *The Mill on the Floss*, for instance, I fall to wondering what kind of story it would have made if George Eliot had allowed Tom to tell it. He would have done it bluntly, honestly, without condoning his own faults and mistakes, we may be sure; but also, we may be equally sure, without condoning Maggie's. We should probably have been left in the dark as to the motiving of her acts. Stephen Guest would have fared rather badly, Philip Wakem even worse, and Mrs. Tulliver and Sister Glegg and Sister Pullet would hardly have come in as characters at all, since Tom had none of the special sort of humorous sense to which they appeal. Very likely Tom would have failed as signally to do justice to his own character as to Maggie's — his powers were not in the line of conscious self-portrayal.

The more I speculate about this, the more amused and interested I am. And when, after it, I come back to the real story, as it was actually written, I find myself keener to appreciate the things which I discover there — the embodied result of the novelist's choice to tell her story as she did and not otherwise.

I have sometimes tried *Henry Esmond* in the same way. I fancy it told, for example, through the letters or the diary of Beatrix. What a stormy recital it would be! Fragmentary, capricious, concealing more than it re-

vealed, for Beatrix would never have been what is called simply honest, even with herself. And yet, whatever she wrote, however she posed, whatever tricks of the spirit she perpetrated, I fancy we could have guessed at her story and her nature in spite of herself. The more one thinks of it, the more one longs for a chance to try, anyhow — to have at those letters or that diary. And then one remembers, — to be sure! there are no letters, there is no diary; we were only supposing. What a pity! Yet could we, for their sakes, give up the story as it is?

Or, again, imagine the story told in the modern, dramatic way: not by any character acting as narrator, not by the author as author, not by anybody self-confessed, but allowed to enact itself upon the pages of the book as upon a stage — a few stage-directions supplied in place of scenery and real action, each participant speaking in turn, and the reader left to orient himself as he can. Fancy the beginning: —

'My name is Henry Esmond.'

'His name is Henry Esmond, sure enough,' said Mrs. Worksop.

'So this is the little priest,' said Lord Castlewood. 'Welcome, kinsman.'

'He is saying his prayers to Mamma!' said little Beatrix.

But no, don't fancy it! Let us stop right here, and go back to those leisurely and deliberate first chapters as they now stand. Already one feels a little ashamed of having allowed one's self to lay such unhallowed hands upon the tale, and one determines to cease

experimenting, at least upon Henry Esmond, and leave him to the undisputed possession of his grave, decorous and altogether delightful narrative. And yet, this habit of speculation once formed, one is tempted ever afresh to its indulgence — tempted often at the most unexpected point: as I read over the pretty drama of *Romeo and Juliet*, I am by some freak of the mind led to wonder what their story would sound like, told by Juliet's nurse.

It seems curious that writers themselves have not experimented in this way with their own material. Browning, indeed, the king of experimenters, did it once. But, except *The Ring and the Book*, I do not think of anything of the kind. And *The Ring and the Book* is so much more than a study in storytelling that it is as well to leave it with this passing mention.

Obviously, it makes a difference, this choice of the novelist. It is, of course, only one of the things that go to determining what a novel will be like, but it is surely one. Thackeray is always Thackeray, whether he chooses to tell his tale through the mouth of one of his characters or to step forward in his own person and talk frankly about his people as they pass before him. He is still Thackeray, yet there is a vast difference between the atmosphere of *Esmond*, which gives us the peaceful and deliberate reminiscences of an old man, and the atmosphere of *Vanity Fair*, where the author is avowedly himself, like a showman with his puppets. Perhaps it was the choice of the novelist that produced the difference, perhaps it was something inherent in the two tales, as he regarded them, that led to the choice. At all events, the choice itself is worth thinking of.

The expedient of putting a story into the mouth of one of the actors in it — that is, the autobiographical method

— has great antiquity, being at least as old as the *Odyssey*. Vernon Lee, in an interesting if whimsical essay of hers on 'Literary Construction,' maintains that it is essentially an expedient of immaturity. 'I have no doubt,' she says, 'that most of the stories which we have all written between the ages of fifteen and twenty were either in the autobiographical or the epistolary form . . . and altogether reproduced, in their immaturity, the forms of an immature period of novel-writing, just as Darwinism tells us that the feet and legs of babies reproduce the feet and legs of monkeys. For, difficult as it is to realize, the apparently simplest form of construction is by far the most difficult; and the straightforward narrative of men and women's feelings and passions, of anything save their merest outward acts — the narrative which makes the thing pass naturally before the reader's mind — is by far the most difficult, as it is the most perfect.'

Stevenson, whose powers as a storyteller can hardly be called immature, yet averred that it was the easiest way. He writes to Edmund Gosse, 'Yes, honestly; fiction is very difficult. . . . And the difficulty of according the narrative and the dialogue (in a work in the third person) is extreme. That is one reason out of half a dozen why I so often prefer the first.'

Evidently here he was thinking more of style than of construction, and one would like to know the rest of the half-dozen reasons why he preferred the first person for his stories. Perhaps we can guess at some of them. For the autobiographical form seems to settle a good many other matters besides this one of literary pitch. It prescribes in many ways the point of view. The general attitude of the actor-narrator toward the chain of events which he relates, is predetermined by his own part in those events.

But probably the strongest justification for the form is that it carries with it a certain air of genuineness. A man's own story has a value as such, as the newspaper interview testifies every day. It imposes upon us, in spite of ourselves, a prepossession in favor of its truth. Now, whatever else the novelist may wish to do, he always, first of all, wishes to create in his readers this illusion of reality. He wants to have his story seem true. He knows, indeed, that it is not true. We know it is not true. He knows that we know. And yet, he will spend months in dull research for the sake of supplying his tale with certain small earmarks of veracity that may, perchance, trick the public into a moment of doubt. He will furnish forth his story with elaborate introductions and appendices, accounting for his own share, and the publisher's share, in it, with the hope that he may be able to persuade us, at least for half an hour, that he, the author, is really and truly only the 'interested friend' to whom the papers were left; that he has really been only the recipient of a dying confession, only the discoverer of a long-hidden diary. And if he succeeds, what triumph! Is there any one who would be proof against the flattery implied in such inquiries as were aroused by *Nancy Stair* as to the real genealogy of the Stair family?

To this endeavor to make his story seem like the narrative of actual occurrences the novelist has been partly driven by the attitude of his readers. 'Convincing' is the critic's word now—a novel must be 'convincing.' The word is modern, the attitude which it connotes is modern. Not that readers of old did not find pleasure in giving themselves up to the story-teller. But they gave themselves up more easily than readers do now. The old story-teller began his tale smoothly enough:

'There was once a beautiful girl, who had a cruel step-mother and two wicked step-sisters.' Very good. His listeners, with a habit of acquiescence, accepted at once the beauty of the heroine, the cruelty and wickedness of the others. For them the tale was sufficiently convincing. Even the fairy godmother passed unchallenged. Who knew that fairy godmothers might not exist somewhere?

But we have lost the habit of acquiescence. We are proving all things, and we hold fast to very little. We challenge, we scrutinize, we dissect. We have opinions about the limits of the possible, the probable, and the inevitable. And nothing really satisfies us but the inevitable.

To make his tale seem inevitable, then, is the author's ambition, and he is aware that if he is to do this he cannot get to work in the old manner. If he begins, 'There was once a beautiful girl, with a cruel step-mother and two wicked—' 'Ah, wait!' says his reader, 'this will never do. Cruelty and wickedness are easy words to say, but the things themselves are not to be thus lightly denominated. One must discriminate. How about the step-mother's point of view? In just what way was she cruel? How did she become so? How do you know she existed at all? She does not seem to us a very real person. She is not convincing. I don't think I care to finish this story.'

The modern story-teller cannot help being conscious of this attitude on the part of his readers. Probably he has it himself, to some extent, toward his own material. What wonder, then, if, aware of the effectiveness of the expedient, he passes his story over to one of his characters, and loads upon his shoulders the burden of making it 'convincing.'

This seems, on the face of it, an easy way out. It shifts responsibility from

the author to the hero, or whoever it is who is telling the story. 'How do I know? I know because I was there. She was *my* step-mother.' It is the old reply of Æneas to Dido: 'Quorum pars magna fui.'

And not merely an easy way out, but often an excellent way. We have only to run over a few titles, to realize the possibilities of the autobiography as a literary form: *Henry Esmond*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Lorna Doone*, *Jane Eyre*, *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour*, *Peter Ibbetson*, *Harry Richmond*, *Joseph Vance*, — good books, indeed!

With such a list before us, it may seem presumptuous to hint that the autobiographical form has its limitations and its drawbacks. Yet I believe it has. For, first, there is a danger in it arising from a fact inherent in human nature: the fact that heroes and minstrels are not usually made of the same stuff. One does things; the other tells about them. The person whom adventures befall is not necessarily the one who is best able to relate them. It is not always so, of course. There are rare beings who are born with the hero and the minstrel soul bound together within them — the Odysseus and the Æneas souls. For them it is very well. It was well for Odysseus, in the hall of the Phæacians, and for Æneas, in the court of Dido, to tell their adventures. They were doubly gifted, for action and for expression. But what if Achilles had tried to tell his story? Or Ajax his? Poor, inarticulate Ajax! There was plenty to tell, but what a botch he would have made of it! He is better off, he and Achilles too, in the hands of Homer.

The race of the inarticulate has not yet died out. It never will. But we would not wish to miss the telling of their stories because it must be done by other lips than theirs. The story of Quasimodo, the story of Tess, the story

of Dorothea Brooke, the story of Clara Middleton, the story of Isabel Archer, these are all, for various reasons, stories which could never have come from the characters themselves. Some of them, perhaps, could have told, but never would have done so. Others would, perhaps, but never could. Most of them probably neither would nor could. And we are glad, when we think about them, that their authors did not force them to the confessional against their natures.

Authors are not always so considerate. I have read autobiographical novels where the pleasure of the story was continually clouded by a feeling of protest that it should have been told thus. David Balfour, in certain parts of it, gives me this feeling. When he is telling his adventures it is well enough, though even there I should sometimes be glad if the story could have been told quite directly and simply by the author. I should like to know how David looked now and then, as well as what he did. And, of course, David was not the kind of fellow who would ever know how he looked; still less could he ever have written it down as part of an account of his life. But when it comes to his love affairs, and I find him writing these down in some detail, I must protest, 'Oh, David! You know you never would have told that!' And then I find myself suddenly regarding David with suspicion. I long to step into the story and pull his hair and see if it is not, after all, only a wig — to pull his nose, and see if the mask does n't come off, disclosing, not David at all, but David's author, Stevenson.

Ah, there is the danger! The story must be told, the secrets must be laid bare — secrets guarded not by big keys and heavy boulders of rock, but by the walls of impenetrable reserve in our own human nature. If they are not told, we are baffled and disappointed.

If they are told, we are critical. It is a dilemma.

Sometimes, indeed, the problem is successfully met. In *Lorna Doone*, for example, John Ridd, — plain John Ridd, — telling his own love story, manages to steer along the narrow channel between too much reserve and too little. He loves Lorna, — he is not ashamed to confess that to all the world, — but as to what he says to Lorna about it, or what she says to him, this is a matter which in his opinion is nobody's business but his and hers. And one can almost see the shy, yet humorous, half-smile and heightened color with which he backs away from a love scene and cannily edges round it, to take up the narrative again further on. One could wish that David Balfour had learned a lesson of John.

Moreover, as I have already suggested in the case of David, the autobiographical form is unsatisfactory in another way. If, on the one hand, it gives us too much of the hero-autobiographer's private soul, so that we pray for a little decent reserve, on the other hand, it often gives us too little of his public face, too little of the commonplace externals of his personality. And here again the trouble arises from certain universal facts of human experience. For we are accustomed to get at people from the outside. We look at their faces, we watch them walk, we listen to their voices, we notice what clothes they wear and how they wear them, we regard them in their goings-out and their comings-in, and after a while we arrive, or think we arrive, at a certain intimacy with what we call their souls. We say we know them. Perhaps we do, and perhaps we don't, but at any rate, such knowledge as we have is reached in this way. It is the way we are accustomed to; we know how to value and allow for its data,

how to discount its deceptions — perhaps we even like its baffling reserves.

Now, in the autobiographical novel, all this is reversed: instead of approaching the hero from the outside, we approach him from the inside. Instead of looking into his eyes, we look out of them. In a sense, doubtless, we know him better than if we had approached him through the ordinary channels, but in another sense we do not know him so well. It is too much like the way we know — or rather the way we fail to know — ourselves. And so, in the autobiographical novel one sometimes grows a little tired of looking from within, out. One longs to stand off and get a good plain view of the hero's nose, and his eyes. One wants to see him walk down the street, instead of walking down the street inside him.

Authors realize this, at least by flashes, and they try to gratify us, sometimes in very amusing ways. Here is Marcelle Tinayre, for example, in *Hellé*, which is the autobiography of a young girl. She is beautiful, — she manages to imply that without involving herself in any breach of decorum, — but she must in some way be described more fully. So the author makes her stand before a mirror in her ball-gown and set down what she sees there. The ruse is obvious. The action, which would have been natural — indeed inevitable — for a person like Marie Bashkirtseff, is for Hellé entirely out of character. But what would you have? The reader must be told what she looked like.

On the other hand, such an expedient is sometimes entirely successful. There is a scene in *Jane Eyre*, where Jane, in a frenzy of mingled jealousy and self-martyrdom, sets herself down before her mirror and paints with remorseless fidelity her own plain face, then paints from memory a portrait of the beautiful lady whom she imagines

to be her rival in the affections of Rochester. The action is perfectly natural. I believe Jane was always looking in the glass, not because she admired herself, but because she did not. And this pricking consciousness of her own appearance pervades the whole narrative, so that one has in its perusal very little of this sense that I have been speaking of, of viewing the hero entirely from within.

This could be achieved in the fictitious autobiography of Jane, just as it was in the real autobiography of Marie Bashkirtseff; but there are types of women with whom it could not be done — women like Dorothea Brooke or Clara Middleton. Clara, struggling hopeless in the net of circumstance, yet flashing keen lights on the people about her, could never turn such light on herself. She was unaware of her own physical loveliness, — her walk, her hair as it curled about her ears and neck. Call such things trifling and external if you will, yet it is through such trifling externals that some of our deepest and most instinctive impressions arise.

But if self-portraiture is not natural to all women, still less is it so to most men. In *Simon the Jester*, for example, we find our hero writing thus: 'I looked at him and smiled, perhaps a little wearily. One can always command one's eyes, but one's lips get sometimes out of control. He could not have noticed my lips, however.' Instantly we detect the note of falseness here. Such a man would not have carefully written down the fact that he smiled wearily, and that his friend did not notice his lips. Oscar Wilde would have been aware of such a fact about himself, and when in *Dorian Grey* he makes his hero run to the mirror to catch his own expression before it fades, we do not challenge it, though we may perhaps question whether Dorian Grey was

worth writing about at all. But we do not expect such things from Simon de Gex — we do not expect such things from most men. Of course the fact was, that the author of *Simon* wanted us to know that Simon's smile was a weary one, and no way of making this clear occurred to him, except that of having Simon himself admit that he smiled wearily. This little passage is not a momentary slip. It is typical of the whole book, which might be used as an illustration of the way in which an unfortunate method of telling the story acts as a handicap from beginning to end. With a rather unusual and very interesting situation to set forth, the author has thrown away his chance of making it seem 'inevitable' by setting up at the start a postulate in which we can never acquiesce — the postulate of Simon de Gex writing himself up.

Clearly, description of the hero by himself is dangerous tactics. Yet, where it is not attempted, we miss it. The weakness of the latter part of De Morgan's *Joseph Vance* is, I believe, due not entirely to the fact that his father died out of the story, but also, among other things, to the fact that Joseph himself, being grown-up, could no longer regard himself impersonally enough to make his personality vivid to us. And readers of the book, if they are at all like me, carry away from it a vivid picture of Joseph Vance the boy, but a very pale picture of Joseph Vance the man.

It is, perhaps, the endeavor to escape from some of these pitfalls that beset the autobiographical form, and yet to profit by its opportunities, which leads writers to try another expedient — that is, to let the story be told, not by the hero, but by the hero's friend. *The Belovèd Vagabond* is done in this way, and very cleverly done. Clearly, it could never have been told by the

Vagabond himself. An outside view of him was indispensable. He could never, without stepping entirely out of his own character, have set forth, or even dimly suggested, the portrait of himself, of his whole whimsical, lovable personality, as it is set forth by his young friend and protégé, the street waif, little Asticot.

The objection to this method is, that the teller of the story, not having the hero's decisive influence on the action, is apt to fade into a nonentity, a shadowy person, so that one scarcely remembers him. In *The Beloved Vagabond* this is not true of the first part of the book. There, as in *Joseph Vance*, the narrator is looking back upon his own child-self. But as little Asticot grows up, and becomes the narrator of his patron's story, he himself recedes, we have no clear picture of him.

Similarly in *The Newcomes*, the narrator-friend keeps himself so entirely in the background that I fancy many of us have not realized at all that the story is actually told by one of the characters, and not by Thackeray himself. And I think we may all admit that Pendennis, considered simply as the narrator of the *Newcomes'* history, is very close to a nonentity.

But if a nonentity, why there at all? If the actor-narrator pales to a mere literary convention, what is there to gain by keeping him?

Very little to gain, and something to lose. For, whether hero or hero's friend, the teller of the story, once committed to his task of accounting for himself, and for his possession of all the facts of the narrative, cannot lay it down. He must keep on accounting for himself. Every time he narrates an event of which he was not himself an eye-witness, he must explain how he found out about it. If he fails to do this satisfactorily, the entire fabric of probability so carefully built up by the

author topples and falls. How does little Asticot know that the English lady is his master's old love? How does he know there was an old love at all? He must account for it — and does. He saw some old letters, some verses — he put two and two together. We are satisfied this time, but the question may arise again, and we shall need to be satisfied again.

Pendennis, conscious of this necessity of accounting for his information, was not so inclined to meet it in this way. He was aware that he could never follow the rules of the game if he interpreted them too strictly, and so made a sort of general confession, a blanket apology, which is worth quoting at length because it so clearly sets forth the difficulties which beset the actor-narrator: —

'In the present volumes, where dialogues are written down which the reporter could by no possibility have heard, and where motives are detected which the persons actuated by them certainly never confided to the writer, the public must, once for all, be warned that the author's individual fancy very likely supplies much of the narrative; and that he forms it as best he may, out of stray papers, conversations reported to him, and his knowledge, right or wrong, of the characters of the persons engaged. And, as is the case with the most orthodox histories, the writer's own guesses or conjectures are printed in exactly the same type as the most ascertained patent facts. I fancy, for my part, that the speeches attributed to Clive, the Colonel, and the rest are as authentic as the orations in Sallust or Livy, and only implore the truth-loving public to believe that incidents here told, and which passed very probably without witnesses, were either confided to me subsequently as compiler of this biography, or are of such a nature that they must have

happened from what we know happened after. For example, when you read such words as *que Romanus* on a battered Roman stone, your profound antiquarian knowledge enables you to assert that *Senatus Populus* was also inscribed there at some time or other. . . . You tell your tales as you can, and state the facts as you think they must have been. In this manner Mr. James, Titus Livius, Sheriff Alison, Robinson Crusoe, and all historians proceeded. Blunders there must be in the best of these narratives, and more asserted than they can possibly know or vouch for.'

There are very few heroes, or hero's friends, who have taken such liberties, but then few have told so good a story as *The Newcomes*. I fancy we are ready to grant Mr. Pendennis all the privileges he demands, yet I cannot help feeling that Thackeray set him rather too hard a task—a task which, indeed, he might better have assumed himself. In fact, I have this feeling about many of the novels cast in the autobiographical form. They may be good stories as they are, but they might, I suspect, have been just a little better if the author had not limited his own powers by bundling himself up in the clothes and the mask and the wig of one of the characters. I do not feel this about all such novels. Some of them seem to me just right as they are, and after any number of experiments with them—fancying them re-written in this way and that—I come back to the author's choice as the best. This is the case with *Lorna Doone* and *Henry Esmond* and *Jane Eyre* and *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island* and *Joseph Vance*.

It seems like a curious company of books to be named in one sentence. Yet, after all, they are of only two kinds: stories of inner experience, told by an introspective hero; and stories of adventure, told by a hero of naïve tem-

perament with a clear grip on the practical in life. That is, in each case, the hero is fitted to his task. John Ridd could not have written *Esmond's* story nor *Esmond* John Ridd's, but John Ridd was perfectly capable of writing his own, and *Esmond* his. *Jane Eyre's* story, told by any one but herself, would lose something of its value. Told by herself, it is wonderfully impressive as a human document. The life she portrays could not, perhaps, have been what she saw it, but this is how she actually did see it. There never was a man like Mr. Rochester, perhaps. But nobody cares about that. What we are concerned with is her idea of Mr. Rochester. And we are convinced that there was a woman who felt about a man what she felt about Mr. Rochester. The whole book is, in fact, lyric. It is the record of a temperament buffeted about by the impact of people and circumstance, which are viewed only as they affect this temperament. Whether you like that kind of temperament or not is another matter. Given the subject, the book rings true, and the lyric form was undoubtedly the best for it.

In his search for the 'inevitable,' then, the writer has, after all, nothing to gain by resorting to the expedient of the actor-narrator, unless this actor-narrator is himself inevitable,—unless his part as teller of the story fits him so perfectly as to require no apology. This will hardly be the case except with a very limited class of adventure stories, and with a larger class of stories which are the records of an introspective nature. With these exceptions, he usually does better if he works with free hands,—if, taking as his own the apology of Pendennis, he quietly supplies the missing words of the inscription, tells his tales as he can, and states the facts as he thinks they must have been. And if his understanding of life

be deep enough, he will create in us the illusion of reality just as surely as if he had sought to establish it by letters and diaries.

Even when freed from a certain kind of accountability, he need not necessarily take any more liberties with his characters than the hero would have done. *Pride and Prejudice*, for example, is told almost as Elizabeth would have told it herself if she had written it. Hardly any information is given but what she knew, and Darcy's character is not fully cleared up until it is cleared in her eyes. In the *Three Musketeers* the story is told as D'Artagnan might have told it. What is a mystery to him remains a mystery to the reader. His estimate of the other characters dominates the story. Yet, not being told by him, but by an irresponsible author, the tale is carried on with a lightness and freedom that D'Artagnan himself, writing in character, could hardly have achieved. Howells, in *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, tells the story from the standpoint of Mr. Lapham, or, now and then, from that of Mrs. Lapham. We are allowed to follow, to some extent, the workings of their minds, but their two daughters are treated externally. As we follow their fortunes and try to predict the outcome, we have little more to go upon than their parents had. This is Howells's usual method, and it is the method of much modern writing.

Mr. James, in *The Other House*, carries the external point of view to such an extreme that at the end of the book, when the evidence is all in, there is still room for question, among intelligent people, as to what really happened; and even more room for disagreement as to what the motives of the characters were. Mr. James also furnishes us the best example I can think of, of the other extreme, where the treatment is exclusively internal. In a curious piece

of writing, *In the Cage*, which I cannot help thinking was a bit of pure experimenting, he attempts to set forth the spiritual states of a girl telegrapher — states of which she herself was only dimly aware, impulses which never reached consciousness, feelings which she never more than half confessed, even to herself.

Between these two extremes most of the best story-telling is done. Authors do not often openly assume omniscience: they treat their material from the standpoint of an impartial witness. Yet, when omniscience is needed to explain character and interpret motive, —

All that the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb, —

it is assumed without apology, and the reader grants it without demur. If we think of parts of *Vanity Fair* and *Middlemarch* and *The Mill on the Floss*, of *Richard Feverel* and *The Portrait of a Lady*, of *Somehow Good* and *Tess*, and many others, we realize what we should be giving up if writers had tied themselves down to the autobiographical form. The more one thinks of it, the more one feels sure that, tempting as it is, its restrictions outweigh its opportunities.

And yet — one comes back to *Esmond*, and one remembers *Joseph Vance*, and one cannot be satisfied to end the matter in a hard judgment like that. For there is a certain quality in these stories which endears them to us in a peculiar way, and which, I believe, is specially fostered by the autobiographical form in which they are cast. There is a certain type of story with this quality potentially inherent in it, which no other manner of telling could so well bring out. It is a story like *Henry Esmond*, the story of a long life, told as by one who has lived it, while he rests, near its end, and looks back.

The love of reminiscence is deep-

rooted in us. We do not need to have length of years in order to possess it. All we need to have is a consciousness of the past as past. Some years ago, a little friend of mine, then four years old, attained a new phrase: 'Don't you remember?' I say 'attained,' because it was evident that she had not only enlarged her field of expression by a new word, but that she had enlarged her field of experience by a new sensation, — the sensation of reminiscence. For the phrase, 'Don't you remember?' always ushered in a story out of her small past, some event of the preceding winter or summer, some glimpse of history in which she had been actor or witness. It was always uttered with shining eyes and a flush of delight, which deepened if I was able to catch her reminiscence and recognize and enjoy it with her. Yet the things remembered were very simple, — a drive, a walk, a kitten, a child watering his garden or falling down. The pleasure came, clearly, not from the original quality of the experience, but from the very act of remembering. She was tasting the pure pleasure of reminiscence. Watching her, I fell to wondering what was the precious quality of this pleasure whose flavor she was beginning to taste.

The charm of memory lies, I think, in the quality which it gives things, at once of intimacy and remoteness. The fascination to us of recalling our past selves, our former surroundings, lies in our sense that they are absolutely known to us, yet absolutely out of our reach. We can recall places, houses, rooms, until every detail lives again. We can turn from one thing to another and, as we look at each, lo, it is there! It has a reality more poignant than the hand that we touch or the flower that we smell. Sometimes, it is true, present experiences, even as they occur, have something of this quality. They do

not need to recede into the past to gain this glamour. Certain places have it: cathedrals sometimes, and still lakes. Certain things foster it: firelight, and silence, and the steady fall of rain. Certain moments give birth to it: the luminous pause between sundown and dusk, afternoon with its slant of light through deep grass or across a quiet river. This, I fancy, was what Tennyson was thinking of when he called the lotus land the land 'wherein it seemed always afternoon.' In that land these magic moments were prolonged, and thus it became the land of reminiscence.

My little friend was a thought too young, perhaps, to have entered into this land. It is a place where we do not expect to meet many children. Girls in their twenties sometimes slip in, when they have time, and boys in their teens, and then again, — well, perhaps, boys in their fifties. Indeed the forties and fifties are the usual time for a first real sojourn in these pleasant meadows. One looks over the hedge, or slips through a gap, half by accident, and finding it fair within, one comes back. And again one comes back, and each time one stays longer and wanders farther. And as one grows to know it better, one discovers that there is more than a meadow beyond the hedge. There are many meadows, and great woods and rivers and cities. And the delight of it is, that everything there is like something one has seen before, only lovelier. For, just as still water interprets and recreates the life it reflects, so in the land of memory life is rendered again with a tenderness that is a most precious kind of truth.

It is not to every one, nor to any one at all times, that the mood of reminiscence comes in its perfection. Often its rarer pleasures are obscured by a pain that is no necessary part of its quality, oftener they are never given the chance to reveal themselves. They require for

their enjoyment a contemplative spirit, a soul at leisure, that the waters of memory may be still and clear, mirroring the images of things now plainly, line for line, now blurred and softened by light winds of oblivion that make the vision all the more lovely.

But this is not a contemplative age, nor is leisure of spirit its chief characteristic. There is little encouragement given to the reminiscent mood, either in literature or in life. Literary endeavor is in the direction of conciseness and swiftness. Its motto is Stevenson's: 'War to the adjective! Death to the optic nerve!'

This is very good. But there is another kind of thing that is good, too: the kind of thing that comes with the brooding vision, with the remoteness that permits a broader focus and a greater deliberateness of treatment, that finds expression in abundance of delicately-wrought detail. This it is which, for lack of a better name, I am calling the reminiscent manner. One meets it in some poetry, and now and then in such prose as Richard Jefferies's. Its most complete and exquisite embodiment is surely in that rare and perfect prose lyric, Walter Pater's *Child in the House*. One might expect to find it most of all in the real autobiography, since this is the avowed form of reminiscence. But they are disappointing, these genuine autobiographers. For one thing, they are hampered by their facts. Stevenson was quite right when he said that a finished biography was 'not nearly so finished as quite a rotten novel'; and not only in finish but in other ways it is

at a disadvantage compared with fiction. Sometimes its writers may have mistaken notions of their obligation to suppress their own personalities; they must always have instincts of reserve which we cannot fail to understand. At all events, they do not wander in the fields of reminiscence with the free step and the joyous abandon that we could desire. Yet, even so, the rule holds that we have noticed with regard to novels: the chapters dealing with their 'early years' often possess a charm that is lacking in the rest of the narrative. For there is a power in the long backward look that inevitably transfigures.

And so it is often to the make-believe autobiographies that we turn for something that is in its essence not make-believe at all, but a reality of experience. The satisfaction that they give is not of a kind to be justified or made clear by reading sample passages. It is born of the writer's attitude, which through intimacy with him we come to share. Merely to think of *Henry Esmond* is often enough to throw one into a mood of contemplative reminiscence. A lover of *Joseph Vance* has but to open the book anywhere for a moment and the color of his thought is changed — he is captured by this charm of the long backward look and the brooding vision. And if through the magic of the mood we are floated a little aside from the remorseless current of immediate living, yet the realities which we thus come to feel are indeed realities, whose recognition we deeply crave, and to whose expression in literature we give eager and loving welcome.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY

BY JACOB H. HOLLANDER

I

IN ordinary usage the term 'poverty' is applied indifferently to three distinct conditions: economic inequality, economic dependence, and economic insufficiency. A man is said to be 'poor' in mere contrast to his neighbor who is 'rich'; this is economic inequality. Almshouses and public relief minister to those who, in the eye of the state, are 'poor'; this is economic dependence. Midway between the modestly-circumstanced and the outright dependent are the 'poor,' in the sense of the inadequately fed, clad, and sheltered; this is economic insufficiency.

More precise terminology is here possible. The condition of those who are in chronic dependence upon public aid or private relief can be described more accurately as 'pauperism.' It is so obviously misleading to use 'poverty' as a mere correlative of 'riches,' that even common speech in this connection ordinarily substitutes for the substantive some indirection, as 'the poorer classes.' Eliminating pauperism and modest circumstance, the terms 'poor' and 'poverty' remain to be properly applied to those who commonly lack the economic goods necessary for decent and wholesome existence.

The problems of pauperism and of economic inequality are definite and familiar. Their modern phase is notable, less for new extent or greater intensity than for changed social attitude, and their attendant ills are reducible or remediable. As to economic inequality,

the world is not greatly concerned that a few of its citizens are much better supplied than some others, and that these in turn are more amply provided for than many more, — so long as the least well-off have enough for a well-ordered life. The anti-social methods whereby great fortunes are often amassed and preserved — illegal privilege, predatory acquisition, exploration — excite popular resentment rather than the fortunes themselves. This is aggravated by glaring examples of wasteful dissipation or vicious consumption of great possessions. Riches as such, thus become the target for attacks really justified by ill-gotten or ill-used riches. Against that wealth which represents individual superiority — 'skill, dexterity, and judgment,' in the phrases of an old writer — there is no social protest, any more than there is interest for the well-fed hindmost in the economic contest by reason of the mere extent to which he is out-distanced.

Pauperism — the pathological disorder of the social body — still presents glaring evils. But these are being attacked with a devoted courage and an intense energy that compare with the finest efforts in the parallel field of medical science. There is a pitiful smallness in what has been done, compared with the immensity of what remains; but the vista is neither limitless nor hopeless. An aroused social consciousness, finding expression in great public undertakings and in wisely directed private energies, has not only

placed a limit to the increase of pauperism as a positive ill, but, inspired by the analogy of biological method, is everywhere extending diagnosis and preventive treatment.

It is poverty in the sense of economic insufficiency — its wide extent, its tragic consequence, its assumed necessity — that forms the real mainspring of modern social unrest, and challenges the best in modern social effort. As never before, the world's conscience is stirred that there should be 'vast numbers of people both in town and country who are brought up with insufficient food, clothing, and house-room, whose education is broken off early in order that they may go to work for wages, who thenceforth are engaged for long hours in exhausting toil with imperfectly nourished bodies. . . . Overworked and under-taught, weary and careworn, without quiet and without leisure, they have no chance of making the best of their mental faculties.'

Little need be said as to the amount of such poverty. Robert Hunter's estimate, eight years ago, that 'about 10,000,000 persons in the United States are in poverty' seemed incredible. But it was at the time in harmony with the findings of Booth and Rowntree, and it has since found confirmation in accredited studies of living conditions in this country and abroad. The social implications of such figures are unmistakable. They mean that a great mass of those whom we are accustomed to regard as the earth's most highly-civilized people are habitually under-supplied with the things, physical and spiritual, which the human structure requires, and that this inadequate provision involves not only joyless life but imperfect existence, destined, if unchecked, to result in under-vitalization and degenerate stock, like the dwarfed growths of bare mountain-sides or the stunted animal-life of arid plains.

This lends tremendous interest to the question: Is such poverty necessary and inevitable? Deliberate opinion emanating from various quarters has from time to time maintained that it is so. Narrow and rigid theologies have assumed that want must exist so that salvation may be acquired in relieving it, and this vicious doctrine has been justified by a perversion of symbolic expressions. Marxian socialism rests its case for social reconstruction less on the evidence of economic want or on vistas of social betterment than on an assumed maleficence of the existing industrial order, whereby an inevitable corollary of capitalistic wealth is exploited labor. Even popular speech often refers, with a certain tacit acquiescence, to the long existence of poverty as proof of its necessity.

Against such postulates of theological convenience, industrial fatalism, and class quietism, the general body of economic students have maintained a doctrine of social hopefulness. Professor Alfred Marshall best voices this opinion in declaring that just as we have outgrown the conviction that slavery, which the classical world regarded as an ordinance of nature, is necessary, so we are abandoning the belief that poverty must exist, or that there need be 'large numbers of people doomed from their birth to hard work in order to provide for others the requisites of a refined and cultured life; while they themselves are prevented by their poverty and toil from having any share or part in that life.' So regarded, poverty is an incident of economic evolution, not an essential of economic structure; its presence implies maladjustment, not normal working; its disappearance is a fair inference from the course of economic progress, and its ultimate passing may be hastened by wise social policy. Is there rational warrant for this belief?

II

The basis of economic well-being is economic surplus. Society can enjoy the conveniences of life only if human effort, as applied to nature, produces more than need be consumed in the course of such production. The history of economic growth has here been progressive. Starting from a rude social order wherein bare and uncertain subsistence was the most that man could wrest from nature, society has attained an incredible economic productivity by the development of intellectual force and manual dexterity, by the more efficient arrangement of its own powers, and most of all by the discovery and utilization of natural energies. The economic pessimism of a century ago, taking its cue from Malthus, forecast a cyclical return to primitive scarcity, and this threat of over-populated retrogression is still occasionally revived. But social experience and physical law emphasize counter-tendencies, and demonstrate that, as the world grows older, there is a larger mass of economic goods and services, with the resultant possibility of ampler provision for each individual member of society.

The reasons for this are obvious. The goods and services which satisfy economic wants, and so make up the category of wealth, are the results of definite factors — labor, capital, natural agents, and directive intelligence — working in joint association. As each constituent element increases, whether in amount or in specific efficiency, the resultant product increases. There is, of course, no necessary correspondence between the degree of increase of a given factor and that of the product. Under ordinary circumstances, an increase in that element which has been present in normally efficient ratio — as labor in a well-populated country or

capital in a highly developed state — will be attended by a less than corresponding increase in total product. But the lesson of modern industrial history has been that an increase of one factor ordinarily compels a more efficient rearrangement of existing forces, and thus secures a larger product. So long as the supply of laborers augments in amount and in skill, so long as the motives operate that lead to the accumulation of capital by the foregoing of present for future satisfaction, so long as the secret energies of nature continue to be unearthed and utilized, so long as captains of industry are evolved with gifted faculties of leadership, — so long will the total product of industry increase in greater proportion than those whose wants it must supply. This is true even as to primary food. In the last fifteen years the population of the civilized world, excluding China, has been increasing at the rate of about one per cent a year, whereas the average annual increase in the five great cereals, wheat, corn, oats, rye, and barley, has been about 2.5 per cent. In other words, production has increased two and a half times as much as was necessary to keep per-capita consumption constant.

If what is true of cereal food obtains with respect to economic goods in general, — and there is convincing evidence that such is the case, — if the loaf in the aggregate is not only large enough to satisfy amply the hunger of all who need be fed, but is actually increasing in size relative to the number of claimants, — the existence of poverty passes from a problem of economic production into one of economic distribution. There is apparently enough to suffice; the 'national dividend' is abundant and to spare, but the process of allotment seems to give not enough to many and, by inference, too much to some.

The question immediately presents itself, whether this chronic under-portioning of the many is a necessary consequence of private property and competitive industry. Collectivism asserts that it is, and demands the socialization of all means of production. As against this, economic individualism magnifies the service of *laissez-faire*, and maintains that poverty is the mere friction that attends industrial progress. The student of economic activities holds a median position. Reluctant to take a leap in the dark, yet profoundly moved by the compelling evidence of social dislocation, he seeks further light. In so far he reflects the hard-headed sanity of the thinking elements of the community, whose inarticulate creed is the noble declaration of John Stuart Mill, of two generations ago: 'If, therefore, the choice were to be made between Communism with all its chances, and the present state of society with all its sufferings and injustices . . . all the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be but as dust in the balance.'

III

Poverty, interpreted as a consequence of defective economic distribution, will inevitably come to three classes of the community: to those who are working but are insufficiently paid; to those who are desirous of working but are periodically unable to obtain employment; and to those who, through mental defect or physical infirmity, find it impossible to secure remunerative employment at all. These categories may be distinguished as the underpaid, the unemployed, the unemployable. The abolition of poverty resolves itself into the assurance of economic sufficiency to the members of these classes.

If any class of wage-earners in regular employment is paid less than enough to

maintain wholesome existence, it must be either because the mode of wage-determination is socially unsound, or because, although itself sound, it is perverted by impeding forces. Economic opinion has long inclined to the latter view, and denied that an insufficient wage is a necessary implication of modern industrial contract.

Whether wages are governed by the cost of 'producing the laborer,' or by the laborer's standard of life, or by the ratio of the labor force to the size of the employing funds, or by the residuum left from other distributive shares, or by the specific productivity imputable to labor, — and each such theory of wages has in turn been accepted, — economists maintain, in contradistinction to the Marxian socialists, that there is nothing inherent in any one such theory of wages to preclude the toiler from securing an economically sufficient wage. If he fail to do so, it is by virtue of his relatively weaker position in industrial bargaining as compared with the capitalist employer.

To some extent this may be remedied by fortifying his competitive strength, and this substitution of collective for individual wage-adjustment is the purpose of modern trade-unionism; or it may be corrected by restraining the monopolistic control of the labor demand, and this is one of the designs of governmental check upon industrial combination. Where labor organizations are lacking in effectiveness or in wisdom, where industrial combinations are all-powerful and short-sighted, recourse must be had to the state to define the least favorable conditions of employment. In this manner legal enactment has heretofore established a competitive base line as to the length of the working-day, the employment of women and children, and the safe-guarding of dangerous processes. The same inter-

vention will establish as a statutory minimum wage — for less than which it shall not be lawful for employers to contract or laborers to engage — an amount sufficient to maintain a work-man's family in decency. The effect of such a legally imposed minimum wage may be increased production through heightened efficiency, or it may be reduction of the *entrepreneur's* profits if such profits be abnormally high, or it may be increased cost to the consumer with some ultimate redistribution of social surplus. In any event the present class of under-paid wage-earners will no longer be foredoomed to poverty.

The recurring inability of competent workmen to find employment is a cruel incident of modern industrial life. More, perhaps, than any other single cause it is responsible for the economic injury and mental bitterness of self-respecting toilers. To be able and eager to work, and to be unable to secure a job, to rear a family in respectability, and to see comfort, self-support, even decency, slip away through no assignable fault — is social injustice. Rodbertus and succeeding socialistic opinion have insisted that this periodic labor discharge is a phase of anarchical production, and that chronic unemployment and recurring crises are inevitable consequences of the capitalistic régime. But from the days of Jean Baptiste Say and James Mill economic thinkers have set forth that a 'universal glut' is inconceivable, that apparent over-production is in reality misdirected production or partial under-consumption, that inability of competent workmen to secure employment is the symptom of temporary industrial dislocation in which too many men have undertaken to do some things, and too few others, and that the remedy is a gradual readjustment of demand and supply.

Much of the best social thought and effort of our day is being expended in the search for less wasteful and less sluggish correctives of cyclical and seasonal unemployment than are involved in the formula of demand and supply. Labor exchanges for the more economical distribution of labor-congestion and for the 'decasualization' of the labor market; compulsory education and technical training for the avoidance of 'blind alley' occupations; residential decentralization for the settlement of town-workers in the country, where employment upon their holdings may be had when industrial work temporarily fails; labor colonies for the 'work-shy,' — are features of a rational programme whose triple end is to aid the worker in keeping his job when he has it, to regain it speedily if he lose it, and to escape the physical and moral retrogression that comes swiftly with involuntary idleness.

The adequate payment of the employed, the industrial absorption of the unemployed, still leave one inevitable element of poverty — the dependence of those who, by reason of old age, illness, or infirmity, are 'unemployable' at any economically sufficient wage. Some part of this incompetence is the sequel of under-payment and unemployment. Men whose physical vigor is sapped by under-vitalization, or whose moral independence is weakened by recurring idleness, tend by sheer law of disuse to become economically unserviceable. The largest part results, however, from the failure of the modern toiler to provide for the disability incident to sickness, accident, or old age. Whether the omission be due to lack of means, to lack of foresight, or to lack of insuring devices, the end is the same. There comes an impairment of economic efficiency with no compensating provision.

Remedial effort here also will be

two-fold in character — positive and preventive. Increased wages and more regular employment will provide a greater margin of economic safety. Formal insurance against unavoidable illness, idleness, and infirmity, through the agency of trade-unions, friendly societies, corporate employers, and governmental offices, will anticipate and provide for fortuitous or calculable disability.

Such a programme of economic bet-

terment is neither easy nor quick of attainment. But it is tremendously worth while. From the days of Plato, social philosophers have described ideal commonwealths wherein there was no want. Such utopias were fashioned as dreams or as panaceas. Now, in our own day, the abolition of poverty looms out as an economic possibility, practicable and within reach — if only society desires it sufficiently, and will struggle enough to achieve it.

SISSA AND THE BAKRU

BY KATHERINE MAYO

SISSA, the Maclises' under-housemaid, lingered in the Negro gate, settling her big skirts for the street.

'Make has'e, girl,' called the butler, invisible. 'What for you standin' up spreadin' you'self so many? Ain't you know master callin' fo' he ice?'

With a grimace of irritation, Sissa swung her basket to her head and stepped forth into the world. The crisp shell pavement scorched and crackled beneath her bare black feet. The points of shadow cast by the avenue of palms stabbed mockingly into the white glare of the earth under the blue glare of the sky. Yet the girl's deep oppression came neither from the heat nor from the merciless light, as she shuffled away on her daily errand, muttering and gesticulating after the manner of her kind.

'That saucy Barbadian woman make my heart burn *too* much!' she repeated aloud, as if continuing an argument. 'What make she trouble me so, every five minutes? Suppose I *did*

suck my teeth at she. Is suck-teeth such a big, big thing?'

Wrathfully she kicked a fallen palmtree at a vulture fishing in the trench. The vulture teetered one hasty sidestep, then went on obscurely fishing. Sissa progressed a space, brooding in silence. Then the ireful voice broke forth again.

'Badians is *too* sinful! This creature Delilah spoil all my pleasure walkin' out. God know she do. Every mornin', when I come for master's ice, there *she* is, standin' up quar'lin' and cussin', lettin' every soul in this said town of Paramaribo hear my name. She makes my skin weary with such wickedness. *Oh!*'

The final grunt of wrath echoed between the stone face of the trench bridge and the front of a little neighborhood depot bearing the placard 'YS.'

Around the shop door a group of housemaids loitered. Some, like Sissa's self, were native Surinam blacks, wearing the glorious costume of the colony; others were islanders; the rest

Demerara girls, trig, tight, and clumsy. Regardless of origin, all chattered together, like a congress of friendly crows.

'Odí, Sissa, fa, joe, tan tedei, mi pikien?' called a compatriot, cordially.

'Hi, girl! Mornin'. You is *quite* well to-day?' a Demerarian phrased the sentiment.

And with this addition to the pot of gossip, turbans clustered closer and hands flapped more fin-like than before.

Suddenly one drew apart, peering up a tributary lane. 'Aie!' she squealed at half-voice. 'Aie! aie! mates, here come Delilah, sailin'!'

The newcomer, a tall mulatto, graceful as a ship at sea, bore down swiftly, smoothly, head up, eyes level, the joy of mortal insolence on her handsome yellow face. As she drew nigh, the circle opened wide, leaving Sissa alone in the centre, confronting her enemy. All eyes rolled upon her, and the keen delight of anticipation crackled in their depths. Sissa felt their blood-thirst, eager for the show; felt the cool, sophisticated malice of the Barbadian girl, and knew herself hopelessly outclassed. Her heart brimmed with rage. Red specks danced before her eyes. Her throat seemed bursting. Each instant her heavy blue-black lips protruded farther and farther till her very chin was absorbed and lost in their volume. Yet no words came.

Delilah, arms akimbo, watched with cat-like relish. 'Girl,' she drawled at last, as if satiate, gliding with a superb gesture into her easy stride, 'girl, move your mouth and let me pass.'

Sissa found tongue with a gasp. 'Woman!' — she began. But the other was already under weigh.

'Don't address *me* as "woman,"' she tossed back, over her shoulder. 'I's a lady used to my title. You may call me Miss Fitzjim.'

A titter, like a sudden breeze, swept through the listening circle. But as

suddenly it hushed. For two reasons it is unwise too openly to take the winning side: first, it may nip a pretty quarrel in the bud; second, even the under-dog may prove, in the after-reckoning, to hold black magic stronger than your own.

'Independent niggers, this-time niggers!' exclaimed one, therefore, righteously. Yet her voice was carefully gauged to elude the ear of the vanishing Miss Fitzjim.

'So upstart people, these 'Badian people!' echoed another.

'See, Sissa, child, you must put she in she place,' whispered a third in ostentatious sympathy.

Yet Sissa well knew what their hearts said. Silently she hoisted her ice-filled basket, and slunk off home.

All day she brooded over the insult. All night she dreamed of the cruel eyes and the easy, maddening Miss Fitzjim. By the time ice-hour recurred, next morning, her wits were stunned, incapable. She entered the rendezvous with no plan or power of action yet with the certainty of encounter and defeat.

'Odí, Sissa!' 'Mornin', chile!' came the salutation as before. Yet even with the friendly words, black eyes gleamed in scarce-veiled appetite, and the very smell of the arena bit into the air.

For a moment followed talk that Sissa heard as one asleep. Then rose the word she awaited, rending her brain like the blow of a dull machete. 'Aie! aie! Here come Delilah, sailin'!'

'Delilah look mighty fine,' said one. 'Delilah wearin' she new frock.'

'Delilah feelin' mighty good,' said another. 'Look how she shake she hips! Yaller girl is proud!'

'Delilah done tie she head Surinam way!' cried a third. 'That is n't neither Barbadian tie!'

'Oh, look, look! *Delilah done tie she head Aspasia fashion!*' shrieked a dozen voices at once. And with that fell a

hush like the hush that attends a sentence of death.

Because, to Her Dutch Majesty's Negroes of Surinam, to 'tie the head Aspasia fashion' is to hoist the signal of the deadliest insult in moral ken. And Delilah, in truth, had changed her close Barbadian turban for a gay Dutch kerchief — a kerchief curiously folded, with one end pendent at the side.

At the sight Sissa's soul reeled. She hung, blind and dizzy, amidst the circling tumult of her mind. A horror of imminent impact bore thick and heavy upon her, but no thought took form in the maelstrom within.

Rustling fresh starch, Delilah bore down, a vision of cool insolence in rosy calico. And always the little fly-end of her turban floated and balanced, like a familiar devilkin, over her pretty left ear.

She swept alongside the circle of gossips. Once more it clove wide, leaving Sissa in its midst, rooted to earth. The Barbadian's gaze rested upon her victim. A moment she paused, delicately feasting on the other's speechless throes. Her thin lips curved in a slow and subtle smile, then puckered rosette-wise with a little sucking sound of air drawn through the teeth.

Sissa leaped forward like a baited beast. 'Nigger!' she panted, choking in the utterance, 'd-d-don't you dare to suck you' teeth at me!'

So came the supreme moment, foreseen, ecstatic. Very softly, the tormentor slid into her panther's stride, departing. Yet as she moved, with long, black eyes a-glitter sidewise beneath Egyptian lids, she turned her head till the loose end of the kerchief pointed to her prey. The eager crowd craned forward, like Vestals with thumbs down. Not a sound, save the catch of intaken breath. Then came the voice of Delilah smooth and clear, addressed to the point of her own turban.

'Aspasia,' it said, in tones of weary elegance, 'Aspasia, you speak to auntie. I really *can't* be bothered.'

Now this is the last, worst infamy, inexpugnable, final, admitting neither parry nor *riposte*. The deep waters welled and closed above Sissa's head. She fell to earth a shapeless heap of calico tumultuously agitated. Her heels battered the ground in a steady tattoo. Her shrieks assembled the populace from half a mile round. For an hour they worked over her, without avail. Then they carried her home.

All the day thereafter she lay on the floor of her little room, drunk and sodden with wrath, seeing scarlet in the silence and the dark. But, in the silence and the dark, immortal Mother Africa whispered to her heart, until at night she rose with purpose set.

Down in an old slave cabin by the river dwells Jansie, very ancient, very dirty, very sinister of repute. Her arms are gaunt and twisted and gray, like the muddy roots of a mangrove. Her little snake-like eyes glint from among a thousand folds and wrinkles. Her multitudinous wrappings smell of strange, uncanny things that no one dares to name. Who knows how long ago the slavers snatched her from her mother's arms, on the far Loango coast? But the mother, a mighty obea-woman, a maker of great magics, followed her child in spirit, — endowed her with her craft. Jansie, herself an obea-woman of renown, will thrive in respect and plenty as long as her life endures and Negro blood survives in the colony.

Fearfully, tremblingly, groping for courage to knock, Sissa stood at the cabin door — the door that, all her life, she had hurried past with beating heart and averted eyes. Very fearfully, tremblingly, she obeyed the summons to enter.

The tiny room was dark, save for a

dim, lace-like light at the far corner. There an old Dutch lantern of perforated brass made faintly visible a smoke-stained print of the Mother of Sorrows, hanging on the black, ant-riddled wall. Before it, equally honored, coiled the Serpent, sleeping. On the floor beneath, back to the light, squatted an old, old, eldritch creature, silent, watchful, like a soulless sphinx.

'Odí, odí, bigi odí, Missi Jansie,' began the girl in abject deference, 'I came' — But there speech choked her throat.

Then spoke the Sphinx, in a voice as thin and far as a dying wind. 'You came because you have an enemy. And you want — her life.'

Awhile she peered in silence through the shadows, then spoke again.

'An enemy so dead is worse than one alive. From living enemies you may escape. An embodied being cannot stand forever in your sight. But the dead whom you have killed are always present. Their dead eyes never quit your own. Their dead hands clutch your cup. Their dead lips share each morsel that you eat. They influence every deed you do, and every thought you think. Now, you are warned. If you yet desire it I will give you the obea to kill.'

Sissa crouched upon the floor, gray-visaged, rolling great eyes of fear.

'Is there some other way,' she faltered, 'some other way to revenge?'

'Will you have a Bakru to do your bidding?' asked the Ancient One.

Now, a Bakru is a spirit of the dead — a thing of infinite darkness and spite. The very name, on such lips, in such a place, strikes terror to the core. But Sissa's courage, galvanized by hate, maintained a sham of being.

The magic-maker eyed her an instant, shivering, speechless as she was, yet determined still; then went on in the cracked and reedy voice, —

'Good. I shall give you a strong obea. To-night, at a quarter before midnight, you are standing at the great gate of the graveyard where they buried old Katootje seven days ago to-day. At a quarter before midnight you enter the mouth of the long path. Then, three steps forward, two steps back, three steps forward, two steps back, counting carefully, you walk till you reach Katootje's grave. It is the last on the left. Lie down flat on the mound, press your face into the ground above Katootje's face, and keep very, very still. As the clock begins to strike for twelve, take your obea in both hands, and call three times Katootje's name. Then rise and hurry home. But do not look behind you. For old Katootje will be close at your back all the way. And the Bakru people are angry with those who take them from their sleep. So that at first she would kill you, if your eyes met. At dawn, — and this you must surely remember, — when you first arise, before you speak one word else, before you say your prayers, you must turn to your right, and curtsy low, and say good-morning, very politely, to your Bakru. As long as you do this, the Bakru must obey your every command. *But should you one single time forget, your Bakru will become your mortal enemy. Now here is your obea.'*

Sissa's hand closed tremblingly over the little vial that slid from the witch's palm. She rose, bent knee, and would have sped away.

'Wait,' croaked Jansie. 'Give me my silver. Then go and let me rest.'

Dismay flooded Sissa's heart. 'Oh, Missi Jansie,' she stammered, 'I forgot! I have spent all my month's money. — And — pay-day is not till Tuesday!'

The obea-woman glowered. Then, 'Take the vial. Get your Bakru,' she said. 'This day is Thursday. Come again on Tuesday night at the same

hour. — None dare forget their debts to *me*.'

With soundless feet, Sissa fled through the empty, moonlit streets, seeking dark places, hugging the walls, yet shying at every shadow that the night contained. A thousand times her heart would have failed her utterly, but for the madness that gnawed thereat. And now she vaguely felt that some external power, some great, wild ally of evil had gathered her in. Dimly she wondered, as she sped, — saw herself from apart and afar, — a light, small thing, without volition, driven before a mighty wind. And when, at last, she crouched in the graveyard gate — when she began her halting course up the ghostly path, all her mind was sodden within her. She moved as an automaton; not even the terrors of the place could rouse her to realization.

Yet, as she threw herself on the grave, face downward, a hideous vision grew upon her of what lay sleeping in the thin and brackish mud below. Through shell and slime she saw how old Katootje's eyelids already quivered over the dead eyes raised to meet her own.

'One!' the clock struck, beginning the midnight peal. 'Two!' —

'Katootje! Katootje! — *Katootje!*' gasped the girl, in a last paroxysm of artificial strength. Then, with one shivering shriek, she sprang to her feet and ran as though all hell itself pursued.

With crazy haste she barred the door and windows of her room, yet knew full well the while how old Katootje stood behind her, grinning at the farce. Casting her sleeping-cloth on the floor, she threw herself on it, burying her face in her arms. And still with every nerve in her body she saw the Bakru bending above her, peering with its cold, dead, baleful eyes.

All night long she lay horribly awake, tortured with cramp, yet motionless, so that the Bakru, lulled by silence, might for one moment nod and forget. With the dawn, she staggered to her feet, faint, stiff, exhausted, turning to her right in deep obeisance.

'Odí, Missi Katootje, odí,' she whispered. 'May all be well with you to-day. And do not be so angry, *sweet* Missi Katootje!' Then she dropped on her knees and said her Moravian prayers. But they wrought no charm. The sense of an evil presence, of a companionship of wrath, terrible and unclean, clung thick upon her. She had disturbed the peace of the dead. She had laid her yoke, presumptuous, upon their awful power.

That morning the cocoa tasted bitter, and her cassava-bread stuck in her throat. At ice-hour she slunk through back ways to a distant depot, to avoid the Vestals and Miss Fitzjim. By dusk she had swathed her face in a cloth. Next morning the other servants told their mistress that Sissa lay sick of the fever and like to die.

Nora Maclise, going out to the quarters, found the girl neatly clad as an accoutred corpse, stretched upon a clean sleeping-cloth. Her face was ashen and withered, as she lay inert in the exhaustion following the attack. No word would she speak, but in her glassy eyes cowered an animal fear. Nora saw and wondered; then, after a useless question or two, gave the usual drugs and left her alone, in the silence and the dark, to sleep.

But there, in the silence and the dark, crouched Katootje, old Katootje, squatting at the sick girl's feet, watching always, with angry eyes that pierced shut lids; waiting always, waiting the orders that should speed her to her work.

Once and again had Sissa sat up, with trembling lips framed to a behest

—any behest, however futile, that might for one moment remove those terrible, questioning eyes from her own. But the words would not come. The hideous presence filled her every sense. Miss Fitzjim and the Vestals had vanished into nothingness. Of her own identity naught remained but incarnate fear. She dared not command a thing so horrific. She dared not use a power so dread. And always the eyes grew angrier and angrier. 'Palterer!' they said, 'Was it for this that you in your folly dragged us from the dark ooze where we slept!'

Saturday and Sunday passed. Sissa came no more from her chamber, refusing all food, lying with face hidden, on the floor. Sometimes the fever wrenched and racked her; sometimes she lay quite still, as if sleeping or stunned.

Now it chanced that the Maclises planned to go down river, on the Tuesday, to Plantation Johanna Maria, for a season of recreation.

'I scarcely know,' said Nora, 'whether to take Sissa along or to send her to the hospital here.'

'By rights it would be hospital,' Maclise replied, 'but take her along all the same. The change may rouse her, and rousing's what she wants.'

On the night of arrival Sissa was put in a little room near Nora's own. Refreshed by the river journey, fanned by the cane-field breezes, she slept heavily, and waked only at sunrise, to see the mistress standing by her holding a glass of milk warm from the cow.

'Drink this, little Sissa,' Nora commanded, 'drink it at once, while I wait. — Now get ready and come into the garden. I want help with the flowers.'

The garden was fresh and cool, glorious in bloom and foliage, sweet with the fragrance of roses and stephanotis and wonderful blossoming vines. Three Javan women were already busy

trimming its turf with cutlasses, their sarongs kilted high above their smooth brown knees, starry jasmines strung like beads in the coils of their shining hair. A dog as big as a jaguar — a great, fair dog from across the sea — came and nuzzled in Nora's hand.

'He is very wise,' observed Nora, 'and as kind as he is strong — unless people trouble him, or try to do some evil. Then —'

Sissa stared at the Dane wide-eyed, and furtively bent knee as she passed before him. Later, on the back verandah, she fetched and carried vases, brought fresh water, and watched with beauty-hungry eagerness the work of the mistress's hands.

'Now,' said Nora, 'go to sleep. Then eat your dinner and sleep again. And then dress nicely and go out for a walk.'

The girl did as she was bid, with the obedience natural to her race. The sense of directed action brought fresh life. And by mid-afternoon, as she strolled down the fine plantation roads toward the waterside, the absorbing interest in a thousand new things banished misery.

At the floating dock a tent-boat had just made fast. Its single passenger, bearing a tin clothes-canister on her head, was disembarking. Sissa recognized a fellow servant left behind for an extra day in town.

'Odí, Jetje!' she shouted, gayly.

'Odí, Sissa, odí, mi pikien! I am *too* glad to see you up and walking. — But wait! I have a message for you.'

With finger on lip the newcomer drew close, and whispered low.

'Last night,' she breathed, 'I passed by Missi Jansie's door.' Fearfully she paused, searching ground and sky with her eyes, as though a lizard or a hawk might eavesdrop. 'Missi Jansie,' she resumed, barely murmuring the name, 'looked out and called to me. Missi

Jansie said, "Tell this to Sissa. — '*To those who once forget comes a Second Forgetting.*'" Oh, Sissa! *What* did she mean? I am frightened!"

Sissa stared at the speaker unseeing. Then she turned and left her, moving mechanically down the empty dock.

'To those who forget —' What had she forgotten? — Somewhere in her thistle-head a knell began tolling: 'Come again — on Tuesday night. — None dare forget — their debts to me.' And Tuesday night was the night just gone — that sweet, sweet night that she had slept all through, without so much as a dream of any wicked thing — slept to awaken to no horrid vision, but with her own dear mistress standing at her side, good food in her hand!

'Oh, thank you, mistress!' she said aloud, as the scene came back to her. And at the sound of her own voice her light went out. *Those* had been her first words of the morning! *That* was the Second Forgetting! She had spoken to another before greeting Katootje. Now — even now, her Bakru was her untrammelled enemy!

Sissa sank to the wet floor of the dock, stunned by the shock of despair, crushed in the vista of a life bedeviled. Like a log she lay, till the fever came and shook her in its icy clutch. Later it burned her with fires. At that, groping, half-conscious, she crawled to the dock's edge, slipped up her skirts and slid her bare legs over into the river.

The cool, brown flood, opaque with the mud of the fore-shores, rose half up her thighs, lipping, lapping, softly. Lipping, lapping, it soothed her and cooled her with pulsing caresses. Her head, weary of torments, nodded and fell. And so the girl sat dozing, while the setting sun painted the sky and water all rose and violet and pearl.

Now through the cool, brown flood, opaque with the mud of the fore-

shores, moved something also cool, and brown, and exceedingly wavy, — something big and long, with a mouth of the first comprehension, — something that swam at ease, in large and free undulations, seeking what God might send.

Swimming at ease, swaying hither and yon under the opaque water, its nose touched a pendent brown thing, — touched it softly, coolly, like another pulse of the river, — touched it and found it good. Slowly, softly, lipping, lapping, like the little waves of the river, the great stretched mouth set a-swallowing, — lipping, lapping, rising, under the opaque water. And still Sissa dozed.

Then, with one piercing yell, the girl waked and flung herself backward, clutching at the planks of the dock with both hands over her head. Shriek on shriek brought the crew of the tent-boat running. Seizing her shoulders, they hauled at her, shouting, prancing, exhorting each other, cursing her weight and resistance. With a flop, they landed her — and thirty stricken feet of water-camoodie beside.

In the din that arose as they slew the great snake and peeled it off from her, no one remarked her ceaseless half-crazy cry, 'Oh, Missi Katootje, *leave me! Don't eat me! Leave me, leave me, sweet Missi Katootje!*'

But that night, after the oldest women had boiled the fat of the snake and therewith anointed her, after the chatter and marvel had slackened, Sissa, from her bed, found some one to summon Jetje. With her lips at Jetje's ear, the sick girl pleaded, —

'Beg the mistress, for me, to send you to town to-morrow. Get my month's money, from my canister. Carry it to Missi Jansie and say, "Take back that which you gave, and this is all yours, with more also. Sissa is weary of trouble. Sissa *loves* Miss Fitzjim.'"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

VI

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

DURING the years 1896 and 1897, while I was at work in the office of the Superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad in Boston, my prospects and work in life were waiting, so to speak, for a mental decision on my part of the simplest kind. I was called upon either to get into harmony with a certain popular movement in business life or to remain on the outside as a mere spectator. Without any trouble at all I could have placed myself in the swim and taken my chances with this new system that was just then beginning to develop all over the country in industrial circles. The situation can be described in a very few words.

On the one hand there was the scientific organization of workingmen, and on the other hand there was the scientific organization of the details of the laboring process and of methods of management. While at the time my understanding of the situation was somewhat narrow, nevertheless it was soon impressed upon me in a number of practical ways that a great change was about to take place in the status of the individual, whether as a worker or as a manager.

But just at this point in my business career when I was looking over the field and trying to figure in some way on my future in the railroad business, I happened to be in a peculiar mental condi-

tion. I was actually making a study of my mind, and in the course of this study had come to the conclusion that in order to preserve my individuality it would be necessary for me to treat my mind as I would my business or my body. That is to say, I was called upon to direct its energies and superintend its activities. Those who look upon the mind in this light as a personal domain to be studied, cared for, and cultivated, are the men of force and character in any community.

Be this as it may, this mental study had the effect of building up my individualistic character. It emphasized my personal responsibility to myself and to society, and it culminated in the simple conclusion that every man who desires to steer his course along healthy and progressive lines must try to do his own thinking. Such at any rate was the individualistic spirit with which I looked on my surroundings while I was at work in the Superintendent's office. The conclusions I arrived at by means of this study emphasized the personal factor in every problem and renewed my attachment to the men on the railroad with whom I was associated, and to the principles they represented. I refer now to the actual workers, such as foremen, trainmen, and supervisors, who of course were in no way responsible for the general policy of the railroads.

As a matter of fact, at the time,

great changes were being inaugurated all over the country, both in method of operation, and in matters of management. For one thing the accident situation was at last attracting a little attention, abuses in many directions were being discussed, and a new generation of wide-awake employees was coming to the front and receiving a hearing.

In course of time, as a part of this overturn on the Fitchburg Railroad, the Superintendent and the office force, of which I was one, went out in a body. I was just close enough to the management, and sufficiently familiar with the aims of employees, to understand the nature of this overturn. I did not look at the matter from the point of view of the politician or the philosopher. I simply knew that a certain class of men of sterling character and unquestioned ability were, with practically no excuse, being turned out of office. The officials who took their places were also good men, but they belonged to a different school, and they were called upon to do business in a different way.

On all sides the general principle of merging, consolidating, and organizing was getting under headway and half a dozen railroads in New England had already been rolled into one. Meanwhile, of course, business was expanding in every direction and, as everybody seemed to agree, was becoming too complicated for any form of personal management or control. Personally, I did not take much stock in this argument, for I noticed that with increase of business no attempt was made to increase the number of supervisors or to retain in any other way the bond of personal relationship. Personal contact between men and managers began to give way to a cold-blooded system of correspondence which, at the present day, has reached enormous and ridicu-

lous proportions. Illustrations of these facts are interesting.

I can remember the time, for example, when an employee's 'pass' was a bond of sympathy between the men and the management. Upon request, any official could hand an employee what he wanted, on the spot. He did n't have to say, 'Who are you and what is your record?' He knew his men, and he treated them liberally according to his best judgment. But just as soon as the public and the politicians got mixed up in this pass business the employees' side of it was ruined, and every human factor connected with it was scattered to the winds. To the merchant the pass was a form of rebate, to thousands upon thousands of professional people in different lines it was a form of recompense amounting, in some cases, to a bribe. The railroads themselves have taken, or rather have been given, the blame for this state of affairs. The recipients, on the other hand, seem to have satisfied public opinion with the old apology offered by Adam: 'The woman tempted me and I did eat.'

To-day the employee's pass has lost all its personal use and significance. It is part of the bond in many of the schedules. Apart from this, if the employee desires a trip-pass he must show in writing that he is legally entitled to it. Instead of coming from the official just above him, it calls for the signature of one of the highest officials on the railroad. And the employee's application for this pass before and after he gets it has a curious history. En route to a storehouse for safe-keeping, it probably figures in a dozen separate reports. It is copied into records, certified, approved, and stamped by numerous officials, clerks, and conductors, until in course of time it has complied with the multifarious requirements of the Interstate Commerce Law.

The working of what is known as the Sixteen-hour Law furnishes another illustration of the alienation of the employee from the employer which has followed in the train of the new system.

For example, time was when, if I wished to get away from my tower duties for an hour or two for some urgent personal reason, I could, with the permission of the superintendent, call upon one of the other men to help me out. For twenty-five years I watched this method of handling the business in a reasonable and human manner and never knew it to be abused. The management looked upon us as men. To-day, on the other hand, if I want to get away for a couple of hours in order to go to a funeral, my superintendent will refer me to the law in the case as promulgated by the Interstate Commerce Commission: 'No man can exceed his time limit of nine hours except in cases of emergency'; and, according to the announced ruling in such matters, I cannot plead emergency for anything that I can foresee. But when a man is dead I can easily foresee the funeral. Therefore the only funeral a tower-man can go to nowadays is his own. There is absolutely no encouragement for loyalty or *esprit de corps* in mechanical situations of this kind.

Along these lines, then, on the railroads and elsewhere, the severance of the human tie between employee and employer has become more marked from year to year. Just at present there is everywhere, in thinking circles at any rate, a tremendous awakening to these simple and serious facts. Whether the mistakes of management in this direction can be rectified, and the aim and policy of organized labor modified in any way, is a question. The vital mistake was in depriving the immediate superior of the authority and individuality that belongs to his office.

On the other hand, it is useless to

blame employees for taking their cue from the mechanical system that pays them their wages. The business reform along these lines at the present day has both sides of the situation to deal with. It is surely my duty, then, along with my personal narrative, to describe as best I can these social and industrial movements with which in a practical way I have been associated; and of all these problems this matter of the weeding out of the human and personal elements in all kinds of working relationships in America is, as it seems to me, by long odds the most important. Additional illustration of the matter, then, will not be out of place.

For instance, the history of affairs in this direction on the old Fitchburg Railroad is a case in point. Here we have a practical demonstration, extending over fifteen or twenty years, of the tendencies, amounting in fact to efforts, of industrial management to widen the gap and lessen the opportunity for personal intercourse between the employer and the workingman.

II

When first I appeared on the scene, the railroad territory now known as the Fitchburg Division of the Boston and Maine consisted of five or six different railroads or divisions of railroads. At Boston, Fitchburg, North Adams, Troy, New York, and one or two other places, superintendents had their headquarters. After the consolidation of these railroads and branches into the Fitchburg system, these different headquarters were abolished. To-day a single superintendent located in Boston covers the whole territory, and probably this man has in his charge six times as many employees as were originally taken care of by five or six separate managers. That is to say, no effort whatever has been made to

preserve a reasonable and necessary ratio between supervisors and men for the purpose of maintaining some kind of human relationship between them.

A writer in a recent issue of the *Christian Register* comments thus on a cognate phase of the labor situation: 'It is a curious fact that the recent strikes show that the alienation of the poor from the rich has increased in spite of the social interest that has been spent upon them.'

Looking into the matter in the case of the railroads, and indeed of nearly all other large industries, the alienation of the employee from the manager is not by any means surprising; and the absence of this human factor works out to a logical conclusion in all problems of efficiency and safety on railroads and elsewhere.

A brief contrast, of a personal nature, between the old and the new methods of management on railroads, will throw additional light on this subject.

My superintendent for a great many years on the Fitchburg Railroad was Mr. J. R. Hartwell. He knew each trainman, engineman, and station agent personally. He also knew each engine, its condition and capacity. He rode over his division each day and kept in personal touch with every movement, both of men and equipment. He was always in tune with every throb of the traffic. As chief clerk under Mr. Hartwell, my duties embraced business of every description on the division. I hired the trainmen, kept the pay-rolls, and supervised the train runs and the placing of the equipment. Correspondence of nearly every description passed through my hands. I knew instinctively what a superintendent of Mr. Hartwell's character would do in almost any situation that arose, and in his absence I used his authority freely. Under Mr. Hartwell's administration

both the employee and the public got fair and quick measure of justice. In attending to the duties of the office I had the assistance of a single stenographer. Apart from correspondence that was unavoidable, however, there was an infinity of detailed business that was attended to by word of mouth, by telephone or telegraph.

On the other hand, to-day, if the business on any given division has doubled, the office force has been multiplied by six, and the correspondence and reports by twenty. Matters of the most trifling description, to which formerly the man in authority said yes or no, as he would in any private business, now have to go the rounds of several departments, and give work to a dozen typewriters. Everybody is busy reporting and investigating; business on the typewriters is being rattled off practically by the ton, and this kind of railroad debris, entailed to a great extent by the mechanical administration of affairs, and carefully tabulated and preserved for years to cover the law, fills acres of floor-space.

Altogether, the modern railroad superintendent, his methods and duties in the year 1912, present a curious study in industrial economics. I copy in part a strange, yet as it seems to me an absolutely truthful, account of the situation, from a recent issue of *The Railway Age Gazette*.

Nearly everybody in authority on American railroads, according to this writer, is engaged in investigating something and advising somebody. Consequently, for one thing, it costs more to find out who broke a light of glass than to pay for the material and put it in. Nobody is supposed to answer a question or a letter until nearly every one else has had a chance to 'investigate and advise' on the matter.

A division superintendent of to-day, we are told, is anywhere from one day

to a week behind with his explanations and advices, and he has absolutely no hope of catching up; meanwhile, 'The call-boy is doing to-day's business. Each out-bound train depends upon him to furnish a crew.'

The train-dispatcher, however, is the real storm-centre of the railroad business. 'He alone has to do with the present. He always has the information you want on his tongue's end, and with the same breath he tells some brakeman's wife on the 'phone when her husband's train will be in. But,' the writer continues, 'when we close the door to the dispatcher's office we shut out the sound of the telegraph instruments, throbbing with the details of to-day's business, and as we pass the doors of the various offices down the hall the steady rattle of typewriters indicates that events from twenty-four hours to a month or more old are being investigated and explained. They cannot possibly catch up with the present. How would an official feel to step to his job some morning and find that he was free to supervise what was going on in his division that day, that there was no need to explain increases in operating expenses, decreases in net tons, engine failures, car-shortages, delays, accidents, wash-outs, fires, labor troubles, or why passenger-brakeman Jones allowed some prominent politician to get off at the wrong station and thereby miss a scheduled speech? The sensation would indeed be novel, and it would take time for him to become accustomed to such a change in conditions.'

But while this mechanical way of doing business results, in my opinion, in confusion and inefficiency in nearly every department of affairs, the harm that has been done to the minds of employees, managers, and society at large is, at the same time, almost inconceivable. Only by studying the

situation can one understand and account for the artificial relationship that is becoming such a significant factor to-day in American industrial circles.

III

With the men of the old school on the Fitchburg Railroad I was on very friendly terms, and I was naturally much annoyed at the unceremonious treatment they received at the hands of the new system. In the course of a few years practically every man of my acquaintance, who held a responsible position on the Fitchburg Railroad and who continued to exercise any independence, received his 'walking papers.' Most of them, however, fitted themselves easily into the working of the new system, although many of them did not.

It was not so much the loss of their jobs that troubled these men as it was the knowledge that, so far as recognition was concerned, their life-work had been wasted. To a unit of the system at the present day, dismissal is, for the most part, a financial consideration: his salary is the tie that binds; but at the time I am now referring to on railroads it was the abrupt severing of personal and business relationship, and the banishment from spheres of honorable work and usefulness, that cut these old railroad men to the soul. I do not think that people at the present day have any idea what this momentous change in relationship between the employer and the employed really meant, and means, to individuals and to society at large. To illustrate this point I am going to picture the process in actual operation as it concerns one of the old-timers on the Fitchburg Railroad when he was called on to get down and out to make room for the new machinery.

Beginning far back in the seventies,

and for about twenty-five years following, one of the best-known men on the railroad was a detective who was known all over New England as 'Big Mike.' In those days even the General Superintendent was distinguished by a descriptive nickname. These titles were always characteristic, but their exact meaning was not always apparent on the surface. For example, Mike was called Big on account of his heart-work on the railroad. By night and day the human side of his detective work was to him the ever-present and all-absorbing consideration. A few days before I left Boston to return to my levers in the switch-tower, Mike came to see the Superintendent on a final visit. The story was then going the rounds that, some time previously, Mike had caught a young fellow in the act of pilfering from a freight car. For reasons of his own, however, instead of sending him to jail in due process of law, Mike, it was said, had simply taken his word of honor in some way, and then let the boy go.

Under the new system, of course, this was a capital offense. The management, he was told, would never countenance such proceedings. What was the use of machinery, that is to say, of clerks, typewriters, lawyers, courts of justice, and prisons, if a simple detective were allowed to settle the case of a young thief in this way. Such at any rate were the excuses and explanations for his discharge, and he had to go.

Just what a great honest heart was capable of doing in this detective business on railroads, however, was probably only known in all its significance to Mike himself. Even to his friends and associates on the railroad the strange fact that he was actually running his department in the life-interest of these embryo criminals was not fully appreciated until some time after his departure. In other words, here and there,

in different places in New England, there was actually a scattered school of these young fellows, whom Mike at different times had arrested and, after a personal investigation, had befriended in some way. By hook or by crook he had kept them out of jail, and enabled them to begin life anew with at least one firm friend at their backs. In this way to an extent that is almost incredible, Big Mike had become a private probation officer on his own responsibility. In the younger set of these unfortunates he was particularly interested, for the reason that five out of six of his captures on railroad property were under seventeen years of age. His regard for these youngsters developed in time into a passion for helping them out.

In working out their reformation, however, his method was somewhat unique. To begin with, according to reports, he always managed to give his students a good sound beating as a sort of preliminary to a mutual understanding. One day, for example, he chased one of these embryo thieves, a brawny young fellow, into Walden Pond. A desperate fight in the water ensued. The contest was decided in the detective's favor, and finally he dragged his beaten antagonist to dry land. Instead of locking him up, however, he took this young culprit to his own home. He kept him on probation for a few months and then engaged him as his personal assistant in the detective business. To-day, this student holds high rank in the profession. In my hearing one day Mike explained his attachment to the boy, somewhat as follows: 'You see,' he said, 'I never in my life came so near getting licked myself and drowned into the bargain, as I did that afternoon in Walden Pond. I had the greatest respect for that kid from the start.'

On the afternoon of his departure,

Mike was given a sort of farewell reception. Fifteen or twenty men from the different offices in the old granite building on Causeway Street, Boston, were present. The boys tried to make it pleasant for him, but he refused to be comforted. The work of a lifetime was thrown back in his face and he could not conceal his dejection. His desk or locker was in one corner of the room. Just before he took his departure he placed the contents of this locker on the table. In all there were about fifty relics or mementos of adventure. To each one of us he presented one of these articles as a token of remembrance, accompanying each gift with a fragment of the story connected with it. Throughout the proceeding Mike acted like a broken-hearted man. With that farewell to his old-time associates, this champion of the human side in the detective business passed absolutely from the world of affairs. He went into seclusion and even his best friends saw him no more. One afternoon, however, a year or two ago, the writer, passing a public playground in the South End of Boston, caught sight of him. He was intently watching his old-time favorites, the boys, at play. When he became aware of my approach, he turned abruptly and walked away, and it dawned upon me that Big-hearted Mike, like Timon of Athens, in the old story, had really and finally turned his back upon the world.

IV

The most interesting of all my experiences in life so far have been concerned with the adventures of my pen. My set-back in railroad life had a good deal to do with my literary activity. I soon gave up all thoughts of promotion in the railroad service, and upon my return to the signal tower I devoted nearly all my spare time to the con-

struction of sentences. The thinking man wishes to share his thought with other men, and naturally the first thing for him to do in working out a programme of this kind is to cultivate ways and means of expression. That I was entirely ignorant of the rules of composition, or of the usual requirements of a successful writer, did not bother me for a minute, and as for my knowledge of grammar I did not give it a thought. But, on the other hand, I seemed to possess a faculty, an indefinable something, that was independent of these technical foundations. I could at least tell a plain story in a plain way. And besides backing up my craving for expression, there was somehow and somewhere in the storehouses of my mind an infinite array of sentences of matchless form and magical significance acquired during years of thoughtful reading, and there came to me in course of time a sort of intuition of rightness both of form and substance. To a greater extent than I can possibly explain, a sentence has always been to me a matter of euphony, not only in the measured ring of the words, but also as it were in the sounding significance of the thought. Such at any rate in my own case is the anatomy of style.

Nevertheless, in making the best of my natural equipment, a good deal of hard work was necessary.

To begin with, I simply went to work to practice the arts of condensation and clearness of presentation for their own sakes. The simple satisfaction of being able to put into words what I saw with my eyes, and fancied in my mind, was sufficient reward for the exertion it entailed. And I was assisted in my efforts at the time by a very commonplace incident. Shortly after my return to the switch tower, I wrote a short story on some railroad subject and sent it to a publisher in

Boston. It was returned without comment. I then sent the same article by way of a friend to another publisher, and the verdict from him was somewhat as follows: 'If the man is a switchman, in all frankness I say, let him stick to his job.'

I took the advice in good part and immediately went to work on plans for improvement. I took Shakespeare's play *The Tempest* as a sort of model with which to experiment. I studied the plot, the characters, and the scenes. When thoroughly familiar with these features I proceeded to write the story in my own words, being careful to leave nothing out, and weaving the whole into a straightforward narrative, containing about one thousand words. I wrote and rewrote the story at least one hundred times. In this task, my ingenuity in condensation, and in the presentation of my material, was taxed to the utmost. The time and labor, however, were well spent, and then, just as I was hesitating about my next literary move, my attention was called to a short-story announcement in a magazine called the *Black Cat*.

Ten thousand dollars was to be divided into prizes. Just for the fun of the thing I determined to try my hand at story-writing. I was successful beyond my dreams. Within a year, in prizes and otherwise, I earned about one thousand dollars. For the time being, I put aside all social and industrial problems and abandoned myself to the spell of this kind of intellectual enjoyment.

v

During the years in which my chief intellectual occupation was story-writing, I was engaged in a few side excursions which were not only interesting in themselves but, as it would now appear, were just what was needed to steer me back into a more substantial

groove of intellectual effort. One day, I heard Mr. Sam Jones, then Mayor of Toledo, deliver an address at one of the Mills meetings in the Parker Memorial building in Boston. He made a simple yet inspiring plea for more brotherhood in our social and industrial dealings with each other. I then and there made up my mind to pay him a visit in order to study his ideas in practical operation. The opportunity to do so came in the year 1900. I made the trip to Toledo and spent nearly a week, several hours a day, in the Mayor's company. I visited his office, his house, his factory, and incidentally I filled my note-book with observations and records of sight-seeing. I said to myself, here is a man who has the time, the opportunity, and the means to work out the problem of social and industrial relationship to a finish. What is his plan and what are the results?

'To begin with,' he said to me, 'I consider the whole question of better social and industrial conditions as mainly a moral one. I have given up hoping for or believing in regeneration by party or collective methods of any kind. I am not one of those who think you can vote righteousness or brotherly conduct into anybody or into any nation. All machine methods of uplift, whether in industry or politics, are futile. You might just as well go on to the street and take a dozen men out of a crowd, call them musicians and bid them play, as try to vote a social conscience into any community.'

There was no concealing the fact that the Mayor of Toledo was an enthusiast. He had an absorbing sympathy for struggling, misdirected humanity, and his appeal was for brotherhood, coöperation, not competition, between the units of society. His application of these ideas to the management of his own factory makes very interesting reading.

'My brother Dan,' he said to me, 'has general charge of the place. We began work here in a small way in 1894, employing six men; now we have over one hundred. We manufacture oil-well appliances, and particularly a sucker rod which is an invention of my own. Yes, — of course it is patented. Do I preach against patents and yet use one? Yes, I am sorry to say Society compels me to. I suppose my excuse is that I can do more good with it than without. A man meets this dilemma in a hundred forms and must figure it out with his own conscience.

'In running our shop we set out upon a basis of absolute equality. Equality in everything but wages, and I should n't be surprised if we include even that before long. As it is, to-day we pay a minimum rate of two dollars. We pay no less to anybody. At the same time we have considerable work that could be done just as well by boys for less than half the money, but we don't want child labor at any price.

'Again we have no bosses or foremen in the shops. No iron-clad regulations or orders deface the walls. Of course certain things creep in that have to be stopped, for instance newspaper reading during working hours.

'Well, there is a typewritten letter on a pillar yonder explaining the case in a fair way, and it is quite sufficient. It reads like this: "According to our ideas of justice and equality, what is fair for one is fair for all. If one reads a newspaper during working hours all have the same right; obviously this would ruin our common interest; therefore let us all abstain from newspaper reading during our eight hours of work."

In conclusion Mayor Jones summarized his Golden-Rule settlement as follows: 'A shop with one hundred workers, the day's work eight hours, a minimum daily wage of two dollars,

no bossing or disagreeable features, and a Mutual Insurance plan to which we all belong. For those who remain with us six months a week's vacation with full pay, and a dividend at Christmas. So far this has amounted to five per cent on the year's salary. With the money each man receives a letter of Christmas greeting and sympathy from the firm.'

A more inspiring and satisfactory state of affairs cannot well be imagined than this Golden-Rule settlement, and it lasted just as long as Mayor Jones lived to direct its activities and inspire it with his presence. Shortly after his death, however, the shop and the system connected with it fell to pieces, for the simple reason that the plan without the head and the authority to superintend it was at least one hundred years ahead of its time. A few years later, when I again visited Toledo, I found that the whole splendid system had dissolved into its original competitive parts, simply for lack of authority and leadership.

This visit to Toledo broke the spell of short-story writing, although it was not until a year or two later that I finally withdrew from the field. Meanwhile, I spent a great deal of time in studying the social and labor situation and in visiting factories and business establishments to get in touch with actual conditions. It was after considerable experience of this kind in mills, mines, and factories that I finally settled down to a systematic study of the accident situation on the railroads.

VI

When a man becomes simply the henchman of a political party, a labor union, or a corporation, his opinions, as a rule, have a biased foundation. The necessity for a broader conception of individual responsibility and exertion

in all the walks of life is at the bottom of the philosophy contained in this autobiography. With this philosophy in the foreground of my mental equipment, I worked from the year 1903 until 1908 in the switch tower at West Cambridge, studying the service on American railroads from every conceivable point of view. The deeper I looked into the matter of preventable accidents, the more I became convinced of the personal nature of the difficulties with which the problem was surrounded. Here is a situation, I said to myself, that I can at least clarify and explain. On this one word *accident* I can now concentrate an individuality that for twenty-five years has been trying to find an outlet.

Roughly speaking, my breaking-in, physically, technically, and intellectually, had consumed the best part of twenty-five years. During these years, so far as material or financial betterment was concerned, I had been actually going backward. In South America when I was seventeen years of age I received twice as much salary as I have ever received in the United States. I married when my pay was thirteen dollars a week, and I am sorry that I am obliged to crowd out this inner circle of my story with the simple statement that I look upon my married life as an ample and happy reward for all the disappointments and difficulties contained in the rest of my experience.

Just at present, then, I am concerned with life in the open. Before I managed to get a public hearing on the subject of railroad accidents, I spent two or three years in fruitless efforts. I sent a number of appeals to railroad managers in different parts of the country. I proposed safety leagues, badges, buttons, safety officials on every railroad, anything to excite individual interest in the matter. Most of these ideas are now in practical and

successful operation on many railroads. But from only one of the managers in that early period did I receive anything more definite than an acknowledgment of my communications. From Mr. Kruttschnitt, Vice-President of the Southern Pacific, I received by letter the first actual recognition and encouragement. This I think was early in 1906. I followed this up by addressing the legal department of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and the reply I received was as follows:—

I have your letter of March 16th. I also received yours of the 16th ult., enclosing 'Observations of a Signalman,' etc. I trust you will pardon me for not acknowledging the receipt of your communication. I have been away most of the time for the last month and have only just had an opportunity to read your remarks. I think it splendid, and I believe that you have hit upon some of the difficulties of our system. I am sending your paper to President Tuttle.

Yours very truly,

EDGAR J. RICH,
General Solicitor.

This letter led by a simple evolution of events to the publication in the year 1908 of *The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman*.

Mr. Rich, of course, had no knowledge whatever of my writings until they appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but it was his intense loyalty to the railroad, together with his comprehensive conception of the true interests of the public and of the employee, that strengthened my own position in the matter, and renewed my devotion to the work in hand.

It was in the month of June, 1907, that I finally took the bull by the horns. In the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an article was pub-

lished entitled 'The Personal Factor in the Labor Problem.' I knew just as well as the writer of this article all about President Tuttle's kindly feeling toward railroad men. To Mr. Tuttle belonged all the credit for the harmonious relations that obtained at the time on the Boston and Maine railroad between management and men. But unfortunately, harmony was not the only consideration, either then or now, in the problems concerning efficiency on railroads, although politicians and the leaders of labor unions may be of that opinion.

At any rate, after carefully reading the article in question, I went right into Boston and requested an interview with the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I said to him, 'Do you know what this so-called harmony on the railroad really means? Would you like to follow its trail, and note by the way its actual significance in terms of service, — the relationship for instance between this kind of harmony and the railroad accident?'

The nature of the editor's answer can be gathered from the articles that followed in the pages of the *Atlantic*. Leaving these articles then to tell their own story of my subsequent activities, I now find myself toward the close of my autobiography face to face with the present day and its problems. As I look at the labor situation for instance, society is just now in a precious pickle. The need of the hour is for right-minded people who understand the situation to describe it without political or sentimental prejudice.

The alienation of the employer from the employee, one or two phases of which I have described in this chapter, has borne fruit. Organized labor of its free will, and organized management, to a great extent, perhaps, by compulsion, have substituted machinery for personality, and these machines are

now clashing — with results that are known to all men. In describing the situation as it should be described it will be necessary to use, as it were, a chisel instead of a pen.

From the point of view of the individualist, then, the tendency of modern industrial methods and legislation is to reënslave the world. To a great extent this conclusion is arrived at from a study of the excessive demands and unfair policies of organized labor. The first item in this modern industrial programme is the surrender of the individual workingman. He is called upon to sink his industrial personality and to stifle his industrial conscience in the interests of his union, or his class. This class doctrine is not hidden under a bushel. It is proclaimed at every labor meeting, you read it in countless books, it is openly preached on street corners, and in all public places of assembly. Finally the movement receives support from an army of well-meaning reformers, the victims of imaginative sociology, who are next in turn to be doctored personally and professionally by some of their own theories.

The modern industrial policy to which I refer says in effect: We propose to run the earth; that is to say, to name our own terms, to nominate our own managers, to regulate our own wages and conditions, to feed, clothe, and carry the masses of the people, according to the plans and standards of the industrial commonwealth which it is our purpose ultimately to establish. We have the numbers, the votes, the organization, the concentration, in a word the federation; consequently in every sense of the term the future belongs to us.

Beginning with the worker himself, the process of enslavement spreads outwards. It overshadows the press, the pulpit and the platform. The limitations it has imposed upon manage-

ment are as glaring as they are dangerous. On the railroads the problems of efficiency and safety must now pass through the sieve of industrial expediency. This modern industrial policy says to the common people, to the great mass of consumers, 'Be with us or go hungry.' To the traveler, 'Be with us or walk.' To the politician as well as to the inoffensive voter, it offers an unquestioning alliance, or the private life. To the ministers of the Gospel it presents the ultimatum: 'Consider our terms or consider religion as a dead issue.' It invites the educator to twist his philosophy and teaching in its direction, or to be publicly branded as a mere academic or intellectual. To employers, managers, inventors, pioneers, and capitalists, it holds forth no olive branch or alternative. To all non-affiliated industrial units such as these it merely suggests a return to the wood pile. The majority of thinking people are not yet ready to interpret the sounds and the rumbling in the distance in this light, and many of those who have the requisite knowledge and insight are politically or industrially enslaved by the difficulties and delicacies of their positions. To all doubters of the reality and truth of the picture I have drawn of present conditions, I have but one word of advice, *Circumspice*.

In a recent issue of the London *Daily Mail*, the noted novelist, Mr. Galsworthy, informs his readers that in his opinion 'democracy at present, not only in England, but in America, offers the spectacle of a man running down a road followed at a more and more respectful distance by his own soul.'

From the literary point of view this is certainly a very attractive statement, but it is far from being a correct diagnosis of the situation. On the contrary, as it seems to me, democracy in America to-day is making heroic efforts to

keep up with its soul, and this soul in many directions is actually getting ahead in the race.

Digestion and assimilation are problems of the social as well as of the individual stomach. In any period of civilization an overdose of soul can anticipate a day of reckoning just as inevitably as an overdose of tyranny or corruption.

Every once in a while Society gets an unexpected reminder of these facts. Just at present, for example, ideas of humanity and of social justice are everywhere clashing with authority. In religious and educational matters, in the home and in every field of industry, Society is now confronted with the all-important problem of reasonable and necessary discipline. The situation in a general way owes its vitality to the benevolent intentions of hosts of earnest and conscientious people who are now determined to give poverty a helping hand and labor its due share of reward. In practical, every-day operation, however, this kind of moral enthusiasm, generous and praiseworthy as it surely is, has some of the dangers as well as many of the useful properties that are associated with steam. And unfortunately for the proper control of this all-comprehensive and irresistible moral pressure, civilization in America to-day is in a tremendous hurry. Under stress of mental and moral overstrain — and here we have the spectacle of the man running down the road trying to keep pace with his soul — there seems to be no time, no opportunity, for the patient consideration of social and industrial safeguards. In fact, the thinking process of Americans in general is now being managed by a few specialists as scientifically as the laboring process. The men who coin political catch phrases, introduce moving pictures, teach systems of industrial efficiency, or

dictate opinions and policies to be followed by millions of working people, are all trying to make it easy to think as well as easy to work.

Meanwhile, Society itself is in a spendthrift mood. It is intoxicated with a wealth of material resources and moral opportunities. Just at present it is supremely interested in the laboring classes. Every practical manifestation of this public sympathy, however, is nowadays quickly converted by its recipients into terms of political and industrial power; and this power is now frankly and openly at odds with authority, and with personal and property rights of nearly every description. The extent of industrial power acquired in this way, on the railroads for instance, can be illustrated by a matter-of-fact statement made recently to an audience in Massachusetts by Chief Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He spoke substantially as follows:—

‘Practically speaking, I am not responsible to any one. I have so much power I really don’t know what to do with it. It is simply running over.’

Now I think it will take but a few words to convince open-minded people that the industrial chaos at the present day, a partial picture of which I have drawn, contains within itself the germs of reconciliation and cure. The labor union to-day flourishes and commits excesses by virtue of power intrusted to it by the spirit of humanity, which

has become the sign-manual of progress of every description in the twentieth century. This spirit of humanity or, in other words, this soul of democracy, which Mr. Galsworthy would have Americans look upon as a tail-endor of some kind, is actually in alliance with every manifestation or echo of righteousness that is able to express itself in any way throughout the length and breadth of civilized society. The initial outburst of pent-up feeling put in motion by this alliance has already swept scores of social and industrial disgraces from the map of society; but in the natural order of things, there is wholesale demoralization in the chaotic yet fundamentally healthy situation that remains. The next few years in America are to be an era of renaissance. The soul of democracy is now beginning to take stock of its handiwork. For one thing it will, in the near future, place a restraining hand quietly but firmly on the shoulder of organized labor, and in doing so it will give millions of other toilers a greater measure of social and industrial justice.

Finally, the writer, whose life-story my readers have been following in these pages, has this parting word to his brother individualists, everywhere:

‘Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes,
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.’

(The End.)

THE PASSING OF THE FARMER

BY ROY HINMAN HOLMES

I

THESE are days of unprecedented social change. The eyes of the world, however, are so attentively fixed upon the developing American city, that the greatest change of all in America's social life is going forward well-nigh unheeded. The farmer class, which we have grown accustomed to consider the permanent foundation of our society, is showing decided signs of impermanence. The farmer is moving to town. It is not simply a farmer here and a farmer there, each because of reasons of his own, who are leaving the land and entering other occupations. The movement, instead, is general in extent. In a comparatively short time the typical farmer of to-day, who tills the land that he owns, with the help of his growing sons, will be but a national memory.

Though he is the most conservative of men, the farmer cannot forever cling to the past. In his attempt to modernize his occupation, the individual owner must fail, and rather than rest in failure he very naturally turns from the land to seek success elsewhere. The new and better conditions which are to prevail, instead of coming as the result of a gradual development within itself of the old system, will come rather from without, as an extension over the country districts of those modern systems of production which are operating successfully in the cities. Being myself a descendant of a long line of farmer ancestors, and having

tilled for some years a small farm of my own in the Middle West, I, as one of those who are within, am able to feel this approaching change, instead of being forced to depend entirely upon what may be seen from without.

It is upon her great areas of fertile land that America's increasing millions must depend for their food-supply. Agricultural production, however, as carried on upon the farms, is failing to keep pace with the growing demand, in spite of the fact that the experts point the way to a yield per acre many times greater than the average yield of to-day. The cry of agricultural science is for a more intensive cultivation of the soil. This more intensive cultivation demands an increasing number of laborers on the land. The laborers, however, instead of increasing in numbers are continually becoming fewer; farms, instead of becoming smaller, as the theorists of the last generation predicted, are steadily becoming larger: the trend is necessarily away from crops that demand intensive culture. The production of agricultural supplies in this country is losing in its race to keep in advance of consumption. Not alone are the farms becoming larger, but the proportion of them operated by renters is rapidly increasing. The increase of the renting system can be viewed as nothing short of alarming, unless one believes it to be but a necessary transitional stage leading to something more satisfactory.

There appears to be quite a disposition, in some quarters, to blame the

farmers as a class for their failure to measure up to certain standards which it is believed should govern them. Often the class is referred to condescendingly by some townsman, who asks, 'How shall we uplift the farmer?' It is felt, apparently, that those now upon the nation's farms should in some way be held responsible for a more complete utilization of the possibilities of the soil. It is considered by many good people of the cities that the farmer boy, in leaving his father's acres for the shop or the office of the town, is in some way upsetting a balance that should be maintained. Often it is charged that the rural schools of to-day are 'educating away from the farm,' and it is urged that their influence should be thrown against the cityward drift of the young.

II

In every consideration of the question it must be borne in mind that the movement is not in its essence a movement from the country to the city, but rather it is from farming as an occupation to something else as an occupation. It is very common indeed in this country, due no doubt to some extent to the influence of the schools, for sons to enter other occupations than those pursued by the fathers. A thought will convince any one that the schools are no more influential in causing the sons of the farmer to leave the farm than they are in drawing the sons of the merchant away from the store, or in determining the lawyer's sons to turn from the occupation of their father. It is, perhaps, one of the chief functions of the school to broaden the vision of the student, — to give him a world-view. The young man should be made to feel in his youth that the world is wide, that there are many openings into life, that the path his father chose, or was forced into by circumstances, is but one of the

many. The school should aid the youth to determine what path he, individually, is best fitted to follow; and so far as is practicable, it should assist him to take the first steps in that pathway. It should no more be taken for granted that the son of the farmer should be a farmer than that the son of the physician should be a physician.

There is no drift away from any one of the learned professions. They are constantly being recruited from without. No great alarm is felt over the decision of a large proportion of the young men of the city to break away from the occupations of their fathers. There is no cause for alarm. The son of the physician may go into business or become a civil engineer; there is no dearth of doctors, for other men's sons are studying medicine.

On the other hand, the entrance of farmer boys into occupations other than that of farming is a very serious matter, indeed, for the reason that there is no corresponding movement of young men from the cities to the farms. Though the sons of farmers are among the most successful men in every walk of city life, it is comparatively rare to find a man not country-born who is a successful farmer. Though the city gates swing easily to admit the country boy, the city-trained lad finds it exceedingly difficult to swing them the other way. Those coming to the farms with money sufficient to buy are handicapped by money without knowledge; those coming without money are in a worse plight still. The typical farmer of to-day who is fairly successful, from the financial standpoint, has inherited a cast of mind that is indispensable to his success. He may be wealthy, and often he is, but he has the outlook upon life of pioneer ancestors who were very far from wealthy. The pioneer days, so far as this country is con-

cerned, are passed. Land may no longer be had for the asking. It may be well for the would-be farmer to be poor in spirit, yet his purse must be well-filled.

Though from the beginning of the rapid development of the cities there has been a constant movement of country people to them, the migration has been considerably accelerated since the improvement of the rural schools, and the placing of high-school advantages within the reach of rural pupils, as has been done in many localities. The virtual extension of city school-systems into the country districts, together with other modern phenomena, among which may be mentioned the rural mail system, the rural telephone, the improvement of highways, and the building of interurban lines, is in a large measure breaking down the barriers which formerly existed between the country and the city. The two civilizations, rural and urban, which had until recent years existed to a large degree independently of each other, are rapidly being blended into one. This new civilization thus formed is city-centred, and a strong pull toward the centre is setting in.

It is not alone the young people who are to-day drifting away from the farms to town. There is also a continued movement of older men with their families to the cities. Many farmers of middle age are entering other occupations, depending for a portion of their income upon the proceeds from the farms they have left. Many small towns are made up to quite an extent of a population of 'retired farmers,' many of whom are still in the prime of life. Instead of having remained at their task until their days of activity should have normally ended, they chose to get away from it all while they were still young enough 'to get some enjoyment out of life.' Like those early miners of gold who chanced to be suc-

cessful, they, having gathered in their piles, next enter upon the stage of spending. The typical 'retired farmer,' however, differs very radically from the old-time miner, in that, as his wealth was not the result of a sudden smile of fortune, he does not spend it in sudden moods of reckless generosity.

The drift cityward is receiving a decided impetus in those country regions best provided with 'city conveniences.' Communities that had long existed as almost independent social entities, each having a centre 'at the Corners' where were located the church, the school-house, the store, and the post-office, have had their unity destroyed in these modern days. Formerly, frequent social gatherings were held, when the whole neighborhood would 'turn out,' — the women and children gathering in the afternoons, and the men, both old and young, joining them in the evenings. The sons of farmers married the daughters of farmers, and new farm homes were established, thus perpetuating the community.

With the coming of improved methods of communication, new groups were soon formed, not on the basis of neighboring farms, mere physical nearness, but rather on the basis of a freer intellectual choice. Mere physical proximity has less than formerly to do with social grouping. The most intimate acquaintances of the farmer and his family often live in the village or the city several miles away. The sons and daughters of the farmer marry, and are married to, the daughters and sons of the city-dweller. Such marriages result, in the great majority of cases, in new homes established not on the farms but rather in the towns. This is but another way of saying that, with the coming of modern means of communication, so that the actual conditions of life both in the country and in the city are better understood by all

than ever before, the attracting power of the city for the country-born is much stronger than that of the country for the city-born.

This very evident desire of so many of the young and the middle-aged to get away from the farms, coupled with the impossibility of an influx from without to fill the places of those who leave, indicates clearly that the system of farming, as we know it, cannot indefinitely continue. At the present time so many of the farmer families have left the land that in many localities those who remain are tilling such large areas that the work cannot be other than superficially done. There is also to be seen, in increasing frequency, the renter who will never own an acre, or suitable tools for tilling one, and the mortgager who will never be free of debt. These are days of national prosperity, yet there is a steady increase in the number of mortgaged farms. Farm land is increasing in value so rapidly that the farmer cannot keep pace with his land. The deeds and mortgages are to a greater extent than ever before held by men who are not farmers, but who on the contrary are city business men.

III

Some of the causes which are operating to drive the farmer out of his occupation are not at all difficult to find. One of the most obvious of them is the decreasing supply of labor. It is becoming continually more difficult to obtain helpers for work on the farms, either for the house or for the field. In the old days, the neighborhood group was very often entirely self-sufficient. There were enough men and women in the community to do the work of the community. It was the most natural thing in the world for the farmer who had more sons than could profitably be employed upon the home acres to al-

low one or more of the boys to spend a portion of the year in the employ of neighbors who were without sons. Though it was an economic misfortune to be without strong and willing boys in the home, yet one could usually depend upon hiring neighbor boys for just the length of time that help was needed. The daughterless housewife also could obtain all the help needed by calling upon the neighborhood girls. The mingling of the young people in this democratic fashion did much to strengthen community ties. Often the young man of twenty-one, having saved his summers' earnings, married his employer's daughter and bought a farm of his own. Many another young man, who had spent his summers at home, also set up for himself after marrying the 'hired girl.'

The multiplication of radiating influences from the rapidly developing modern city has swept away the old days. The growing sons and daughters are spending more and more time in the schools. The well-to-do farmer very naturally wishes his children to enjoy as good educational advantages as do the children of the town merchant. His own children gone, he calls in vain now for the assistance of the young people of the neighborhood. They, too, are at school, or, if at work, are in the shops and stores of the city. The old group is broken, and help, if it comes, must come from without. Efficient single men and women for farm labor may seldom be found to-day at any wage, and the supply of inefficient laborers is becoming continually less. A generation ago the young farm laborer could expect, after a few years of earnest work and careful saving, to own a farm of his own; and he would plunge hopefully into the task. To-day, however, farms sell for thousands, which in those days could be bought for hundreds. The farm-hand of to-day

does not expect to buy, and, as a rule, he simply drifts along in an aimless, hopeless fashion.

There seems to be no lack of capable married men who are glad to work on the farms for pay equivalent to their city wage. They must be made certain, however, of work for the entire year, and their pay must include the rent of suitable dwelling-houses. The farmer of to-day, as a rule, is not in a position to take advantage of this source of labor-supply. Hence, his fields are imperfectly tilled, and his crops improperly harvested.

The merchant has no difficulty in obtaining workers. For him, the 'Help Wanted' sign brings scores of applicants. The manufacturer often has a 'waiting list' to choose from. That these men may hire while the farmer may not, is a social discrimination against the occupation of farming that cannot long be withstood.

In these days of the occupation's decline, without doubt the most pathetic figure in the situation is that of the farm wife. It is primarily to ease her burdens that many landowners are turning away from the land. In the former days, surrounded by her daughters, or by neighboring cousins and nieces, she was queen of the country civilization. Though her life was one of constant toiling, yet it was dignified by something that is now lacking. She cared little for the ways of the city, and seldom went to town. Her life was indeed narrow, but it reached deep down into the very soil. Her interests were limited by the limitations of the country neighborhood, but her culture was as genuine as any in the world. However, with the breaking-up of the old group, the formation of new ties, and the inevitable rush of the girls to town, her life has suffered a melancholy change. The grand-daughter of yesterday's queen has become the drudge

of to-day. Her lot is made doubly hard: scarcity of help for the house and the field has called her to redoubled exertions, and since the beginning of the new order her life is being measured by new and, from a certain standpoint, more exacting standards.

A generation ago, the wife and mother compared her lot with that of her pioneer grandmother, and felt that she had much to be grateful for. To-day the past is forgotten; comparisons must be made between herself and city sisters and friends. The family album with its reminders of yesterday is seldom opened. 'To-day' is ever at hand in the automobile's honk, the jingle of the telephone bell, and the headlines of the daily paper.

These farm women find themselves in a new civilization, but not of it. They have as great a longing for the best that life can offer as have the well-gowned club women of the cities. In many cases, from a financial standpoint, they can as well afford the luxuries of modern life as the majority of those who possess them. But, as the wives of farmers, they must give themselves to the land. Their houses go neglected that they may help with work in the fields. Their hands are coarse and rough from assisting their husbands with pressing work on the land. Wives of wealthy farmers in this our country, while at their work, often resemble in their appearance ignorant, poverty-stricken peasant women of Europe. Many a farmer's son who has completed the course of a city high school has been helped to do so by the sacrifices of an over-worked mother back on the farm, who has taken upon herself many of the tasks that, otherwise, would have been his. In the hearts of these lonely, toil-worn women, love for farm life is turning to bitterness, and the daughters are electing new things.

Undoubtedly the primary fault in

the occupation, the one fundamental thing which is rendering the present system of farming the least popular calling in the modern scheme of things, is its lack of opportunity for specialization in labor. In these days of the expert, the farmer is inexpert, and therefore lonesome. In the cities, the men of every calling, from the surgeon to the chimney-sweep, pride themselves upon doing one thing well. The farmer alone is the jack-of-all-trades. Though the trend in farming is toward specialized lines of production, the farmer's labor remains, as it was in the beginning, unspecialized as to processes. With the coming of more complicated agricultural machinery to be handled, and the growing necessity for thorough study of soils, of insect pests, and of the markets, the farmer is yearly brought face to face with more complex demands.

To manage and do the major part of the labor, satisfactorily, on a farm of eighty acres, demands on the part of the farmer several lines of proficiency which are seldom found combined in any one individual. He must have the strength and physical endurance of the unskilled laborer, combined with the ingenuity and mechanical ability of the skilled workman. He must be somewhat of a student, an authority on matters connected with the science of agriculture. As a student, he must also have something of the spirit of the investigator and experimenter, for his own farm presents problems for which he can find no solution in the books. He must be a business man competent to manage a large and complicated undertaking, or much of his labor will be wasted. The typical farmer, in his attempt to make a creditable showing upon each of these counts, attains no better than second-rate efficiency in any single line. Comparisons with the city expert are bound to make him uncomfortable. However, such compari-

sons, although unjust to the individual, are yet inevitable. It is told to all that he is a poor business man, a superficial student, a bungling mechanic, and a clumsy laborer. He is made to feel that he is a misfit on the land and in the work of his inheritance. He is rather severely punished for marching in the rearguard of a vanishing procession.

IV

The pioneer days are over. The supply of cheap land is nearly exhausted. It is now as much out of the question 'to go West to take up a farm' as it is to go East to take up a factory. The former call of the land was to those who had little money or special training of any sort, and who, for this very reason, were glad to build homes in the wilderness and to live in them, braving the various dangers of frontier life, while they changed the wilderness into a garden and watched the price of farm land rise.

The present call of the land is not unlike the call to other activities. It is to men who have money to invest, and to those who have expert knowledge and ability of some sort. As the farming class was called into being by the existence of abnormal land conditions, it is very natural to expect that as conditions become normal the class will be merged back into the society from which it sprang, and the task of agricultural production taken over by the classes of modern industrial organization: by the capitalist, the manager, and the laborer. The laws of social and economic development which brought the factory are in operation still. Agriculture is but a form of manufacturing, and its development must be along the lines marked out by the development of manufacturing in the past. The little shop in which the owner and his family lived and performed all the

labor, both mental and physical, connected with the manufacture of wagons or shoes has given way to the great plant employing thousands of specialists. The small farm of to-day is similar in its organization to the shop of yesterday, and must as surely give way.

The farmer does not leave the farm because it is in the country. He turns away from it for the same reason that the cobbler turns from the shop, because he feels it to be out of harmony with the life about him. The real 'isolation,' which we are to understand is the prime reason for the unrest of the farmer, is not physical, it is social. It does not consist in the fact that his nearest neighbor lives a quarter of a mile or more away, but rather in the fact that he is a farmer: his occupation and necessary mode of life do not fit well in the modern scheme. If physical isolation were the cause of the discontent, modern improvements in methods of communication would do much to bring contentment. It is noticeable, however, that in those communities best provided with modern conveniences the drift cityward is most rapid. The more closely men are drawn together, the more surely does the old order pass.

Though the pioneer's work was well done, it is now finished. There is no especial reason to look for the expert agriculturist of the future among the descendants of the pioneer farmer of the past. The men who are to carry on the agricultural production in the coming days are being prepared in the cities for their task. As the new civilization is urban, so the new farming is

of necessity a specialized department of urban life. There cannot long remain the distinction implied in the terms 'townsman' and 'countryman.' All men will be grouped in the tables according to occupational divisions. The question will be not, 'Where does one live?' but rather, 'What does one do?' Country work will be as well subdivided as the work of the cities, and for the most part according to the same divisions. The agricultural expert will direct the labor in the fields as do other experts the various processes in the great shops. Agricultural production will have come into its own.

One of the greatest social advantages which we may hope to derive from the change, is a vastly increased opportunity for laborers now crowded into the cities to find work in the country fields. One would expect to see a continual shifting of laborers of the poorer classes back and forth between the town and the country. The more of these people who can be brought into direct contact with the soil, the better. America has in the past looked to the farm for the rejuvenation of her social vitality. The land will probably much better serve social needs under the new system than under the old, for the healing influences of the soil will be applied directly to those of our people who stand most in need of healing. It is not the few who can afford to own farms who most need the benefits of country life, but rather the many who can neither buy nor rent. Under the new order they and their children will receive a blessing which might never come to them in the old, and the whole of society will be benefited thereby.

REMEMBRANCE

BY O. W. FIRKINS

THOU say'st, 'I will remember,' and thine eyes
Are the pure founts of tender verities;
And thou would'st give, unasked, thy life to-day,
Could thine avail, to rescue or delay:
But to remember — in that promise lies
Achievement that o'er-arches sacrifice.
Shall life remember what death holds in fee?
The idlest hope is hope of memory.
Shall Love, unresting, with remembrance dwell
A watcher? Who shall watch the sentinel?
Who chide the faithless, the forgetful ward?
Love, for whose eyes the vast of heaven was starred
With lights more fleeting than his earth-born fires —
Is it so hard to quiet his desires?
Must time, then, marshal his eternities,
The centuries' line embattle, ere he sees
Love at his mercy? A year's smiling curve,
The space that parts two vintages, will serve
To blunt, to blur, remembrance. For our debt
Is lifeward, and to breathe is to forget.

I shall go hence; and thou wilt love and mourn,
And for a time I shall to thee return
In all we shared of life's full harvestings:
My eyes shall meet thee in unnumbered things,
In flowers, in wavings of the fruited grain,
In the brook's motion, in the rain-swept pane;
I shall find voices in the winds, the moans
Of sea-waves, and the forest's undertones;
The gorge shall take my part, and the green glades
Shall urge thee to remember, and the shades
Of evening, and the vesper's solemn chime:
These shall be bonds to hold thee — for a time.

But change shall come, and on thy first distress
Creep dumb encroachings of forgetfulness.
Days that were mine shall shrink like ebbing moons,
Till in the lapse of circling nights and noons,
Unmarked, there glide into eternity
A day unvisited with thoughts of me.
Down shall it pass within time's dusk and haze,
The day thou first forgett'st, like other days.
Shall it stand, lonely, by that Stygian sea
In hated, uncompanioned obloquy?
A comrade comes, to meet it on the sands;
Another; yet another; then in bands,
Trooping apace, they come: and I shall feel
Another coil of the great darkness steal
Around my bosom, and another fold
Of silence lap me in its vesture cold.

Still shalt thou think of me, nor with disdain —
Art thou not thou? — but with love-nurtured pain;
Only from moon to moon, thy thoughts shall be
Like scantier islets in a widening sea.
Fair are those isles, but few — the fragments rent
By earthquake from some primal continent.
And there shall come a severance in thy thought;
The bonds which earth and her fair aspects wrought
'Twixt thee and me shall loosen one by one;
I shall not visit thee in star or sun,
Nor raise a signal from the April lea;
The skies shall speak of azure, not of me.
I shall be parted from the warmth of June,
From dawns, and the cloud-wreath on the moon;
And I shall pass from bird-note and bright wing,
From frostwork, from the sorcery of spring.
The fickle forest and the faithless seas
Which I had charged with signs and messages,
Speak not to thee, or speak with other tongue.
What shall avail? Thou livest, thou art young:
Youth, life, are thine, and thou must love thine own;
He should not die who fears to be alone.

REMEMBRANCE

A time shall come at last when memory sets
Even in its dawn; the buoyant mind forgets
In seeking to remember. Thou wilt say:
'A faithful heart — (How yon sun's parting ray
Whitens the olives!) one that loved me. — (Look!
The glow-worms dance already where the brook
Turns seaward by the marshes!) Spake we not
Of something sad but now? — I scarce recall —
Perchance that song in Lucia, or the fall
Of yellow leaves last night in quiet air!'
And I shall be as one that treads a stair
That winds into a crypt, and, at a turn,
Sees the last square through whose dim panels burn
The faint remains of daylight from his eyes
Parted, and is an exile from the skies.

Months shall glide past and memory shall become
Formless and nameless, recordless and dumb;
A something houseless, vagrant, unassigned;
A film, a blur, a vapor in the mind;
A faint disquiet in the mid-day proud;
A sadder edging on the gloomy cloud
Trailed in the wake of sunset; a shade less
Of glory in the young dawn's hopefulness:
Then shall death open the last gates of doom,
And lock me in a tomb within the tomb.

VENETIAN NIGHTS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

'VENEZIA!' somebody was shouting; and I was startled from a sound sleep, and porters were scrambling for our bags, and we were stumbling after them, up a long platform, between a crowd of men in hotel caps yelling, 'Danieli!' 'Britannia!' and I hardly know what, out into a fog as impenetrable as night, or London. The muffled, ghostly cries of '*Gondola! Gondola!*' from invisible gondoliers on invisible waters, would have sent me back into the station, even had there been a chance to find so modest a hotel as the Casa Kirsch open at three o'clock in the morning; and my first impressions of Venice were gathered in the freezing, foggy station restaurant where J. and I drank our coffee and shivered, and the hours stretched themselves into centuries, before a touch of yellow in the fog suggested a sun shining in some remote world, and we crawled under the cover of one of the dim black boats that emerged vaguely, a shadow from the shadows.

I had looked forward to my first gondola ride for that 'little first Venetian thrill' that Venice owes to the stranger; but if I thrilled it was with cold and damp and fog as the gondola pushed through the yellow gloom in the sort of silence you can feel, and tall houses towered suddenly and horribly above us, and strange yells broke the stillness, before and behind, when another black boat with its black figure at the stern, came out of the gloom, scraped and bumped our side, and was swallowed up again.

And after we were on the landing of the Casa Kirsch, and in our rooms, and the fog lifted, and the sun shone, and we looked out of the window with all Venice in our faces, and J. took me to see the town, my impressions were foggy with sleep. For, from Pompeii, where there had been work, to Venice where there was to be more, we had hurried by one of those day-and-night flights to which J. has never been able to accustom me, the hurried, crowded pauses at Naples and Florence turning the journey into a beautiful nightmare of which all I was now seeing became but a part, — the Riva, canals, sails, Bersaglieri, the Ducal Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, St. Mark's, the Piazza, gondolas, women in black, white sunlight, pigeons, tourists, the Campanile, following one upon another with the inconsequence of sleep. And then we were on the Rialto and J. was saying, 'Of course you know that?' and I was answering, 'Of course, the Bridge of Sighs!' and a quarter of a century has not blunted the edge of his disgust or my remorse. But my disgrace drove me back to the Casa Kirsch, to sleep for fifteen blessed hours before looking at one other beautiful thing or troubling my head about what we were to do with our days and our nights in Venice.

What we were to do with our days settled itself the next morning as soon as I woke. For I saw Venice, from my window, rising out of the sea with the dawn, everything she ought to have been the morning before, and I had no desire to move from a room that looked

down upon the Riva, and across to San Giorgio, and beyond the island-and-sail-strewn Lagoon to the low line of the Lido, and above to the vastness of the Venetian sky.

Nor was there trouble in providing for our nights. Before I left home a romantic friend had pictured me in Venice, wrapped in black lace, forever floating in a gondola under the moon. But my Roman winter had taught me how much more likely the gaslight of some little *trattoria* or *caffè* was to shine upon me in my shabby tweeds. The only question was, which of the many little trattorie and caffè in Venice we should choose; and this was decided by Inglehart, whom we ran across that morning in the Piazza, and who told us that he slept in the Casa Kirsch, dined at the Antica Panada, and drank coffee at the Orientale, which was as much as to say that we might, too, if we liked. And we did like.

We began that night to dine at the Panada and drink coffee at the Orientale, and we kept on dining at the Panada and drinking coffee at the Orientale every night we were in Venice; except when it was a *fiesta* and we followed Inglehart to the Calcino, where various Royal Academicians sustained the respectability that Ruskin gave it by his patronage and Symonds tried to live up to; or when there was music in the Piazza, and Inglehart carried us to the Quadri or Florian's; or when it stormed, as it can in March, and all day, from my window, I looked down upon the dripping Riva, and the wind-waved Lagoon, and lines of fishing-boats moored to the banks, and no living creatures except the gulls and the little white woolly dogs on the boats covered with sails under which the sailors huddled, and gondoliers in yellow oilskins, and the Bersaglieri in hoods; and at night we went with Inglehart no farther than the kitchen of

the Casa Kirsch, for he hated, as we did, the *table d'hôte* from which, there as everywhere, German tourists were talking away every other nationality.

The kitchen was a huge room, with high ceiling, and brass and copper pots and pans on the whitewashed walls, and a dim light about the cooking-stove, and mysterious shadowy corners. The *padrona* laid the cloth for us in an alcove opposite the great fireplace, while she and her family sat at a table against the wall to the right, and the old cook ate at a bare table in the middle, and the maid-servant sat on a stool by the fire with her plate in her lap, and the man-servant stood in the corner with his plate on the dresser. Having thus expressed their respect for class distinctions, they helped equally in cooking and serving, talked together the whole time, quarreled, called each other names, and laughed at the old man's stories, told in the Venetian, which I only wish I had understood then as well as I did a few weeks later, when it was too late; for, with the coming of spring, there were no storms to keep us from the Panada.

Just where the Panada was, I would not attempt to say; not from any desire to keep it secret, which would be foolish, for Baedeker long since found it out; but simply because I could not very well show the way to a place I never could find for myself. I knew it was somewhere round the corner from the Piazza, but I never rounded that corner alone without becoming involved in a labyrinth of little *calli*. Nor would I attempt to say why the artists chose it and why, because they did, we should, for it was the dirtiest, noisiest, and most crowded trattoria in Venice.

No matter whether we got there early or late, it was full; and always we began our dinner by wiping our glasses, plates, forks, spoons, and knives on our napkins, making such a habit of it

that I remember afterwards at a dinner-party in London catching myself with my glass in my hand and stopping only just in time; while Inglehart, on another occasion, got as far as the silver before he was held up by the severe eye of his hostess. Probably it was because nobody could hear what anybody said that everybody talked together. I cannot recall a moment when stray musicians were not strumming on guitars and mandolins, and the oyster-man was not shrieking, '*Ostriche! Ostriche fresche!*' though nobody paid the least attention to him or ever bought one of his oysters. And above the uproar was the continuous cry, '*Ecco me! Vengo subito! Mezzo Verona! Due Calamai! Vengo subito! Ecco me!*' of the waiters who, though they never ceased to announce their coming, were so slow to come that many diners brought a course or two in their pockets.

The little Venetian at the next table was sure to produce a bunch of radishes while he waited for his soup. On market-days, when there was more of a crowd than ever, few of the baked potatoes had seen the inside of the Panada's oven; often the shops that fill the Venetian calli with the perpetual smell of frying, and where the brasses and blue-and-white used to shine, were patronized on the way. If dinner has to be collected in the streets, no town, even in Italy, offers such facilities as Venice. Vance, the painter, who sometimes honored us at our table with his company, after he had taken off his coat and put on his hat, seldom troubled the establishment to provide him with more than a glass, a plate, a knife, and a fork for the price of a *quinto* of Verona. His first, and as it turned out, his last, substantial order, was the event of the season. The *padrone* discussed it with him and a message was sent to the cook that the

dish was *di bistecca*. When it came it was not cooked enough to suit Vance. A second was cooked too much. The third was done to a turn. In the bill, however, were the three; and voices were lowered, mandolins and guitars were stilled, the oyster-man forgot his shriek, during the five awful minutes when Vance and the *padrone* had it out. After that Vance made another *trattoria* the richer by his daily *quinto*.

J. and I had our five minutes with the *padrone* later on, once when Rossi, our waiter, was so slow that our patience gave out and we shook the dust of the Panada from our feet. But we could not shake off Rossi. He had arrived with our dinner just as we were vanishing from the door, and was made to pay for it. After that his leisure was spent in trying to make us pay him back, and he would appear at our front door, or waylay us on the Riva, or follow us into the *Orientale*, or run us down on the Piazza; demanding the money as a right, begging for it as a charity, reducing it by a centesimo every time, until we had only to wait long enough for the debt to be wiped out. But this was at the end of our stay in Venice, and months of dining at the Panada had passed before then.

I should be as puzzled to explain the attraction of the *Caffè Orientale* on the Riva, unless it were the opportunity it offered for economy. At the Quadri and Florian's in the Piazza, coffee was twenty centesimi and the waiter expected five more, but at the *Orientale* it was eighteen and the waiter was satisfied with the change from twenty, which meant the saving every night of almost half a cent. The *Orientale*, for us, was as quiet and deserted as the Panada was crowded and noisy. Outside, tables looked on the Lagoon and the façade of San Giorgio, white in the night; and in a big, new, gilded room sailors and sergeants played checkers,

and more serious Venetians worked out dismal problems in chess. But we sat in the shabby, stuffy, old, low-ceilinged room, to which nobody ever penetrated except the elderly Englishman and his son, who read the *Standard* in the opposite corner, — after our race with them to the caffè, the winners getting the one English paper first, — and the *caramèi* man with his brass tray of candied fruit, impaled on thin sticks, like little birds on a skewer.

Had the old room been seedier and duller, — dull our company never was, — I still would have seen it through the glamour of youth and thought it the one place for the study of Venice and Venetian life; but nobody who sat there with us would have objected so long as Inglehart presided at our table.

Inglehart was of that large, fair, golden-haired type that suggests indolence and indifference; and as he lolled against the red velvet cushions smoking his Cavour, his eyes half-shut, smiling with casual benevolence, he looked incapable of action, and as if he did not know whether he were alone or not, and cared less. And yet, he had a record of activity behind him; he always inspired activity in others; he was rarely without a large and devoted following. He it was who drew 'the boys' from Munich to Florence, and from Florence to Venice, and 'the boys' have passed into the history of art. And he it also was who packed them off again before they learned how easy it is to be content in Venice without doing anything; though I fancied he was rather glad to indulge in that content himself. That he had not quite reached the point of idling all day, but was busy over his Venetian etchings, I knew from J., who spent many hard-working hours in his studio, while I stared from the windows of the Casa Kirsch, making believe I was gathering material; or strolled on the Riva pre-

tending to market for my mid-day meal, although the baker was almost next door, and the man from whom I bought the little dried figs, that nowhere are so dried and shriveled up as in Venice, was seldom more than a minute away.

We were never alone with Inglehart at the Orientale. The American Consul dropped in, as he had for so many years that half his occupation would have gone if he had n't dropped in any longer. Martin joined us because he loved to argue anybody into a temper; and, as he was an awful bore, succeeded so well with most people that he could not understand or accept his failure with Inglehart, and was forever coming back, making himself a bigger bore than ever by trying again. But Shinn was the only man I ever knew to put Inglehart into a temper, and that was by asking him deferentially one night if he did not think St. Mark's a very fine church; the next minute, however, calming him down by inviting him out 'in my gandler.'

Arnold found the caffè as comfortable a place to sleep in as any other. Like Sancho Panza, he had a talent for sleeping. He had made his name and fame as one of the Harvard baseball team in I-will-not-say-what year, and sleep had been his chief occupation ever since. He was supposed to be in Venice to study with Inglehart, at whose studio he arrived regularly at the same hour every morning. And as regularly he was snoring before he had been sitting in front of his easel for ten minutes. Inglehart would come round, shake him, and, before he slept again, put a touch to his study. Then Inglehart would work on until he had finished it and, unless it slid off the canvas with the quantity of bitumen he used (there was a story of the beautiful eyes in a beautiful portrait sliding down into the chin of the pretty girl who was posing), Arnold,

waking up, would carry off the painting, unconscious that he had not finished it. Nobody can say how many Ingleharts are masquerading at home as Arnolds, while their owners wonder why Arnold has never since done any work a tenth as good.

The one thing that roused him was baseball, and he was in fine form on the afternoons when he and a few other enthusiasts spent an hour or so on the Lido for practice. The Englishmen did not much believe in the stories they heard of him as a baseball player. It was not easy for anybody to believe that a man who was always tumbling off to sleep on the slightest provocation could play anything decently. But I was told that one day he was wide enough awake to be irritated, and he bet a dinner he could pitch the swell British cricketer among them three balls, not any one of which he could catch. And on Easter Monday they all went over to the Lido. The Briton asked for a high ball; it skimmed along near the ground and then rose over his head as he stooped for it. He asked for a low one; it came straight for his nose and, when he dodged, it dropped and went between his legs. He asked for a medium one; it curved away out to the right, he rushed for it, it curved back again and took him in the manly bosom. The rest of the Britons and 'the boys,' they say, enjoyed the dinner more than he did.

But most constant of our little party was Jobbins, our one Englishman, or, rather, the one Englishman we tolerated, who came in late to the Orientale — where, or if, he dined none of us could say — with the stool and canvas and paint-box he had been carrying about all day from one *campo*, or *calles*, or *canale*, to another, in search of a subject. The trouble with Jobbins was that he had passed too brilliantly through South Kensington to do the

teaching for which he was trained, or anything but paint great pictures, the subjects for which he could never find; his mistake was to want to paint them in Venice where there is nothing to paint that has not been painted hundreds, or thousands, or millions, of times before; and his misfortune was not to find in adversity the comfort and hope which the philosopher believes to be its reward. He had become, in consequence, the weariest man who breathed. It made me tired to look at him. Later on he was given a good post as teacher somewhere in India, but he lived such a short time to enjoy it, that I was sure he was homesick for Venice and the search after the impossible, and the old days when he was so abominably hard-up that even J. and I were richer. Of the complete crash by which we all gained, — including the man who got the Whistler painted on the back of a Jobbins panel, — I still have reminders in the brass plaque and bits of embroideries and brocades which J. bought to help save the situation, at the risk of creating a new one from which somebody would have to save us.

For all his weariness, Jobbins looked ridiculously young. He insisted that this was what lost him his one chance of selling a picture. He was painting in the Frari, a subject he vainly hoped was his own, when an American family of three came and stared over his shoulder. 'Why, it's going to be a picture!' the small child discovered. 'And he such a boy, too!' the mother marveled. 'Then it can't be of any value,' the father said in the loud, cheerful voice in which American and English tourists in Venice make their most personal comments, convinced that nobody can understand, though every other person they meet is a fellow countryman.

A story used to be told of Bunney at

work in the Piazza, on his endless study of St. Mark's for Ruskin, one cold winter morning, when three English girls, wrapped in furs, passed. One stopped behind him. "Oh, Maud! Ethel!" she called, "do come back and see what this poor shivering old wretch is doing."

The talk in our corner of the Orientale kept us in the past until I began to fear that, just as some people grow prematurely gray, so J. and I, not a year married, had prematurely reached the time for creeping in close about the fire — or a caffè table — and telling gray tales of what we had been. It was a very different past from that which tourists were then bullied by Ruskin into believing should alone concern them in Venice. We were not tourists, we were none of us seeing sights, being far too busy doing the work we were there to do; and for us 'the boys' gave the date which over-shadowed every other in Venetian history. Nothing that had happened in Venice before or after counted, though 'the boys' were a good deal over-shadowed by Whistler, who had been there with them for a while.

It was extraordinary how the Whistler tradition had developed and strengthened in the little more than four years since he had left Venice. Not only at the Orientale, but at any caffè where two or three artists were gathered together, Whistler stories were certain, sooner or later, to be told. It was then we first heard the goldfish story, and the devil-in-the-glass story, and the Wolkoff-pastel story, and the farewell-feast story, and the innumerable stories pigeon-holed by 'the boys' for future use, and so recently told by J. and myself in the greatest story of all — the story of his Life — that it is too soon for me to tell them again.

As I did not at the time know Whistler, I shared the popular idea of him as a man who might be ridiculed, abused,

feared, hated, anything rather than loved. But to my astonishment, none of them could speak of him without affection. "Not a bad chap," Jobbins would forget his weariness to say, "not half a bad chap!" And one night he told one of the few Whistler stories not yet told in print. "He rather liked me," said Jobbins, "liked to have me about, and to help on Sundays when he showed his pastels. But that was n't my game, you know, and I got tired of it, and one Sunday when lots of people were there and he asked me to bring out that drawing of a calle with tall houses, and away up above clothes hung out to dry, and a pair of trousers in the middle, I said, "Have you got a title for it, Whistler?" "No," he said. "Well," I said, "call it an Arrangement in Trousers," and everybody laughed. I'd have sneaked away, for he was furious. But he would n't let me, kept his eye on me, though he did n't say a word until they'd all gone. Then he looked at me rather with that Shakespeare fellow's *Et tu Brute* look: "Why, Jobbins, you, who are so amiable!" That was all. No, not half a bad chap."

Now and then, talk of 'the boys,' reminding Inglehart of his own student days, would lead him into more personal reminiscences, when the stories were of his adventures — sometimes on Bavarian roads, singing and fiddling his way from village to village; sometimes in Bavarian convents, teaching drawing to pretty novices and kept in order by stern Reverend Mothers; sometimes in American towns painting the earliest American mural decorations — and he could have painted many more if the difficulty of deciding upon a subject and, after he did decide, getting more than one figure into the design, had not kept him from carrying out the first big twelve-thousand-dollar commission ever given to anybody in America. And he probably

would have plunged us into still deeper depths of reminiscence and romance but for the descent upon Venice of the men from Munich.

They were only three, McFarlane, Anthony, and Thompson, but they had not journeyed all the way from Munich to talk about 'the boys' and to drop sentimental tears over old love-tales. They were off on an Easter holiday and meant to make the most of it. Because Inglehart was Inglehart, they gave up the gayer caffè in the Piazza to be with him in the sleepy old Orientale. But they were not going to let it stay a sleepy old Orientale if they could help themselves. Their very first evening Inglehart ordered two glasses of milk — to steady his nerves, he said, though he politely attributed the unsteadiness to the tea he had been drinking. People drifted to our room from outside, and from the new room, to see what the noise was about, until there was not a table to be had. The old Englishman and his son put down the *Standard* and laughed with us. The caramei man went away with an empty tray, I do believe the only time he was ever bought out in his life; and McFarlane treated us all to *tamarindo* to drink with the fruit, and he wound up his extravagance by buying a copy of the Venetian paper 'the boys' used to call the *Barabowow*.

Nor did the transformation end here. The men from Munich were so smart, that we were shocked into the consciousness of our shabbiness. Inglehart, who had been happy in an old ulster with holes in the pockets and rips in the seams, dazzled the caffè by appearing in a jaunty spring overcoat. J. exchanged his old trousers with a green stain of acid down the leg for the new pair he had hitherto worn only when he went to call on the Bronsons, or to dine with Mr. Horatio Brown, where I could not go because I was so

much more hopelessly shabby. But in the Merceria I could at least supply myself with gloves and veils; while Jobbins unearthed a fresh cravat from somewhere. And we began to feel apologetic for the shabbiness and general down-at-heelness of Venice which was boring the men from Munich to extinction — really they were so bored, they said, that all day they found themselves looking forward to the caramei man as the town's one excitement.

I thought the illuminations on Easter Sunday evening — when the Piazza was 'a fairyland in the night,' and the music deafened us, and the Bengal lights blinded us — would help to give them a livelier impression; but though they came with us to Florian's it was plain they pitied us for being so pleased. They could n't, for the life of them, see why the place had been cracked up by Ruskin. Nothing was right. The language was not worth learning. At the Panada, after we had given our order for dinner, McFarlane would murmur languidly, '*Lo stesso*,' which he declared the one useful word in the Italian dictionary; to it Thompson added a mysterious '*Sensa crab*,' when Rossi suggested '*Piccoli fees*,' under the delusion that he was talking English. Anthony was quite content with the vocabulary the other two supplied him. The climate was as deplorable: either wet and cold, when the Italian *scaldino* was n't a patch on the German stove, and a gondola became a freezing machine; or warm and enervating so that they could n't keep awake.

They dozed in their gondola, they yawned in St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace and all the other places Camillo, their gondolier, was inhuman enough to wake them up to look at. The beauty of Venice was exaggerated, or if they did come to a bit that made them pull their sketch-books out of their pockets,

Camillo was at once bothering them to do it from just where Guardi, or Canaletto, or Rico, or Whistler, or Ruskin, or some other old boy had painted, etched, or drawn it. But it was Venetian art that got most on their nerves. They had given it a fair chance. 'Trot out your Tintoretto,' they said to Camillo every morning; and he carried them off to the Palace, and the Academy, and more churches than they thought there were in the world, and at last to the Scuola di San Rocco. And there a solemn man in spectacles took them in hand. They said to him, too, 'Trot out your Tintoretto,' and he led them up to a big, dingy canvas, and they said, 'Trot out your next,' and they went the rounds of them all, and they asked, 'Where's your Inglehart?' and he said he had never heard of Inglehart, and they said, 'Why, he's here!' and they left him hunting, and were back in their gondola in ten minutes; and they guessed they could do with Rubens! I trembled to think of the shock to tourists, religiously studying Baedeker and Ruskin, could they have heard the men of Munich talk of art and of Venice.

Perhaps their disappointment in Venice was the reason of their preoccupation with Munich. Certainly 'Now at Munich,' was the beginning and end of the talk, as 'when the boys were here' had been before they came. They would not admit that anything good could exist outside of Munich. I remember Inglehart once suggesting that Paris was the best place for the student, to whom it was a help just to see what was going on round him. 'But what does go on round the student there?' McFarlane interrupted. 'It's all fads in Paris. What do they talk about in Paris to-day but values? [This, remember, was a quarter of a century ago.] That's all they teach the student, all they think of. Look at

Lesling's picture last year. They all raved over it, said it was the *clou* of the Salon, medaled it, bought it for the Luxembourg, and I don't know what all. And what was it? — Pale green sheep in the foreground, pale green mountains in the background, so pale you could shoot peas through them. That's what you have to do now to make a success in Paris — get your values so that you can shoot peas through 'em. And what will it be to-morrow? And what help is it to the student anyway?'

What the student saw going on round him in Munich was, as well as I could make out, chiefly balls and pageants. To this day I cannot help thinking of life in Munich as one long spectacle. Inglehart, who could talk with calmness of his painting, was stirred to animation when he recalled the parts he had played in it. He could not conceal his pride in his success as a South Sea Islander, achieved by the simple means of burnt Sienna rubbed into him so vigorously that it took months to get it out again, and a blanket which he mislaid toward morning so that his walk home at dawn, like a savage skulking in the shadows, was a triumph of realism. Pride, too, colored his account of his appearance as a socialist carpenter inciting to riot in the streets of an elaborate Old Munich, the origin of Old London and Old Paris and all the sham old towns that exhibitions have long since staled for us. But his masterpiece was his dissipated gentleman, like all masterpieces a marvel of simplicity. He hired evening clothes, he rolled in the gutter on his way to the ball, and it was done; but the art, he said, was in the rolling, and his was so masterly that at the door he was mistaken for the real thing and, if friends had not come up just in time, the door would have been shut in his face.

He was as enthusiastic over the

Charles V ball, though all the artists of Munich contributed to its splendor, working out their costumes with such respect for truth and so regardless of cost, that for months and years afterwards, not a bit of old brocade or lace was to be had in the antiquity shops of Bavaria. And the students were responsible for the siege of an old castle outside the town and, in their archaeological ardor, persuaded the Museum to lend the armor and arms of the correct date, and, in their appreciation of the favor, fought with so much restraint that the casualties were a couple of spears snapped.

And from the studios came the inspiration for that ball Munich talks of to this day, in which all the nations were represented. There was a Hindu temple, a Chinese pagoda, an Indian wigwam. But the crowning touch was the Esquimaux hut. Placed in a hall apart, at the foot of a great stairway, it was built of some composition in which pitch was freely used, lit by tallow candles, and hung with herrings offered for sale by nine Esquimaux dressed in wool for skins. All evening the hut was surrounded; only toward midnight could the crowd be induced to move on to some fresh attraction. In the moment's lull one of the Esquimaux was tying up a line of herrings; he brushed a candle with his arm. In a second he was blazing. Another ran to his rescue. In another second the hut was a furnace and nine men were in flames, with pitch and wool for fuel. One of the few people still lounging about the hut, fearing a panic, gave the signal to the band, who struck up *Carmen*. Never again, McFarlane said, had he listened to the music of *Carmen*, never again could he listen to it, without seeing the burning hut, the men rushing out of it with the flames leaping high above them, tearing at the blazing wool, in their agony turning and twisting as in

some wild fantastic dance, while above the music he could hear the laughter of the crowd, who thought it a joke — a new scene in the spectacle. He snatched a rug from somewhere and tried to throw it over one of the men, but the man flew past to the top of the great stairway. There he was seized and rolled over and over on the carpet until the flames were out. He got up, walked downstairs, asked for beer, drank it to the dregs, and fell dead with the glass in his hand, the first freed from his agony. Of the nine but two survived. Seven lay, with their hut, a charred heap on the ground, before the laughing crowd realized what a pageant of horror Fate had planned.

Munich stories, before the night was over, had to be washed down with Munich beer which at that time as still, I fancy, was best at Bauer's. By some unwritten law, inscrutable as the written, though I might sit all evening the only woman at our table in the Orientale, — oftener than not the only woman in the caffè, — it was not the thing for me to go on to Bauer's. Therefore, first, the whole company would see me home. It was a short stroll along the Riva, and so beautiful were the April nights that the men from Munich could not hold out against the enchantment of Venice in spring. I felt it a concession when McFarlane admitted the loveliness of Venice by starlight, and I knew the game of boredom was up when, in this starlight, he decided that, after all, there might be more in the Tintoretos than he thought; if only he had time to study them. But Easter holidays do not last forever, and the day soon came when the men from Munich had to go back to where all was for the best in the best of all towns, but where no doubt, on the principle that we always prefer what we have not got at the moment, they told the fellows in the Bier Kellers that only in Venice

was life worth while, that Rubens was dingy, and that they guessed they could do with Tintoretto.

Somehow, we were never the same after they left us; not, I fancy, because we missed them, but because we could hold out still less against the spring. When the sun was so warm and the air so soft, when in the little canals wisteria bloomed over high brick walls, when boat-loads of flowers came into Venice with the morning, when at noon the Riva was strewn with sleepers, — then indoors and work became an impertinence. J. and Inglehart no longer stayed in the studio. I gave up collecting material from my window and lunch from the Riva. Jobbins interrupted his search, Martin his argument, the Consul his dropping-in.

There was never a fête in the Piazza that we were not there, watching or walking with the bewildering procession of elegant young Venetians, and peasants from the mainland, and officers, and soldiers, and gondoliers with big caps set jauntily on the curls, and beautiful girls in the gay fringed shawls that have disappeared from Venice and the wooden shoes that once made an endless patter along the Riva but are heard no more, and Greeks, and Armenians, and priests, and beggars, passing up and down between the arcades and the caffè tables overflowing far into the square: St. Mark's more unreal than ever in its splendor, with its domes and galleries and traceries against the blue of the Venetian night.

There was never a side-show on the Riva that we did not interrupt our work to go and see it; whether it was the circus in the little tent, with the live pony, the most marvelous of all sights in Venice; or the acrobats tumbling on their square of carpet; or the blindfolded, toothless old fortune-teller, whose shrill voice I can still hear mumbling '*Una volta soltanto per*

Napoli!' when she was asked if Naples, this coming summer, as the last, would be ravaged by cholera. She was right, for in the town, cleaned out of picturesqueness, cholera could not again do its work in the old wholesale fashion.

There was never an excursion to the islands that we did not join it. To visit some of the farther islands was not so easy in those days, except for tourists with a fortune to spend on the gondolas that we could not afford; and we were grateful to the occasional little steamboat that undertook to get us there, though it meant going with a crowd and a brass band, for all the world like an excursion to Coney Island. But the Lagoon was as beautiful from a steamboat as from a gondola, the sails of the fishing-boats touching it with as brilliant color, the islands lying as peacefully upon its shining waters, the bells of the many *campanili* coming as sweetly to our ears, the sky above as pure and radiant; and it mattered not how we reached the islands, they were as enchanting when we landed.

There was one wonderful day at Torcello, where nothing could mar the loveliness of its solitude and desolation; its old cathedral full of strange mosaics and stranger memories; the green space in front that was once a piazza, tangled with blossoms and sweet-scented in the May sunshine; the purple hills on the mainland melting into the pale sky. And there was another at Burano, with its rose-flushed houses and gardens and traditions of noise and quarrels, and girls who followed the boat on the bank and pelted us with roses, until Jobbins vowed he would go and live there — and he did, but a market-boat brought him back in a week. And there were days at Chioggia, the canals alive with fishing-boats, and the banks with fishermen mending their nets; and at Murano, busy and beautiful both with the throb of its glass furnaces and the

peace of the fields where the dead sleep; and on the Lido where green meadows were sprinkled with daisies and birds were singing. More wonderful were the nights, coming home, when the gold had faded from sea and sky, the palaces and towers of Venice rose low on the horizon as in a city of dreams, the Lagoon was turned by the moon into a sheet of silver, lights like great fireflies stole over the water, ghostly gondolas glided past, — then we were the real lotus-eaters drifting to the only lotus-land where all things have rest.

The fussy little steamboat, I found, could rock ambition to sleep as well as a gondola, and life seemed to offer nothing better than an endless succession

of days and nights spent on its deck, bound for wherever it might bear us. But only the Venetian has the secret of doing nothing with nothing to do it on, and if J. and I were to hope for figs with our bread, or even for bread by itself, we had to move on to the next place where work awaited us. And so the last of our nights in Venice came, before spring had ripened into summer, and the last of our mornings when porters again scrambled for our bags, and there were again yells; but this time of '*Partenza!*' and '*Pranta!*' and the train hurried us away from the Panada and the Orientale and the Lagoon to a world where no lotus grows and life is all labor.

THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

VIII

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

AND now, as Lee sits there by the roadside with those two earthy, incarnated spirits frustrated, we find the reason why nothing Longstreet can say assuages his troubled mind; and why the idea of surrender is so galling.

Inasmuch as these spirits were not frustrated by Grant, but primarily and inexorably by our country's destiny, in this lies the significance of Lee's fortune. Oh Fate! you never drew a harder lot than that you drew for him. For he did not believe in Slavery at all; in fact, to him it was repulsive, and an

institution antagonistic to the South's ultimate political weal; yet you put him at the head of the last struggle between Slavery and Freedom in this world!

This speculation as to the temperamental and ingrained qualities of Lee may be wide of the mark; but I think not; for, as sure as we live, such lofty pride and burning enthusiasm are what we have a right to expect when the sterling in human character rings true. This, at least, we know indisputably, that the one thing he dreaded, and was ready to lay his life down rather than submit to, was humiliation; and let us

be thankful that a place has been provided in human breasts for that kind of pride, a pride which rebels at abasement and — what is almost as intolerable — patronizing, sniffing condescension, come from whomsoever, or how, it may. And while you and I, Reader, may not even dream of putting ourselves in the company of the great, yet, in so far as we have that virtue and show it when we should, we claim, with uncovered heads in their presence, a common brotherhood.

And now, before the narrative journeys on, one final word as to Lee. Had the war ended favorably for the South, he would inevitably have been called upon and forced to head a government which, however victorious, in the very nature of things could not have enjoyed peace. For so long as Slavery existed, it would have had its implacable enemies; and sooner or later, torn by internal dissensions, the Border States would, one after another, on account of commercial advantages, have deserted the Confederacy; and it is a question whether Lee's fame, military and political, would not have been left a sad wreck. But be this as it may, the failure of the Confederacy broke the heartstrings of thousands of high-minded Southerners, and I believe that it broke Lee's very heart itself, and the wonder is that death did not come sooner.

Conversation between Longstreet and Lee as to Grant's prospective terms continued in broken sentences till Babcock was seen approaching, and then, as Lee still seemed apprehensive of humiliating demands, Longstreet suggested to him that in that event he should break off the interview and tell Grant to do his worst. The thought of another round seemed to brace him, and he rode with Colonel Marshall to meet the Union commander. So closes Longstreet's account of that incident.

Lee directed Marshall to find a suitable house for the conference, and he chose McLean's, the best in the town, a brick building with elms and locusts about it, and rose-bushes blooming on the lawn. With a cool, inviting veranda, it stood facing west, the last in the village.

Marshall sent his orderly back to notify Lee, and he and Babcock soon were seated in the parlor, the left-hand room as you enter the hall. Meanwhile, Traveller's humane groom removed his bit, and he began to nip the fresh springing grass in the dooryard, while Babcock's orderly sat mounted out in the road, to notify Grant on his arrival. Ord, Sheridan, Custer, Griffin, and with him my friend Merrill, and their staffs, were up the road, only a few hundred yards away, and in full view.

Grant, after dispatching Babcock, mounted at once and followed the Walker's Church Road till he came to the La Grange Road. This he took to the left, and then struck down across Plain Run to the Lynchburg Road. As he passed the left of the First New York Dragoons, some one shouted, 'There comes General Grant.'

He rode directly to Sheridan's group, saying as he drew rein, 'How are you, Sheridan?'

'First-rate, thank you, how are you?' replied Sheridan, with an expressive smile; and then he told Grant what had happened, and that he believed it was all a ruse on the part of the Confederates to get away.

But Grant answered that he had no doubt of the good faith of Lee, and asked where he was.

'In that brick house,' responded Sheridan.

'Well, then, we'll go over,' said Grant; and asked them all to go along with him.

This must have been about one o'clock, for Lyman says that 'at 2:20

Colonel Kellogg, Sheridan's chief commissary, accompanied by a member of Lee's staff, brought a note from Grant to Meade to suspend hostilities.'

Cincinnati, sired by the King of the Turf, Lexington, with his delicate ears, high and thoroughbred port, led the way, and at his side was Rienzi, carrying Sheridan. For some reason or other, perhaps because as a boy I played with the colts on the old home farm, those horses, from the day I saw Grant on Cincinnati and Sheridan on Rienzi in the Wilderness, have seemed like acquaintances to me; and now it pleases my fancy to put them with Traveller in a pasture, far, far beyond the reach of thundering guns or lamenting bugles, — a pasture that remains eternally green.

As Grant mounted the steps and entered the hall, Babcock, who had seen his approach, opened the door. Sheridan, Ord, and the other officers remained outside and took seats on two benches, one on either side of the door, and the steps of the veranda.

Grant, about five feet eight inches tall, his square shoulders inclined to stoop, was without a sword, wore a soldier's dark-blue flannel blouse, displaying a waistcoat of like material, and ordinary top-boots with trousers inside. Boots and clothing were spattered with mud, and, in his memoirs, with his usual unstudied frankness, he says, 'In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private, with the straps of a lieutenant-general [bullion-bordered rectangles, holding on their ground of black velvet one large and two smaller stars], I must have contrasted strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.'

Never was a great man less self-conscious than he, though, as I have observed elsewhere, while at the head of

the Army of the Potomac, he maintained his dignity day in and day out, without charging the air of his headquarters with the usual pompous military fuss. This I know from experience, and although I was a mere boy, had he shown any affectations I believe I should have noticed them.

The kind and cut of his beard, deep-brown in shade, the way his hair lay, and the outline of his face, are familiar; but his eyes, so charitably direct, and his voice, so softly vibrant, veracious and sweet, must have been seen and heard to be duly appreciated. Under the depths of his quiet and modest reserve, lay a persistent and intense doggedness of purpose, as prompt and unconquerable as Lee's pride and burning enthusiasm. And thus strangely balanced, stood those types and creations of American society of their generation, facing each other.

'Grant greeted Lee very civilly,' says Marshall; and I have no doubt that he and his superb kinsman and chief at once felt the charm of that gentle, inflexible composure which every crowned head of the world, who afterward met him, felt and remarked upon.

Lee said to Grant, with his customary urbanity, that he remembered him well in the old army; to which Grant, with his usual modesty, replied that he remembered *him* perfectly, but thought it unlikely that he had attracted Lee's attention sufficiently to be remembered after such a long interval.

Lee soon found himself in a stream of pleasant reminiscence with Grant about the Mexican War; and it could not have been otherwise, for there was something so quietly companionable in Grant's manner that every one whom he met informally and socially always joined him in his unpremeditated talk. And I think I can see Lee's brown, vigilant eyes kindle with inquisitive wonder as, in the course of their con-

versation, they fell on him. The same wonder had been in Meade's and every old officer's eyes, save Sherman's, since Grant's star broke through its dark eclipse. Here stood the man whose marvellous career had started wave after wave of camp-gossip in both armies, — the hero of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, — now about to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, and leave a name shining unchallenged and unclouded at the climax of the war; and yet, in the full glow of this impending fame, mild, unconscious of self, and unpretentious.

It was Lee who finally had to remind Grant of the object of their meeting and suggest that he put his terms in writing, — another proof of Grant's inherent delicacy, which made him reluctant to broach a painful subject.

Grant asked for his manifold order-book and, on receiving it, took a seat at the little centre-table and rapidly, with only a single momentary pause, wrote his terms. He says that when he put his pen to its task, he did not know the first word he should make use of in writing. The terms were as follows:—

APPOMATTOX CT. H., VA., *April 9, 1865.*

GENERAL R. E. LEE,

Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly [exchanged], and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their com-

mands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

When he came to the end of the sentence closing with 'appointed by me to receive them,' he raised his eyes, and they fell on Lee's lion-headed, stately sword, and then he wrote, 'This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses.' Grant probably thought of Traveller, and the pang it would give him to part with Cincinnati were he in Lee's place.

It is needless for me to point out the significance of the last sentence, binding as it did the passions, and pledging the honor, of his country. In short, it meant that there should be no judicial bloodshed, no gibbets, and no mourning exiles. These terms, in the light of all that might have happened after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, which took place within five days of the surrender, lent elevation, repose, and dignity to humanity, and, I have no doubt, the eyes of the country's guardian angel welled with tears of joy.

Grant finishes the terms, rises, goes to Lee and hands him the open order-book. Remaining seated, Lee lays it on the table beside him and with deliberation takes out his spectacles and adjusts them. Slowly and carefully he reads line after line. All eyes are on Lee. A hush, silent as death, prevails. And lo! a storm-beaten figure is at the door, haggard and in ravaged gar-

ments. It is easy to read in her face that it was once the playground of passion; it is easy to see the ashes of burned-out hopes in those blood-shot but once soaring eyes; and it is easy to see, too, where care has ploughed deeply her once rose-blooming cheeks. With lean hand and long, trembling finger, her eyes flashing the urgency of immediate compliance, she beckons imperatively across the room to Destiny. With his still and inevitably onward step he makes his way toward her. Clutching him close, she whispers in quick, feverish breath, 'What paper is that he is reading?'

'Who are you?' Destiny asks, fixing his cold gray eyes on her.

'I am the Spirit of Four Years Ago. It was I who made their capitals ring as state after state left the Union, I who fired the first shot at Sumter. It was I who beat the Long Roll at every cross-road and before every door of the Southland. Awake, awake! Come back, come back, oh, drum-throbbing days! But what paper is that he is reading? I am persuaded there must be something dire in it, for I hear the bell in my breast sounding a knell.'

'Those are Grant's terms for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.'

'Stop him! stop him!' screamed the spirit wildly.

Destiny shook his head; she staggered backward, death rattled in her throat. But, as she was about to fall, Charity put her kindly arms about her and then, stroking her tired brow, led her away.

Barely have they cleared the door when another figure appears, gaunt, blood-stained, reeking of the lair, with inveterate malice in his hard, hard face. He needs no Plutonic herald to proclaim him Revenge. But see that darkening frown on the noble countenance of Magnanimity as he ap-

proaches the newcomer and asks in subdued tones, loaded with reproach, 'What are you doing here?'

'What does Grant mean,' growled the figure, 'by giving such terms to these God-damned rebels!'

'Rebels, God-damned rebels!' exclaimed Magnanimity; 'why, they are kith and kin! sons of Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, and Pinckney! Oh, you miscreant!'

He seized Revenge and flung him far; and great Nature approvingly allowed his crunching bones to break her silence as he fell on the jagged cliffs of Hate. Courage and Manliness greeted their brother proudly as he reentered the door, and Mercy, 'the sweetest virtue ever ascribed to God or man,' walked up to him and, lifting her smiling face, put her hand in his.

When Lee came to the end he raised his eyes, looked at Grant, and remarked, 'This will have a very happy effect upon my army.'

Grant then said he would have the terms copied in ink, unless he had some suggestions to make. Lee replied, one only, — that the cavalry and artillerymen owned their own horses, and he would like to understand whether or not they would be allowed to retain them. Grant told him the terms as written would not allow of this, but, as he thought this was about the last of the war, he would instruct the officers in carrying them out to allow every one claiming to own a horse or a mule to take the animal to his home, so that they could put in a crop to tide them through the next winter, which he feared might be one of want and suffering, owing to the wide devastation.

Lee is reported to have said then, 'This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying, and will do much toward conciliating our people.'

When on my visit to Appomattox last autumn, I had proof of Lee's prophecy from the lips of one of Virginia's well-bred matrons, the wife of Colonel Abbitt, who commanded a regiment in Wise's brigade. During a call of respect to her and her mild-faced, battle-tried husband (we were on the porch; before us a long-stemmed red dahlia was in bloom, the shadows of venerable oaks mottled the sward, and the old plantation lay dreaming), she said, with gentle voice, 'I never like to hear our people speak unkindly of Grant, for the armies had stripped us of everything we had in the way of food, and I think the supplies we got from the officers he left saved us from almost starving. No, I never like to hear any one abuse Grant.'

The terms were put in writing by Colonel Parker of Grant's staff, a full-blooded Indian, a chief of the historic Six Nations, whose empire England, in the early days, had recognized. Parker's stature was imposing—he was as tall as Lee and heavier; his eyes were coal-black, and his face had the broad commanding features of his race. He carried the table which Grant had used to the opposite corner of the room, and Colonel Marshall, a son of Lee's sister, and a gentleman through and through, let him have his small box-wood inkstand and pen.

While Parker was copying the terms, Ord, Sheridan, Rawlins, and others, were presented to Lee, but the only one whom he greeted with any cordiality was Seth Williams; to the others he bowed formally. When Williams, with his usual spontaneous spirit of comradeship, referred to something amusing that had happened during their service together at West Point, one as adjutant, the other as superintendent, Lee's only response was a slight inclination of the head.

A paraphrase of what Grant says in

his memoirs of Lee and his manner at this interview, may be pertinent: namely, that Lee was a man of much dignity, and with a face so impassive that Grant did not know the character of his feelings, and that, whatsoever they may have been, they were entirely concealed from observation. He goes on to say: 'My own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst, for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of those who were opposed to us.'

The cause which Grant had in mind was obviously Slavery, and, while it was the primal cause of the war, yet the people of the South did not lay down their lives in defense of the right to buy and sell human beings, and to charge them now with that offense is to my mind basely calumnious. No; Slavery, as a lawfully acknowledged institution, went up with the smoke of the first house that was burned, and the animating principle then, and to the end, was the defense of home and of the rights of the states to govern themselves.

While the terms were being copied, Lee told Grant that he had a number of prisoners whom he should be glad to release, as he had no provisions for them or his own men, who had been living for the last few days on parched corn and what they could gather along the route. Grant asked him to send the prisoners within his lines, and said that he would take steps at once to have Lee's army supplied, but was sorry to say that he was entirely without forage for the animals. An inquiry as to the number of men to be fed Lee was unable to answer, and Grant asked, 'Sup-

pose I send over twenty-five thousand rations, will that be enough?’

‘More than enough,’ replied Lee.

Grant directed Morgan, his chief commissary, to see that Lee’s army was fed.

By this time the terms were copied, and when they were signed it was about half-past two or three o’clock. Lee shook hands with Grant, bowed to the other officers, and left the room. Colonel Paine of Ord’s staff says: ‘As Lee came out of the room, and stopped for a moment in the doorway, those of us on the porch arose and complimented him with the usual salute to a superior officer. He seemed pleased at this mark of respect and, looking to the right and the left, he raised his own hat in recognition of the attention. As he drew on a pair of apparently new gloves, he stood so close to me that his initials, worked in white silk on the guard of the gauntlet, were plainly observed.’

Having signaled for his horse, Lee stood on the lowest step of the veranda while the groom was rebridling him, and from time to time, his eyes resting on the leaning fields spotted by the colors of the army he had just surrendered, he smote his gauntleted hands together unconsciously. When Traveller was led up, he mounted him at once. Grant then stepped down from the veranda and, as he passed Lee, touched his hat. Lee returned the salute and rode away. Marshall says that, if General Grant and the officers who were present at the McLean house had studied how not to offend, they could not have borne themselves with more good breeding.

II

On Lee’s departure, General Grant mounted Cincinnati and, having ridden some distance, dismounted on being reminded that he had not notified the

War Department, called for pencil and paper, and telegraphed Stanton briefly that the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered to him on terms proposed by himself. He then remounted and went to his headquarters, which meanwhile had been pitched on a knoll a mile or so up the road toward Appomattox Station.

When I visited the spot, on that misty morning already referred to, the ground about was covered almost knee-high with a stubble of tall, intermatted coarse grass and weeds, chiefly asters, with stunted white blossoms. Crawling here and there up through the grass and to the mist-drenched tops of the weeds, were vines like morning-glories, with now and then on their wavering stems a single bell-shaped, pink flower. The field, a pretty large one, declines to the east, and in the rising one beyond, a pasture dotted with trees and colonies of young sassafras and persimmon, stood an old deserted tobacco-house veiled in the mist. A herd of cattle, twenty or more, with bells of different tones, was grazing toward the south.

Almost as soon as Grant reached his headquarters, the trains carrying rations started on their humane mission, and with them went a hamper from Custer to his classmate ‘Gimlet’ Lee, colonel of a North Carolina regiment, and its historian says that Lee invited some of his officers to join him at luncheon. By the time the order announcing the surrender was promulgated, the rations were being issued. It was then nearly four o’clock.

Joy overflowed every heart of the Army of the Potomac when it was officially told that Lee’s army had surrendered. Men threw their hats in the air and cheered themselves hoarse, bands played, and officers, young and old, embraced each other, not in exultation over their foe, but because, at

last, after four long years in defense of their country, the end had come — victory with healing on its wings.

The official news reached Meade on Humphreys's front at five o'clock. Major Pease was the bearer of the happy tidings. Webb, Meade's chief of staff, at once led three cheers with swinging hat, and then three more for Meade, who of all men should have been present at the McLean house. He had been unwell and, for a good share of the day, had lounged in an ambulance; but on receipt of the joyful news he mounted his horse and, preceded by a bugler sounding triumphantly to clear the way, rode down through his men whom he had led so long and so well; and Lyman, who was riding at his side, records that the color-bearers brought up their flags and waved them, and that the patient, silent old Army of the Potomac burst into a frenzy of excitement, rushing to the sides of the road and shouting till his very ears rang with the cheering.

Pretty soon Wright ordered the heroic, brown-eyed Cowan, a man of noticeable presence and stature, whose ancestors brought him a child from the land of Wallace and Bruce, to fire a national salute. The guns began to roar, and Bernard of Petersburg, author of an interesting book entitled, *War Talks of Confederate Veterans*, who was on furlough, says that as he and his party, on their return, jogged along near Amherst Court House, the sound of distant artillery from the direction of Appomattox Court House reached their ears. 'But there was an ominous regularity in the firing of the guns.' The guns were Cowan's, and Grant, as soon as he heard them, sent orders for bidding salutes. Nature has her mysteries, and she has carefully hidden her final purposes from the ken of men, but in one respect she has been benignantly open and wise, — she has left

the traits of the gentleman unmistakable to us all.

Lee, on riding back from the McLean house, established his headquarters for the afternoon by the roadside in the orchard. Now there is only a tree or two left on the southeasterly sloping field.

W. W. Blackford, in the appendix to the second volume of *Memoirs of the War*, a rare and valuable book,¹ says that his command, the Engineer Brigade, under the refined and scholarly Tallcott, was camped near by in the orchard. Blackford records: —

'There were many details about the surrender demanding attention, one of which was securing rations for the army from General Grant's supplies, and officers were going and coming all day. General Lee's staff were bivouacked in the shade of an apple tree near the road, and there Colonel Taylor or Colonel Venable received all visitors. General Lee was under the shade of a tree a little farther back, where he paced backward and forward all day long, looking like a caged lion. General Lee usually wore a plain undress uniform and no arms, except holster-pistols; on this occasion, however, he had put on his full-dress uniform and sword and sash, and looked the embodiment of all that was grand and noble in man. We, the field officers of the First, occupied a tree near General Lee's staff. Colonel Tallcott had been a member of General Lee's staff up to the time he took command of our regiment, and consequently there was a good deal of social intercourse between regimental and army headquarters, and during this day we were all much together, so we were kept posted pretty fully about that all was going on.

'General Lee seemed to be in one of

¹ I am much indebted to Mr. R. C. Blackford, of Lynchburg, Virginia, for the privilege of quoting from this book.

his savage moods, and when these moods were on him it was safer to keep out of his way; so his staff kept to their tree, except when it was necessary to introduce the visitors. Quite a number came; they were mostly in groups of four or five, and some of high rank. It was evident that some came from curiosity, or, as friends in the old army, to see General Lee. But the General shook hands with none of them. It was rather amusing to see the extreme deference shown him by them. When he would see Colonel Taylor coming with a party toward his tree, he would halt in his pacing and stand at "attention" and glare at them with a look which few men but he could assume. They would remove their hats entirely and stand bareheaded during the interview, while General Lee sometimes gave a scant touch to his hat in return and sometimes did not even do that.'

At first sight, there is something a bit discordant in this account with the popular conception of Lee; but to me it only makes the man more real and adds to my admiration for him.

Out of the same mellow and blessed summer sky comes the growling thunder and the speeding lightning. What are we, if not human? Where is there any one, with a drop of red blood in his veins, who, with a cause so dear, and after leading an army like that of Northern Virginia so long and valiantly, could, in the face of what Lee had just gone through wear the look of a saint and curtain his natural feelings with a lace-work of hypocritical smiles,—and Cowan's guns booming,—above all, from the curious who, next to the shallow-pated, supercilious rich, are the most detestable of beings. No, unless a man was a walking diplomatic sham he could not suppress his feelings; on the contrary, God has set times for us all when anger's fires kindle quickly and blaze in every feature. I

am surprised that any of General Lee's old friends should, at that hour, have sought to renew acquaintance; they should have known better.

Late in the afternoon, when Gordon saw him mount Traveller to go to his permanent headquarters at the foot of the majestic oak that was waiting for him, he sent word for his men to give their loved commander a cheer as he passed, for he told them that Lee was feeling badly. Longstreet says:—

'From force of habit a burst of salutations greeted him, but quieted as suddenly as they rose. The road was packed by troops as he approached, the men with hats off, heads and hearts bowed down. As he passed they raised their heads and looked upon him with swimming eyes. Those who could find voice said, "Good-bye"; those who could not speak, and were near, passed their hands gently over the sides of Traveller. He rode with his hat off, and he had sufficient self-control to fix his eyes on a line between the ears of Traveller and look neither to right nor left until he reached a lone white oak tree, where he dismounted to make his headquarters and finally talked a little.'

Alexander records: 'He [Lee] told the men that in making the surrender he had made the best terms possible for them, and advised all to go to their homes, plant crops, repair the ravages of the war, and show themselves as good citizens as they had been good soldiers.' And all who were present say that tears were in his eyes. He then appointed Longstreet, Gordon, and Pendleton as commissioners to meet Gibbon, Griffin, and Merritt, of our army, to formulate details for carrying out the terms of capitulation.

Meanwhile Grant, according to Porter's most realistic account of what took place at the McLean house, seated himself in front of his tent, on

reaching camp. No cheers greeted him as he rode thither (had it been McClellan the army would have gone wild and their voices would have shaken the skies over him). Well, Grant seated himself in front of his tent, and what do you suppose he talked about? The surrender, of course. No, he turned to Ingalls and inquired, —

‘Ingalls, do you remember that old white mule that So-and-so used to ride when we were in the city of Mexico?’

‘Why, perfectly!’ exclaimed the diplomatic Ingalls, one of the best poker players of the old army, who, having to draw suddenly on his wits (it is barely possible that he had never even heard of the old mule before), filled his hand as usual.

Ingalls was clever. I used to look at him with a boy’s keen interest. A man of the world, true as steel to his friends, and a most efficient officer.

Grant, until supper was ready, went on recalling the antics of the long-eared, nimble-footed animal in those far-back times; times and mule doubtless evoked by his interview with Lee. His detached naturalness and summer calm in this hour of victory, I could not have believed possible, had I not seen him day after day on the field.

After supper, to the surprise and disappointment of his staff, who were looking forward to witnessing the ceremonial of surrender, Grant announced that on the following afternoon he proposed to start for Washington. He also expressed, with customary informality, his conviction that all the other Confederate armies would now lay down their arms and that peace would soon prevail. And thus, without vainglory, before his camp-fire on that knoll, where now the asters and the bind-weed bloom, Grant ended the great day when the sun of the Confederacy set, one among the greatest days, I think, in the annals of our country.

III

Meanwhile, night had fallen, and the camp-fires had been lit, but no moon or stars looked down softly on the field of the last act of the tragedy. For nature, as if in sympathy with the moods of the broken-hearted, had let fall a dark, responsive curtain, and the expanded heavens were black, draped as with a pall.

And now, as the bivouacs of the armies come into view, they are, as you see, on every slope and by every brook, their fires gleaming in the leafy bough of every wood and by the side of every road, each surrounded by figures of men, some upright, some prone, and many sitting with clasped knees; those in blue with dreamy joy, those in gray with sad and moistened eye. As all this breaks on my vision, a sense of loneliness comes over me. I know that I ought to feel glad, glad that Democracy has won her triumph, and that peace has come; but for some reason or other, as the field of Appomattox lies before me with its two old armies, the pitchy darkness fretted with their lonely camp-fires, my heart beats low and my eyes are swimming. Back come again those war days when, as a boy, I followed the flag; back come the nights of Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor; and the slender chords that nature has strung across the abysses of my weak heart are vibrating sadly.

And listen! The bands are playing ‘Home, Sweet Home.’

Come, dear Reader, let us withdraw, — the feeling is too tender; let us go beyond the reach of those pathetic notes, up to that oak-timbered ridge which rises steeply west of the Court House, and there sit till the bugles sound ‘taps.’

How the dry leaves scuffle under our feet as we disturb them in their quiet

beds! But here we are; let us sit down on this fallen stub, once in the vanguard of the venerable trees, to greet the morning sun. No wind is astir, and dogwood, oak, beech, maple, and gum about us are holding their blooming spring-time festival; for it is April. Deep is their silence; the Appomattox, which rises at their feet, is murmuring the news it will tell to the sea, and a little frog, free from man's troubles, pipes child-like in the sedges.

We can see nearly all of the campfires of the Army of the Potomac; there is Grant's, too; but we cannot see Lee's, for it is up in the woods at the foot of that large white oak. But we can see those of his men who are bivouacking on the gullied slopes that pitch down to the river. And how each one of them, as well as those of the Army of the Potomac, glows softly through the darkness like a lonely topaz! The sight of those fires, with all they mean, will outlast many a memory; for each one of our intellectual faculties has its own special treasure, and, thank God, should the winds of fortune blow too chill, the humblest farmer's boy can withdraw in his old age to the picture gallery of his youth!

Night with her noiseless step moves on. The fires are burning low. Hark! the first bugle is sounding 'taps,' and one by one the call is taken up in the camps. And let me tell you, Reader, that if you have never heard it blown on the field, you will not realize its depth; that call, to be at its best, must be heard on the edge of a battlefield and in the presence of an enemy. Then the night envelopes neighboring woods, and the vaulted starry skies seem to lend each lamenting note some of their own subdued loneliness. And now the last one is dying away — and the day is done.

But before we leave this spot, let us not forget that it is a Sunday night,

and that in many a country home, North and South, the little sleepy ones are assembled for evening prayer, and fathers, — or too often it is a pale, widowed mother, — on bended knees, with palm to palm, are thanking God for mercies, asking Him to watch over them during the night, imploring Him earnestly to bring peace once more to the land, and adding with low, trembling voice, a prayer that 'He will protect and guard the absent soldier-boy.'

To-morrow they will hear that the war is over. Speed, speed on, glad tidings to every door in the land! Unworthy as we are, let us kneel and join in a silent prayer of thankfulness that the end of the strife has come and that no more homes, North or South, will hear the blighting news of a son who has died in a hospital or been killed in battle; but ere we rise, let us ask Him to send his comforter to our enemies, the broken-hearted Confederates of the Army of Northern Virginia; and I think I can hear from every mountain range and every wave-washed beach a respondent, 'Amen, and Amen.'

A peevish voice hails, — it sounds like that of a carping professor of literature: 'I thought we were to have an account of a famous military campaign and he has led us to a prayer-meeting! He does not seem to have the first idea of true narrative continuity!' Well, perhaps not; but continuity or no continuity, which would you rather follow, a canal, or some insignificant rivulet wandering from field to field, which, although without depth, yet for a moment now and then, besides the actual mundane facts, reflects cloud and star, and once in a while breaks into a low little gurgle of its own?

The narrative might linger reflectively in the shadow of the four years of war that had been waged so bitterly by the two sleeping armies, sponsors now for all their absent, valiant dead;

and it might dwell, too, on what Appomattox meant in the way of progressive national life. But on it must go. As to what Appomattox meant, historically and politically, that I shall leave to other pens, with this single suggestion, that it is not in our country's stupendous growth and world-recognized power that the war finds its true measure. It has other terms than those of commerce and wealth. In short, it supplies to our countrymen what Grote says the Iliad did to the Greeks, 'a grand and inexhaustible object of common sympathy, common faith, and common admiration.'

Sleep on, then, Army of the Potomac and Army of Northern Virginia, and sleep well; your countrymen's 'common sympathy, common faith, and common admiration,' will, through the powers of mind and heart, camp you together on a field higher than this.

The next morning, a rain began that lasted for several days. Grant, with his staff, peace-loving Ord and Gibbon, set out, preceded by a white flag and bugler, to call on Lee. But on reaching the Confederate sentinels at the river, he was halted by them, as they had orders to allow no one to pass; they requested him to wait there till his presence could be made known to Lee. Grant and his party then turned to the little knoll at the left of the road: a tablet marks the spot. As soon as Lee heard that Grant had been stopped on his way to pay him his respects, he mounted and came down from his camp at a gallop, and as he rode he lifted his hat. Grant lifted his, and stepped Cincinnati forward; Lee wheeled Traveller to the left, and the staff fell back into a semi-circle, out of hearing.

There they talked for well-nigh an hour, and Grant says in his memoirs, that 'Lee referred to the extent of the Southern country and that the armies

of the North might have to march over it several times before the war entirely ended, but he hoped earnestly that that would not be necessary, involving, as it would, further destruction of property and useless sacrifice of life.' Grant, in view of this truth, suggested to him that if he would say the word, so great was his influence that every Confederate army would lay down its arms, and the suspended political life would soon resume its peaceful sway. To this Lee replied, with his usual reverence for authority, that he could not usurp executive functions without consulting Mr. Davis.

Marshall says that Lee observed to Grant, in the course of the interview, that if he had met him at Petersburg, or at any time later, they would have ended the war then and there. He does not give Grant's reply, but it was, doubtless, that he had orders from the War Department not to assume to make terms of peace, which Lee as a soldier would have recognized as a complete answer.

At the end of the interview, Lee requested that such explicit instructions be given to the commissioners as to paroles and the carrying out of the details of the terms that there might be no misunderstandings. He then lifted his hat and said good-bye.

He and Grant parted. They never met again.

The question as to who was the greater, Lee or Grant, is no longer an open one: the world has apparently decided irrevocably in favor of Lee. But, nevertheless, I cast my vote for Grant; and on the substantial ground that he was intuitively great; and I can think of no foundation for greatness so unchallengeable and so elemental as intuition.

Grant rode back to the McLean house, and there met Longstreet, Wilcox (who had been his groomsman), Heth, Gordon, Pickett, and others, all

of whom except Gordon were fellow West Point men. Longstreet says that, 'as he was passing through the room, General Grant looked up, recognized me, rose, and with old-time cheerful greeting, gave me his hand, and after passing a few remarks offered a cigar, which was gratefully received.'

At noon Grant shook hands with all of the Confederates, saying goodbye, and then started for Washington, bivouacking that night at Prospect Station.

Meanwhile Meade, with his son George, Webb, and Colonel Theodore Lyman, had set out to see Grant, intending to pay his respects to his old friend Lee on the way. As Field, a large and handsome man, whose hair was very black and worn long, was in command where they entered the Confederate lines at New Hope Church, Meade went to his headquarters first. And here is what Lyman says in his diary:—

'He [Field] guided us to Lee's headquarters, in a small wood, and consisting only of a flag with a camp-fire before it. His baggage had perhaps been burnt the night before, along with much more; we saw many burnt wagons here and there. The rebel infantry was camped or rather bivouacked along the road, with their muskets stacked and the regimental colors planted. They appeared to have very little to eat and very few shelter tents. The number of men actually equipped seemed small, the bivouacs did not appear larger than those of a weak corps. Lee was away, but as we rode along we met him returning. He looked in a brown study, and gazed vacantly when Meade saluted him. But he recovered himself and said,—

"What are you doing with all that gray in your beard?"

"As to that, you have a great deal to do with it!" said our general promptly.

'Lee is a tall, strongly-made man, with a florid, but not fat, face. His thick hair and beard, now nearly white, are somewhat closely trimmed. His head is large and high, the eye dark, clear, and unusually deep. His expression is not that of genius or dash, but of wisdom, coolness, and great determination. His manners are courtly and reserved, now unusually so, of course. Though proud and manly to the last, he seemed deeply dejected. Meade talked with him some time.'

Meade then went on to the McLean house, hoping to find Grant, but he had left. While Lyman was talking to Gibbon, a voice behind him said,—

'How are you, Ted?'

It was 'Roonie' Lee, the General's second son, W. H. F., who had been a college mate of Lyman at Harvard. I never saw this son of General Lee, but often heard his old army friends speak of him with warm affection.

That night Lee sat before his camp-fire with Marshall, and told him to prepare an order to the troops, which on the following day was read and was in these terms.

April 10, 1865.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, General.

A few hours before Lee left, on the following morning, Captain Colston went to see him to say good-bye, and asked him as a favor to write his name on the fly-leaf of a New Testament which he had carried through the war. Lee willingly complied, and now the Testament, and the almost sacred autograph, are in Baltimore, and when death comes to the captain, may all the sweet promises of the book be realized.

Lee, about ten o'clock, accompanied by Marshall, Taylor, and Venable, rode off the field of Appomattox, off into the radiant field of glory; and I think the towering white oak followed him and Traveller with tender interest till they disappeared behind the timbered ridges of wildness and beauty in Buckingham. And who knows that on many and many a night, as the stars shone down, and all the younger generations of oaks, pine, and gum were asleep, the venerable, majestic tree did not commune with itself, wondering how it was going with Lee.

At an early hour on the following day, the 12th, General Chamberlain, of Maine, to whom the honor had been given of receiving the surrender of the arms and colors of Lee's forces, formed his division along the road from the Court House to the river. For reasons

that will unfold, I believe the selection of Chamberlain to represent the Army of the Potomac was providential in this, that he, in the way he discharged his duty, represented the spiritually real of this world. And by this I mean the lofty conceptions of what in human conduct is manly and merciful, showing in daily life in consideration for others, and on the battlefield linking courage with magnanimity and sharing an honorable enemy's woes.

The division he commanded was the first division of the old Fifth Corps, — Warren's, — the unfortunate Warren, to whom, however, with Chamberlain, had fallen the honor of saving Little Round Top and Gettysburg. And yet, mournful as was the grave that Warren filled, yet to clouds, wandering winds, and the glimmering silence of the marching stars, that little wooded hill at Gettysburg repeats with exultation the story of its broken-hearted hero.

Well, Chamberlain led his division to its post along the road; within a stone's throw flowed the Appomattox. On the right of his line stood the Thirty-Second Massachusetts, sponsor for Lexington and Bunker Hill, for Adams, Hancock, Franklin, and the old, unconquerable Puritan spirit.

Deep, deep is the blending in our country's magic life of the hopes and aspirations that have stirred big hearts in all ages. Read the annals of Virginia, and it will be made known to you how the Spirit of Liberty made her home there with the Cavaliers, who fled from Old England for practically the same reasons that drove the Puritans to New England and the Catholics to Maryland. There, at those hospitable hearths she sat, where slaves were treated almost as members of the same family, tears falling down black cheeks as well as white, when death struck either master or slave; there she sat, stirrer of big hearts, kindling Virginia's

torch to light the way to the Declaration.

The troops, facing west, and in single-rank formation, were brought to an 'order arms.' The Confederates, in plain view, began to strike their few weatherworn scattered tents, seize their muskets, and for the last time fall into line. Pretty soon, along Chamberlain's ranks, the word passed, 'Here they come!' And as, in my mind's eye, I see them heading down that road, their colors dotting the gray column like tiger-lilies, my heart beats tenderly. I know how their bearers feel at the thought that they are to lay down their banners and part with them forever, banners which I saw so often, as they floated defiantly over the fields of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania.

On they come, and Gordon is riding at the head of the column. His eyes are cast down and heavy lies his grief, but on he leads the men who had stood with him and whose voices had more than once screamed like the voices of swooping eagles as victory showed her smile; but now he and all are dumb. They are gaining the right of Chamberlain's line; now Gordon is abreast of it, his eyes are still down and he is drinking the very lees, for he thinks that all those men in blue, standing within a few feet of him at 'order arms' are gloating over the spectacle. He is almost opposite Chamberlain, who sits there mounted, the Maltese Cross and the Stars and Stripes displayed behind him; a bugle blows, and instantly the whole Federal line from right to left comes to a 'carry,' the marching salute.

Chamberlain has said: 'Gordon catches the sound of shifting arms, looks up and, taking the meaning, wheels superbly, making with himself and his horse one uplifted figure, with profound salutation as he drops the point of his sword to the boot-toe; then, facing to his own command, gives

word for his successive brigades to pass us with the same position of the manual, — honor answering honor. On our part not a sound of trumpet more, or roll of drum; not a cheer, or word or whisper of vain-glorying, or motion of man standing again at the order; but an awed stillness rather, and breath-holding, as if it were the passing of the dead!'

Great, in the broad and high sense, was the cause battled for, and spontaneous and knightly was this act of Chamberlain's, lending a permanent glow to the close of the war like that of banded evening clouds at the end of an all-day beating rain. It came from the heart, and it went to the heart; and when 'taps' shall sound for Chamberlain, I wish that I could be in hearing, as Maine's granite coast with its green islands and moonlight-reflecting coves takes them up in succession from Portland to Eastport, and as the ocean's voice dies away, hear the vast wildernesses of hemlock, spruce, and pine repeating them with majestic pride for her beloved son.

The Confederate brigades, one after another, came into line, dressed carefully to the right, and then the last command was given — 'Stack arms.' The guns were planted, the bayonets writhing in each other's grasp; equipments were taken off, and then the colors were laid lovingly on the stacks. The color-bearers cried as they turned away. And my eyes swim, too.

Longstreet's men, the men of Chickamauga and Gettysburg, came last, and bringing up the rear was Pickett with the remnant of his division; and the banners which, I suspect, valor has planted on the peaks of History from Thermopylæ down, waved as the old fellows marched by with their torn standards. God's blessings on everyone who wore the gray that day; in peace, sweet peace, I know, rest the dead.

It was a fitting circumstance, and one of mere chance, that Chamberlain was selected, and called on the famous corps to salute their old intrepid enemy at this last solemn ceremonial. Chance, did I say? No, for God, whenever men plough the fields of great deeds in this world, sows seed broadcast for the food of the creative powers of the mind. What glorified tenderness it has added to the scene! How it, and the courage of both armies, and Lee's noble character and tragic lot, and Grant's magnanimity and Chamberlain's chivalry, have lifted the historic event up to a lofty, hallowed summit for all people. I firmly believe that Heaven ordained that the end of that epoch-making struggle should not be characterized by the sapless, dreary commonplace; for with pity, through four long years, she had looked down on those high-minded, battling armies, and out of love for them both, saw to it that deeds of enduring color should flush the end.

The ceremony of laying down arms took up the whole day, and all night men in relays were writing the paroles on the shambling little field-press; and on the following morning, as fast as they were distributed, the men set off for home. And with each departing step a deeper stillness comes over the field, and in corresponding mood the current of this narrative slows down;

for, a few more lines and its course is run.

Major William A. Owen, adjutant of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, in his diary thus describes the scene. After receiving the paroles, he assembled his battalion and read Lee's farewell order to them.

'The men listened with marked attention and with moistened eyes as the grand farewell from their old chief was read; and then, receiving their paroles, they every one shook my hand and bade me good-bye, and breaking up into parties of three or four turned their faces homeward, some to Richmond, some to Lynchburg, and some to far-off, ruined Louisiana.

'I watched them until the last man disappeared with a wave of his hand around a curve in the road, then mounted and rode away from Appomattox.'

With this last scene of the great tragedy — that Confederate cannoneer outlined against a golden evening sky, and waving a long farewell — to soft and low falls the beat of my heart. Gone are the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia, the long white trains and rumbling wheels, the dreaming colors and thundering guns, gone to a field which the mind of man by the wings of imagination alone can reach, and in whose beckoning radiance, so sweetly sad, this narrative ends.

(The End.)

ELECTION SUPERSTITIONS AND FALLACIES

BY EDWARD STANWOOD

It is not strange that in the one hundred and twenty years that have elapsed since the National Constitution became effective, a considerable body of political tradition has accumulated. What has happened only once does not impress men's minds. If it happens twice they begin to take notice. There are men who discern an occult and invariable law in the sequence on three successive occasions of a certain event after another event which has no relation to the first, and which could not have caused it. No doubt the superstition that the fall of a mirror forecasts a death in the family arose from the fact that, on several occasions, a death did occur after the fall of a mirror.

It is the same way in politics. In general those who are engaged in the lower activities of campaigns do not take extremely broad views of public affairs, nor do they discern the meaning and foresee the consequences of great events. That which is insignificant, transitory, and local, affects their judgment more than that which is really important. It is easy for such men to see portents and to originate superstitions; and, when their imagination has created them, even men who would not be afraid to walk under a ladder sometimes find themselves unable to persuade themselves that they run no risk in so doing.

Prior to the reelection of General Grant in 1872, there was a superstition prevalent that no man possessed of a middle name could be elected Presi-

dent a second time. The notion was based upon the fact that every President so endowed, up to that time, had, for one reason or another, failed to be reelected: John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren,—if his was a triple name,—William Henry Harrison, and James Knox Polk. Even since Grant, who may be said to have been exempt from all rules, the tradition has held good. Rutherford Birchard Hayes, James Abram Garfield, and Chester Allan Arthur, were not reelected; William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt were; also Grover Cleveland, after the lapse of an intermediate term,—who, it may be suggested, escaped the hoodoo by dropping his first name, Stephen, which his parents incautiously gave him.

How clear it is to a superstitious mind that here is a definite law! Some of those who think there is something in it may fancy that Mr. Bryan had the law in his mind when he assured the country during his last candidacy that if he should be elected he would not be a candidate for a second term,—his middle name, Jennings, barring his further ambition. Now are we to apprehend that the supposedly meagre chances of Mr. Taft in the present canvass are really a result of his father's indiscretion in inserting an ill-fated Howard into his name? Does an evil genius put it into parental hearts to over-name their infant sons and thus prevent them from attaining unto the presidential years of Washington and Lincoln?

There is another superstition, much more commonly held, which has not yet been falsified, that no senator can be elected President. Jackson was a senator when he was defeated in 1824. Clay was a senator when a candidate against Jackson in 1832. Hugh L. White, senator from Tennessee, was one of several Whig candidates against Van Buren in 1836. Douglas was a senator when he was one of the Democratic candidates in 1860. Cass was a senator from Michigan when he was nominated by the Democrats in 1848; and, although he resigned four days after his nomination, — it would be an insult to his memory to suggest that his action was due to a belief in the superstition, — he was defeated, nevertheless. Garfield had been chosen a senator from Ohio when he was nominated for the presidency in 1880, but his term was not to begin until the day when he took the oath as President. In addition to this list, mention might be made of other senators who have been candidates for nomination by national conventions, but have not been successful in that first step. To go no further back than 1860, there are Seward, Cameron, Jefferson Davis, R. M. T. Hunter, Conkling, Oliver P. Morton, Sherman, Edmunds, Bayard, Blaine, Thurman, Logan, Allison, Cockrell, Cummins, La Follette, and others. This is all very queer, but so far as it is not merely a coincidence it can mean nothing more than that senators arouse a certain amount of antagonism against themselves, or do not arouse enthusiasm for themselves. It yet remains for some bold bad man in the Senate to defy the superstition, and by attaining preëminence in statesmanship, force his party to nominate him, and the people to elect him.

It has been unusual for the Vice President to succeed to the first place in the government. After Adams and

Jefferson, no Vice President was elected President until Van Buren broke over the rule; and none since Van Buren until Roosevelt. But there has been no superstition about it. For most of the time in the last forty years, both parties have nominated, for the second place on the ticket, men whom the conventions would never have considered for the first place. It would be invidious to name them or the exceptions to the rule. Moreover, the position and duties of the Vice-President are not such as to keep the incumbent of the office in the public eye.

It is a tradition as yet unbroken that no man is to serve a third term as President. It arose in a simple way. General Washington did not lay it down as a principle; there is no reason to suppose that he held the opinion that a President should not hold office more than eight years. He had originally accepted the office with reluctance, was full of honors, had reached an age when he felt the need of rest from public duties, had become a target for vituperative assaults, and believed that he should make way for others. His reasons for retiring were purely personal. But Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe each in turn gave place to a successor after eight years of service, willingly in all probability, in deference to the example of Washington; yet there is nothing in the political literature of the time to suggest that, with regard to any one of them, there was a movement to continue him in office beyond the two terms.

By the time Jackson became President the Constitution had been in operation forty years, and the tradition was established. Indeed, public opinion had gone even beyond it. There was a general feeling against a second term. Jackson recognized the sentiment, and in every one of his annual messages to Congress during his

first term urged an amendment of the Constitution forbidding the reelection of a President. He was particularly emphatic in the second of those messages, December 6, 1830, in which, after arguing the matter, he said, 'I cannot too earnestly invite your attention to the propriety of promoting such an amendment of the Constitution as will render him [the President] ineligible after a single term of service.' His reiterated recommendations did not prevent him from accepting a second term, or from perpetuating his administration by dictating his successor.

After Jackson, no President was re-elected until 1864, and Lincoln was assassinated six weeks after his second term began. Grant was elected in 1868 and reelected in 1872. As his second term was drawing to a close there were rumors that he was not disinclined to be a candidate for another term. A check upon his aspiration, if in truth he cherished it, was given by a resolution of the House of Representatives, in December, 1875, which declared that 'the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States in retiring from the presidential office after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions.' The resolution was Democratic in its origin, the Democratic party being then in control of the House, and it received the votes of all the members of that party who were present. Eighteen Republicans only opposed the declaration. The affirmative votes numbered 234. Not long afterward, in January, 1876, the House voted, yeas 148, nays 105, to submit to the State legislatures an amendment of the Constitution in these words:—

'No person who has held, or may hereafter hold, the office of President, shall ever again be eligible to said office.'

The resolution failed because it was not supported by a two-thirds vote; but inasmuch as most of the members who opposed it had just previously voted for a substitute, lengthening the term to six years and forbidding reelection, the House showed itself to be practically unanimous against a second term. It may be remarked in passing that no other proposition of amendment has been offered in Congress so many times as this forbidding the reelection of a President, sometimes with and sometimes without an extension of the single term to six years. The Constitution of the Confederate States limited the President to one term of six years.

The third-term question came up again in 1880, when Grant was really a candidate for a third term after the lapse of four years since his retirement. The prolonged contest in the Republican convention of that year, when Mr. Conkling was able to hold his 306 votes for Grant even on the ballot that nominated Garfield, is a part of our political history which is familiar to all. Grant was probably the only President who ever desired a third term. What might have happened in 1908 if Mr. Roosevelt had been willing to lend himself to the fiction that he was then serving his 'first elective term' must forever be left to conjecture. His extraordinary personal and political popularity, then and now, suggests that he might have broken the tradition, — a suggestion that acquires force from the present acquiescence of a great, but as yet unnumbered, body of the people in the theory that the word 'consecutive' should be inserted in this clause of our unwritten Constitution.

We come now to matters connected

directly with the presidential canvass; and they may be considered in something like chronological order. It is needless to say that the following remarks do not fit in with anything that has taken place, or is likely to take place, in the present extraordinary canvass, in which conditions are absolutely as chaotic as they are unprecedented. But they are applicable to most of the presidential contests since the Civil War.

We are, let us say, at the beginning of the canvass, before the national conventions have been held. Politicians and political editors are studying tables of electoral votes and estimating results, — guessing how this State and that will cast its vote.

On both sides a start is made by conceding the 'solid South' to the Democrats, not without a reservation on the part of the Republicans that they have a chance to win some votes in that part of the country. But in fact the South has not been 'solid' since 1892. Five of the Southern States have already broken away, partially or wholly, from their traditional attachment to the Democratic party. Delaware and West Virginia have at the last four quadrennial elections given their electoral votes to the Republican candidates. Maryland did so in 1896, and cast a divided vote in 1904 and 1908. Kentucky was carried by the Republicans in 1896; Missouri, in 1904 and 1908. These are what used to be known 'before the War' as border states, but they did also once form a part of that South which was solid to a degree.

The North has usually been quite as solid as the South, but the circumstances which have brought about solidarity in the one region and the other are altogether different. The South has maintained a defensive attitude against a policy toward the relics of its former 'domestic institution' which it has

fancied the dominant party of the North to be ready at any moment to launch against it; whereas, in truth, as every man in the North, whatever his politics, knows, that party has not for thirty years had the courage to undertake such a policy, however strong its inclination to do so may have been. So the South has been needlessly in an attitude of apprehensive defense, when it might have made itself more secure by an alliance with the timid enemy. The North, on the other hand, has been united because a majority of the people have favored a domestic policy which had no reference to a North or a South, and which is as advantageous or as disadvantageous to the one region as to the other.

It is, unquestionably, the wish of every man who takes a statesmanlike and patriotic view, that no group of States should be solid, but that the citizens of any State should approach national questions in a national spirit, differing in opinion as they must, but seeking to promote the general welfare, and fearing no assaults upon their own local interests, because convinced that their political opponents are as patriotic as themselves.

The first incident of the canvass which sets men thinking and revising their election forecast is the State election in Vermont. Before it takes place the politicians on both sides manifest an eager interest in the result. If the Republican majority should fall below a certain number of thousands the Democrats expect a victory for their party in November. A normal majority — so the Republicans assure themselves — foretells their own triumph.

After the election one party exults over the result as an infallible forecast of what is to occur in November; the other speaks contemptuously of 'the Vermont superstition,' and declares there is nothing in it. Yet the result is

in almost all cases a sure prognostication of what is to happen, as is the result in Maine shortly afterward; and it is not a superstition. On the contrary, it is founded upon a philosophical principle that cannot be successfully disputed. Mr. Bryan was as surely defeated in 1896, when Vermont gave Grout thirty-eight thousand majority, as he was when the polls closed in November. In order to maintain this proposition it is not necessary to suppose that a single voter anywhere in the country changed his political intention as a consequence of the Vermont election, or that any man, previously undecided, determined to 'jump on the band-wagon.' The real reason is that men in Indiana, in Idaho, and in Vermont, influenced by the same events, actuated by the same motives, and listening to the same arguments, act in the same way. Some of them, of course, are drawn in one direction, others in the opposite direction, according to what manner of men they are, and what original opinions and tendencies they represent.

Grant that Vermont is not, politically speaking, a typical American community, yet it does contain all sorts and conditions of men, although in different proportions from the distribution in many other communities. When, therefore, it appears that there has or has not been a perceptible political change, caused by a movement by one or more of the many classes of population from one party to the other, the country is supplied with a reasonably trustworthy view of the state of political sentiment in Indiana, Idaho, and elsewhere. Events, it is true, may occur between September and November that will affect and modify political action all over the country, and in Vermont as well; but they must be events, and not merely transitory waves of sentiment.

We frequently see in the newspapers, a few weeks before the election, statements by political correspondents that the prospects of this party or the other have improved or grown less promising during the week past, or that there is now a perceptible drift toward this candidate or that. Do readers ever stop to consider what this means, or whether there can possibly be any foundation for such statements? Does any one suppose that there is ever a considerable body of voters in any State who are undecided how they will vote, and who secede in a flock from their party one week, and return to it the next? Or if there were such a body, can any one suggest how the sapient correspondents ascertain the fact? It may not be an unjustifiable conjecture that the sole basis of such statements as we are considering is the state of mind, optimistic or the reverse, of the committee chairman or the local politician who communicates information as to the political situation to the newspaper interviewer. The chairman may have received a despondent letter from a county manager, and from it may conclude that the cause is in a bad way in that part of the State. Or he may have had a good night's rest and an excellent breakfast. His mood will determine the character of his outgivings. But, in reality, nothing has happened; or if it has, he does not know it.

It may be asked, if this be sound political reasoning, why the frantic campaigning and stump-speaking of the September and October preceding the election? If the race has been decided, why does one party not rest on its oars and the other give up and row back to the stake-boat? There is need that some old hand on the stump, who is also a good observer, should present to the country an analytical and philosophical study of the purpose and the result of campaign oratory. To

the superficial outside observer, what should be, and ostensibly is, its main purpose, — the conversion of political opponents, — is seldom accomplished, even to a limited extent. How could one expect it to be? Unless the speaker is a man of great power and reputation, the audiences he attracts consist almost exclusively of voters who are already enlisted in his party and do not need to be convinced or converted. On the other hand, if he is a person of national prominence or noted for his eloquence, he has some, perhaps many, political opponents among his hearers. But they do not go to his meetings with open minds, but out of curiosity; and the views, principles, and intentions which they take to the meeting they carry away unchanged.

The most successful stumping tours in our political history, so far as the number addressed was concerned, and the most spectacular, were those of Mr. Blaine in 1884, and those of Mr. Bryan in his three campaigns. But the election returns at the close of the canvasses cannot be tortured, with the utmost mathematical ingenuity, into proving that by their eloquence an appreciable inroad was made in the ranks of their opponents. Moreover, if personal observation goes for anything, one might appeal to the common experience of every man with the question: Did you ever meet or know of a voter who was converted from one party to another by a stump speech?

Undoubtedly 'spell-binding' has its uses. If not, campaign committees would have found it out long ago and abandoned the practice, instead of organizing political meetings in every hamlet and providing as speakers a few stars and a multitude of third-rate men. The manufactured enthusiasm of those who attend the meetings probably has an influence in dissuading doubting and hesitating voters from

deserting their party. It also certainly has the effect of bringing indifferent citizens to the polls on election day. It may be that experienced campaigners have been able to discover some other benefit, direct or indirect, of the system; but those just mentioned are the only ones that are obvious to the political student who is not in the inner circle of management.

The party that is at any time in the minority, and out of power, hopes for and predicts a 'landslide.' Now there is one test, heretofore infallible, to be applied to political opinion at any given time. A landslide, or a fairly stable condition of the political sentiment of the country, can be foretold with even more confidence than an inspection of the barometer gives us in respect of the weather. A political upheaval — to put it in paradoxical form — does not originate from below, but from above. It would be difficult to cite an important overturn in national politics which was not foreshadowed by an open revolt of party leaders, and led and managed by them. Small variations in close districts and states do take place without the preliminary symptom just mentioned; but we are speaking now of changes that may be described as revolutionary. The fact might be illustrated by numerous examples. Indeed, as is implied by the form of the statement above, every overturn furnishes an example. But it will be sufficient to mention a few of them.

The revolt against Jacksonism which resulted in the election of Harrison, in 1840, was forecast by the secession of such Democratic leaders as Tyler, and Hugh White, and Berrien, and Mangum. Cass was defeated, in 1848, by the defection of Van Buren and many other leaders. The election of Lincoln was preceded by a wholesale desertion to the new Republican party

of a large group of senators and other prominent men. The movement which resulted in the defeat of Blaine was originated and engineered by life-long Republicans. The campaign of 1896 occurred but yesterday. It was characterized by two 'landslides,' one in the West led by Teller and other senators; the other in the East, where a host of leading Democrats set the example of revolt from the free-silver movement. Prior to the election of 1908 the Democrats predicted a landslide here, there, and everywhere. But there were no prominent men of the other party who were moved by principle to desert to the other side, none who scented a revolution which promised profit to those who should take part in it; and there was no landslide anywhere.

All these desultory and disconnected remarks refer to the period before the election. One or two important matters that arise out of the situation when the votes have been cast, remain to be considered.

On many occasions, after a presidential election had been held and the returns were in, curious or alarmist statisticians have put forth calculations showing that the change of a small number of votes in one state, or two or three states, would have given victory to the defeated candidates. If 2554 men in New York who voted for Polk, in 1844, had voted for Clay, Clay would have been elected. Or the same result might have been reached if 3167 Pennsylvania Democrats had shifted to Clay, and if there had been no Plaquemines Fraud. The case of Blaine, in 1884, is hardly in point, because, although a shift in New York of 575 votes — as they were counted — would have elected him, there is a strong probability at least that he did actually have a plurality of the votes honestly cast in that State. But in 1888, although Cleveland had a popu-

lar plurality of almost 100,000 he had only 168 electoral votes, whereas Harrison had 233. The vote of New York was: for Harrison, 650,338; for Cleveland, 635,965. Plurality for Harrison, 14,373. So, and this illustrates the method under consideration, if 7187 of the Harrison votes had been cast for Cleveland he would have had the thirty-six electoral votes of New York, which would have made his total 204, and left only 197 for Harrison.

That is all true; but there is included in all such calculations an assumption that such a change can take place in one state without being reflected by a corresponding change elsewhere. That is contrary to the principle that similar persons, acted upon by the same influences, act in the same way. In the case just cited it is proposed to consider the consequence of a bolt from the party candidates by more than one in a hundred of the Republican voters. In that case we should anticipate and should find a bolt of about one per cent of all the Republican voters in the country, and the net change in that case would have been not seven thousand, but many times that number, and Cleveland's plurality would have been more than doubled. The loser of a hand at whist sometimes tells what he would have done if he had only had another trump. But that change in his own hand would have altered all the hands.

Inasmuch as it would have required a transfer to Bryan of more than seventy-seven thousand Republican votes, carefully distributed in eight states, to reverse the result of the last election, we did not hear the old story that the minority party came near to success. But the statisticians have indulged themselves in a consideration — one can hardly call the comments of most of them a study — which it may be worth while to examine, although any subject which, like this, involves

an arithmetical analysis of figures, is necessarily dry.

The point that is made by them is that the total vote in 1904 showed a remarkable decrease, as compared with that in 1900, and that the increase in 1908 over 1904 was by no means as large as the apparent increase of population would lead one to expect. The facts are accurately stated, but the suggestion that they are not capable of easy and simple explanation is not justified. The total vote of the country at the last three elections was as follows:¹ —

1900	13,971,071
1904	13,523,108
1908	14,885,989

The decrease in 1904 as compared with 1900 was 3.27 per cent; the increase in 1908 over 1904 was 10.16 per cent; and the increase in the eight years from 1900 to 1908 was 6.56 per cent. If then we do not go beyond these figures the point mentioned above is proved, for the increase in population during the eight years has undoubtedly been more than seven per cent. But it will not do to rest upon such a general statement, for that is to disregard wholly the remarkable aloofness of the Southern states from the party contests of the rest of the country. There are nine such states in which there is never the semblance of a canvass. Not to burden this article with too many figures it may be said that the largest vote given in these states at any one of the last three elections, that of 1900, represented but 37.3 per cent of the males of voting age, and only 60.4 per cent of the white males. There is absolutely no inducement for Democrats to go to the polls, and—if that were possible—less than none for the few Republicans who may be allowed to vote. In two other states where the condi-

¹ These are the figures of the *New York Tribune Almanac*.

tions are slightly different, — North Carolina and Tennessee, — the result is so well-assured in advance that whatever political effort is made locally — for the national committees take no part in it — is needless on the part of the Democrats and futile on the part of the Republicans. We may say, then, that whether a light vote, or one comparatively lighter, is cast in these eleven states is purely a matter of accident, and wholly without significance. The total vote in the eleven Southern states at the last three elections was as follows: —

1900	1,879,842
1904	1,377,080
1908	1,585,804

Comparing these figures with those for the whole country, we see that the decrease during the first four years was just above half a million, which was rather more than that in the country as a whole; and that the increase in the second period, 200,000, compares with 1,362,000, in the whole country.

There are five 'border states,' Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, where the contest is as strenuous as it is anywhere in the United States. Here are their total votes: —

1900	1,678,417
1904	1,587,636
1908	1,751,461

The lowest total vote of the three represents 86.9 per cent of the males of voting age in those States, and 78.4 per cent of the white males.

There remain twenty-nine northern states, and Oklahoma, which must be excluded from a comparison of totals as it did not participate in a presidential canvass until 1904. The total vote in these states was: —

1900	10,406,523
1904	10,543,985
1908	11,289,996

A slight increase of a little more than one per cent in the first period, followed by an increase of a little more than seven per cent in the second period, and an increase for the eight years of 8.54 per cent, which is quite as large as the increase of the voting population, if we bear in mind the fact that a large part of the increase of the total population in recent years has been made by immigrants who do not always come to stay, and who do not always become citizens if they do stay.

Statistical calculations of this sort are necessarily dry; but those who have followed the foregoing analysis will perceive that little is left of the point which we set out to examine. That little is the fact that in the Northern States the total vote did not increase in 1904, as compared with 1900, so much as the natural rate of increase of the voting population would lead one to expect. But the fact involves no mystery for those who observed and remember the characteristics of the last three presidential canvasses. Although the statement involves what every one knows, or ought to know, it may be put briefly and broadly.

The canvass of 1896 was characterized, as has been already remarked, by two distinct movements: Republicans by the thousand going over to the Democrats, Democrats revolting against the party platform and candidates. Almost all the Northern States west of the Missouri River gave their electoral votes to Bryan; every Northern State east of that river voted for McKinley, generally by very large majorities. In 1900 the situation was more nearly normal. There was a great decrease of the Bryan vote in the Far West, a considerable increase in the Eastern States; but the vote for Mr. Bryan was still in a marked degree a vote of radicals, who had full control

of the party and dictated candidates and policies.

This brings us to the canvass of 1904, and to the explanation of the comparatively light vote of that year. A variety of influences affected the result. There was, first, the exceeding popularity of Mr. Roosevelt; secondly, the voluntary or enforced effacement of the radical element of the Democratic party; thirdly, the absence of any 'paramount' issue. They all tended in one direction. They produced an enormous increase of the Republican vote — more than 400,000. A vast number of radical Democrats manifested their displeasure at the change in the tone of their party, by either voting for Mr. Roosevelt or neglecting to vote at all, and the returns showed a loss of more than a million and a quarter Democratic votes.

It is, of course, impossible to estimate the extent of the defection, or to guess how many 'bolted' the ticket, and how many failed to vote. But we see the resultant of all the forces, and it is precisely that which coincides with the observation of every man whose eyes and ears were open in 1904. The canvass of 1908 saw the radicals again in control of the Democratic party, and it saw also a much more kindly and tolerant spirit toward Mr. Bryan on the part of conservative members of the party. Moreover, there were local contests in such states as New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and others over the governorship, with an advantage in every case on the Democratic side. This led to a spirited contest, an enlarged vote, and a sympathetic increase of the strength of the Democratic electoral ticket. General result: a slightly larger Republican total than ever before, caused by an increase of moderate amount in the Far West and a decrease in some states of the East and

the Middle West; a large increase of the Democratic vote in the states where the governorship contests were fierce;¹ and a general total larger than ever.

Artemus Ward, in his famous lecture on the Mormons, used to tell his London hearers that the greatest British artists came by night, bringing lanterns, to see his pictures; and that when they saw them they said they never saw anything like them before — and hoped they never should again.

¹ In the four states of New York, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, the Republican majority was 830,000 in 1904, and only 462,000 in 1908. Of the 368,000 loss, 329,000 represented an increase of the Democratic vote, which was, nevertheless, 7,000 less than in 1900.

Most of us would like to employ language something like that to express our opinion of the current presidential canvass. Certainly we never saw or heard of one in the slightest degree resembling it.

In the words of the sporting editor all records have been broken, and we may almost say that all the traditions and conventions of political campaigns and of political conduct have been affronted, if not violated. That being the case, it is somewhat late to consider whether the superstitions and traditions of a hundred or more years are to stand, in the result in November. All we can do is, to use the phrase that has become current in British politics: 'Wait and see.'

MOTHERLINESS¹

BY ELLEN KEY

Womanliness means only motherhood;
All love begins and ends there.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

I

FIFTY years ago no one would have thought of writing about the nature of motherliness. To sing of motherhood was then just as natural for ecstatic souls as to sing of the sun, the great source of energy from which we all draw life; or to sing of the sea, the mysterious sea, whose depth none has fathomed. Great and strong as the sun and the sea, motherhood was called; just as

tremendous an elemental power, a natural force, as they — alike manifest, alike inexhaustible. Every one knew that there existed women without motherly instincts, just as they knew of the existence of polar regions on the globe: every one knew that the female sex, as a whole, was the bearer of a power which was as necessary for life's duration as the sun and the sea, the power not only to bear, but to nurture, to love and rear and train. We knew that woman, as a gift from Nature, possessed the warmth which, from birth to death, made human life human; the gift which made the mother the child's providence, the wife the husband's happiness, the grandmother the com-

¹ Miss Key's essay, which was written for the *Atlantic* in Swedish, has been translated by Mrs. A. E. B. Fries. — THE EDITORS.

fort of all. A warmth which, though radiating most strongly to those gathered around the family hearth, also reached those outside the circle of her dearest, who have no homes of their own, and embraced even the strange bird as it paused on its journey. For motherliness was boundless; its very nature was to give, to sacrifice, to cherish, to be tender, even as it is the nature of the sun to warm, and of the sea to surge. Fruitfulness and motherhood received religious worship in the antique world, and no religious custom has withstood the changes of the times so long as this.

Many ideas have become antiquated and many values have been estimated afresh, while the significance of the mother has remained unchallenged. Until recently, the importance of her vocation was as universally recognized as in the days of Sparta and Rome. The ideas of the purpose for which she ought to educate her sons changed, but the belief in the importance of training by the mother remained. Through the Madonna Cult the Catholic Church made motherhood the centre of religion. The Madonna became the symbol of the mother-heart's highest happiness and deepest woe, as embodied in the Virgin-Mother's holy devotion at the manger and the sacred grief of the Mater Dolorosa at the cross. The Madonna became the symbol of woman's highest calling, that of giving to humanity its saviours and heroes — those heroes of the spirit, so many of whom have borne witness to the importance of the intrinsic power of womanhood as a guide, not only to earthly life, but also to those metaphysical heights about which the greatest of them all has testified that: 'Das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan.'

'Das Ewigweibliche' is nothing but the well of maternal tenderness, that power of love, whereby woman's intui-

tion takes a short cut to the heights which man's thought reaches by a more laborious path. Great poets have perceived that motherhood is not only the mighty race-renewer. Björnsterne Björnson says that 'all creating is of mother origin'; in other words, that all the qualities which the child craves of the mother, the work craves of its creator: the vision, the waiting, the hope, the pure will, the faith, and the love; the power to suffer, the desire to sacrifice, the ecstasy of devotion. Thus, man also has his 'motherliness,' a compound of feelings corresponding to those with which the woman enriches the race, oftener than the work, but which in woman, as in man, constitutes the productive mental process without which neither new works nor new generations turn out well. Man's experience of the mother's influence on his life causes him — at least among the Romanic people — to include the mother in his worship of the Madonna. And whenever a man dreams of the great love, he sees a vision of motherly tenderness fused with the fire of passion.

In Art, that great undogmatized church, man has not wearied of interpreting that dream, of glorifying that vision in word and color. Even the woman-child, with motherly action straining the doll to her breast, kindles his emotion; he would kneel to the maiden who, unseen, displays her tender solicitude for a child, to the 'Sister' who brightens the sick-room, to the old nurse in whose face every wrinkle has been formed as a cranny of goodness. They all touch his emotion in revealing the loveliest of his possessions in mother or wife; if he has neither, then the things which he most yearns to have, and which he most warmly desires about him in his last hours. Whether the individual was doomed to yearn in vain or not, that motherliness existed has

always been felt to be as certain as that the sun existed, even though the day be overcast. Humanity could, one thought, count on the warmth of motherliness, as for millions of years we may still rely on the warmth of the sun.

II

During those earlier periods motherliness was but a mighty nature-force; beneficial, but violent as well; guiding, but also blind. As little as they discussed the question of the natural division of labor, which had arisen because the woman bore, nurtured, and reared the children, and—in literal as well as spiritual sense—kept the fire on the hearth, even less did they doubt the natural 'mother instinct' being sufficient for the human family. The instinct sufficed to propagate the race, and the question of not only propagating, but elevating, had not yet been thought upon. Even such as it has been, motherliness has achieved enormous gains for progress. Although not yet consciously cultivated, it has been the greatest cultural power. Through research into the origin of humanity and into its early history, it became clear to us that motherliness was the first germ of altruism and that the sacrifices for their progeny which the higher animals, and even the lowest races of mankind, imposed upon themselves, were the first expressions of the race-bond; a bond out of which later the social feeling gradually developed with its countless currents and unmeasurable deeps.

With the primitive peoples who lived in a state of war of all against all, there was only one spot where battle did not rage, where the tender feeling, little by little, grew. Among the older people mutual depredation was the established order; only the child craved help; and in helping the child, father

and mother united. The child made the beginning of a higher relation between the parents. In the man the fatherly duty of protection took the form of war and hunting, which developed the self-assertive, 'egoistical' qualities; while the woman's duties developed the self-sacrificing, altruistic feelings.

Motherliness, which in the beginning was but the animal instinct for protecting the young, became helpfulness, compassion, glad sympathy, far-thinking tenderness, personal love—a relation in which the feeling of duty had come to possess the strength of instinct, one in which it was never asked *if*, but only *how*, the duty should be fulfilled. And though the manner of showing the feeling has undergone transition, the feeling itself, during all the ages that it has acted in human life, has developed until, in our day, it has grown far beyond the boundaries of home. The man's work is to *kindle* the fire on the hearth, the woman's is to *maintain* it; it is man's, to *defend* the lives of those belonging to him; woman's, to *care* for them. This is the division of labor by which the race has reached its present stage.

Manliness and womanliness became synonymous with the different kinds of exercise of power belonging to each sex, in their separate functions of father and mother. That the mother, through her imagination dwelling on the unborn child, through her bond with the living child, through her incessant labors, joys, and hopes, has more swiftly and strongly developed her motherliness than the father his fatherliness, is psychologically self-evident. The modern psychologist knows that it is not the association of theory, but the association of feeling, which is the most important factor in the soul-life. But besides feeling, which belongs to the unconscious sphere, and which, like the roots of the plant, must remain

in the dark soil that the tree may live, we have *will* to guide our thoughts. What is present in the soul, what directs our action, what spurs our effort, *that* is what we, with all our will, as well as feeling, hold dear. Thus there accumulated in the female sex an energy of motherliness, which has shown itself so mighty and boundless a power that we have come to claim it as a constant element and one not subject to change. And this energy grew so great because the hitherto universally conflicting elements in human life reached their oneness in mother-love; the soul and the senses, altruism and egoism, blended.

In every strong maternal feeling there is also a strong sensuous feeling of pleasure, — which an unwise mother gives vent to in the violent caresses with which she fondles the soft body of her baby — a pleasure which thrills the mother with blissful emotion when she puts the child to her breast; and at that same moment motherliness attains its most sublime spiritual state, sinks into the depths of eternity, which no ecstatic words — only tears — can express. Self-sacrifice and self-realization come to harmony in mother-love. In a word, then, the nature of motherliness is altruism and egoism harmonized. This harmony makes motherhood the most perfect human state; that in which the individual happiness is a constant giving, and constant giving is the highest happiness. Björnson's words, 'a mother suffers from the moment she is a mother,' and the declaration of countless women that they never realized the meaning of bliss until they held the child to their breast, are fully reconcilable in the nature of motherhood.

What torrents of life-force, of soul, tenderness, and goodness have flowed through humanity from the motherliness of the true mothers, and the mothers who have not borne children. All

the bodily pangs and labors which motherhood and mother-care have cost age after age, is the least of their giving. All the patient toiling which millions of mothers have imposed upon themselves when they alone have reared and fed their children, all the watchful nights, all the tired steps, — all that mothers have denied themselves for the sake of their children, is not the greatest of their sufferings. That is their greatest sorrow which a man has expressed in the poem wherein the mother throws her heart at her son's feet, who, as he angrily stumbles over it, hears it whisper, 'Did you hurt yourself, my child?'

During the thousands of years that motherliness was of this sort, women had not yet been seized with the modern and legitimate desire, *sich auszuleben*, to drain the wine of life. The one desire of their souls was '*sich einzuleben*' to lose themselves in the lives of their dear ones in their own world, often narrow indeed, yet for them a world grown great and rich through the joy of motherhood in creating. The mother had labor and trouble no less than the working-woman of to-day, but then she was in the home. She could quiet the crying of the little child, take part for a moment in its play, give correction or help; she was at hand to receive their confidences when the children came in with their joys or griefs. Thus she wove of little silken threads a daily-stronger-growing band of love, which, throughout all the changes of life, and wherever the children afterwards went into the world, held their hearts close to her own. And when she, later, sat alone and yearned, how she lived in and through her children!

Though all were not like Goethe's mother, — Goethe, whom we could have loved even more if he had oftener visited his glorious mother, — yet she is

typical of the many, many mothers in whom motherliness has been so strong that it has lived by its own strength, so great that it has developed all the powers of their beings. And these mothers became complete individualities of dignity and worth, although their life-interest was centred, not in a work of their own, but in the child to whom they had given the best of themselves. They were mothers of whom sons have testified that from them had they got their own essential qualities. Those mothers were not 'characterless' beings, upon whom the women of our day, bent on the complete expression of their wonderful lives, look down. No, they were in the noblest sense liberated. Their personalities were enriched through wisdom and calm power. They were ripened into a sweetness and fullness through a motherliness which not only had tended the body, but which had been, in deepest meaning, a spiritual motherhood.

Besides these glorious revealers of motherliness, there has always been the great swarm of anxious bird-mothers, who could do no more than cover their young with their wings; great flocks of 'goose-mothers,' mothers who with good reason were called unnatural, just because it was never doubted that motherliness was the natural thing, something one had a right to expect — the wealth which could have no end.

III

Scientific investigation into the form through which, consciously or unconsciously, the power of motherliness was expressed in the laws and customs of the past, and further research into that compound of feelings and ideas which shaped and gave rise to the traditions of savage tribes, came simultaneously with the era of Woman-Emancipation. At the same time there took place a

deep transformation in the view of life, during which all values were estimated anew, even the value of motherliness. And now the women themselves borrow their argument from science, when they try to prove that motherliness is only an attribute woman shares with the female animal, an attribute belonging to lower phases of development, whereas her full humanity embraces all the attributes, independent of sex, which she shares with man. Women now demand that woman, as man, first of all be judged by purely human qualities, and declare that every new effort to make woman's motherliness a determining factor for her nature or her calling, is a return to antiquated superstition.

When the Woman Movement began, in the middle of the last century, and many expressed fears that 'womanliness' would suffer, such contentions were answered by saying that that would be as preposterous as that the warmth of the sun would give out. It was just in order that the motherliness should be able to penetrate all the spheres of life that woman's liberation was required.

And now? Now we see a constantly decreasing birthrate on account of an increasing disinclination for motherhood, and this not alone among the child-worn drudges in home and industry, not alone among the lazy creatures of luxury. No, even women strong of body and worthy of motherhood choose either celibacy, or at most one child, often none. And not a few women are to be found eager advocates of children's upbringing from infancy outside of the home. Motherhood has, in other words, for many women ceased to be the sweet secret dream of the maiden, the glad hope of the wife, the deep regret of the ageing woman who has not had this yearning satisfied. Motherliness has diminished to such a

degree that women use their intelligence in trying to prove not only that day-nurseries, kindergartens, and schools are necessary helps in case of need, but that they are *better* than the too devoted and confining motherliness of the home, where the child is developed into a family-egoist, not into a social modern human being!

IV

Some years ago I wandered through the Engadine, the place where the two men who, for our day, have strongly emphasized the importance of motherliness found inspiration, — Nietzsche, summer after summer, and Segantini, year after year. Segantini has often painted, not only the human mother, but also the animal mother. And he has done both with the simple greatness and tenderness of the old masters who, in the Madonna and the Child, glorified the wonderful mystery of mother-love. Segantini, who lived and died in the Alpine world where life is maintained under great difficulties, noted principally the importance of the mother-warmth during the mere physical struggle for existence. Nietzsche again, the lonely writer and seer of humanity's future, emphasized not only the significance of motherliness in a physical sense, but also in a sense hitherto barely perceived, *of consciously re-creating the race*. He knew that the race-instincts first of all must be developed in the direction of sexual selection, so as to promote the growth of superior inborn traits. He knew also that women needed to be educated to a perfected motherliness, that they, instead of bungling this work as they are apt to do to-day, may come to practice the profession of motherhood as a great and difficult art.

This new conception is ignored by those who advocate community-up-

bringing instead of home-rearing, because most mothers, among other reasons, are *to-day* incapable as educators, and because parents *to-day* often make homes into hells for children. What hells institutions can be, seems to be forgotten! Almost every child is happier in an ordinary, average home than in an admirable institution. And what a strange superstition, that the *teachers* of the future will all be excellent, but — that the *parents* will remain incorrigible.

As yet have we even tried to educate women and men to be mothers and fathers? This, the most important of all social duties, we are still allowed to discharge without preparation and almost without responsibility. When the words of Nietzsche, 'A time will come when men will think of nothing except education' have become a reality, then we shall understand that no cost is too great when it comes to preserving real homes for the purpose of this new education. And there is nothing which in a higher degree utilizes all the powers of womanhood (not alone these of motherliness) than the exercise of them in the true, not yet tried, education of the new generation.

All women, even as now all men, must learn a trade whereby they can earn their livelihood, — in case they do not become mothers, as well as before they so become, and after the years of their children's minority; but during those years they must give themselves wholly to the vocation of motherhood. But for most women it ought still to be the dream of happiness, some time in their lives, to have fulfilled the mission of motherhood, and during that time to have been freed from outside work in which they, only in exceptional cases, would be likely to find the same full outlet for their creative desire, for feeling, thought, imagination, as is to be found in the educative activity in the

home. But so unmotherly are many women of this age, that this view is considered old-fashioned and (with the usual confusion of definitions) *consequently* impossible for the future.

When already they say the women of to-day want to be 'freed' from the inferior duties of mother and housewife, in order to devote themselves to higher callings, as self-supporting and independent members of society, how much more will that be the case with the women of the future! As these 'higher callings,' however, for the majority consist, and will continue to consist, in monotonous labor in factory, store, office, and such occupations, it is difficult to conceive how these tasks can possibly bring greater freedom and happiness than the broad usefulness in a home, where woman is sovereign — yea, under the inspiration of motherhood, creator — in her sphere, and where she is directly working for her own dear ones. Neither can it be understood how the care of one's own children can be felt as a more wearisome and inferior task than, for instance, the laborious work of a sick-nurse, or school teacher, who, year in and year out, works for persons with whom only in exceptional cases she comes in heart-contact.

If women meanwhile continue to look upon the work of mothers and house-mothers as in itself burdensome and lowering, then, naturally, the care of children and of the home will gradually be taken over by groups of women who, on account of their motherliness, choose to occupy themselves with children and household duties.

If this 'freedom' is the ideal of the future, then, indeed, my view of motherliness, as indispensable for humanity, is reactionary; but it is reactionary in the same way that medicine reacts against disease. And has our race ever been afflicted by a more dangerous dis-

ease than the one which at present rages among women: the sick yearning to be 'freed' from the most essential attribute of their sex? In motherliness, the most indispensable human qualities have their root.

Women who summon all their intelligence and keenness in their endeavor to prove that motherliness is *not* the *quinta essentia* of womanhood verily need a Minerva Medica, as portrayed in the Vatican relief, the goddess of wisdom with the symbol of the art of healing! And she will surely come when the time most needs her.

The phrase, 'the course of progress tends to the dissolution of the home,' shows how little we understand the words we use. Progress implies also dissolution, decay, retrogression, and death. In the progress of a disease attacking culture, a new renaissance must come, if not for the people, then for the truths, which though temporarily dimmed will be seen in a new light by new peoples. From time to time has this been the case with the emotions of patriotism, of religion, and of liberty. No fundamental values, indispensable to humanity, are lost; they return reinforced. Motherliness has not been lost even in those who show a lack of it in their personal lives. They have converted it into general service. When women at last have become fully emancipated, then the enormous sums of energy which now are invested in agitation, will be set free: to be used partly for social transformation, partly to flow back with fresher and fuller power into the home.

Very likely there will always be a number of unmotherly, of sexless, but useful working ants. Women geniuses, with their inevitably exceptional position, may increase, possibly also the types of mistress frequent in our day — women who devote themselves to a career which makes them independent

of marriage. They wish to be lovers, but lovers who captivate not alone by beauty, but also by intellectual sympathy. That these women do not want the care of children, when they do not even want motherhood, is but natural.

In that future of which I dream, there shall be neither *men* who are ill-paid and harassed family supporters, nor wives who are unrewarded and worn-out family slaves! Then mother-care will be a well-paid public service, for which a thorough preparation is required! Then all home arrangements shall be as perfectly adjusted as they are now the reverse, and all home duties be transformed by new ways of work, which shall be lighter, cheaper, quicker. Thus, woman will actually be 'freed' in respect to those burdens of the home-life from which she ought to and may be freed, freed so as to be spared the necessity of giving over the care of her children to nurseries and kindergartens, where even the most excellent teacher becomes mediocre when her motherliness must embrace dozens of tender souls.

If, on the other hand, 'progress' takes the road leading toward the breaking up of the home, — the ideal of the future for the maternal, — then the future state will be a state of herd-people. But the more our laws, our habits of work, and our feelings, become socialized, the more ought education itself in home and school to become *individualized*, to counteract the danger of getting fewer personalities while institutions increase. And individual up-bringing can be carried on only in homes where mothers have preserved the nature-power of motherliness and given this power a conscious culture.

V

The supposition that motherliness has its surest guide in its instinct is

therefore a superstition which must be conquered. In order to be developed, motherliness must exist in one's nature. The matter must be there so as to be shaped; this is obvious. But the feeling in itself may, like all other natural forces, work for good or for evil; the feeling itself often shows, even in motherliness, the need of the evolution in humanity which the poet fore-shadows, when we at last shall see 'the ape and tiger die.'

As motherliness has been sung more than it has been understood, we have lived in the illusion not only that it was inexhaustible, but that its instinct was infallible, — that for this sacred feeling Nature had done everything and no culture was needed. Hence motherliness has remained until this day uneducated. The truth that no one can be educated *to* motherliness — any more than a moon can be made into a sun — has been confounded with the delusion that the mother-instinct is all-sufficient in itself. Hence it has often remained blind, crude, violent; and 'instinct' has not hindered mothers from murdering their children by ignorance, and from robbing them of their most precious possessions.

This sentimental view of motherliness as the ever holy, ever infallible power, must be abandoned; and even this province of nature brought under the sway of culture. Motherliness is as yet but a glorious stuff awaiting its shaping artist. Child-bearing, rearing, and training must become such that they correspond to Nietzsche's vision of a race which would not be *fortgepflanzt* only, but *hinaufgepflanzt*.

Motherliness must be cultivated by the acquisition of the principles of heredity, of race-hygiene, child-hygiene, child-psychology. Motherliness must revolt against giving the race too few, too many or degenerate children. Motherliness must exact all the legal

rights without which woman cannot, in the fullest sense of the word, be either child-mother or community-mother. Motherliness must cause women to demand all the training for the home duties and community duties which the majority of women now lack, as well as the state-given *mother-stipend* without which she cannot be at the same time child-bearing, child-rearing, and self-supporting. Motherliness thus developed will rescue mothers not only from olden-time superstition, but also from present-day excitement. It will teach them to create the peace and beauty in the home which are requisite for the happy unfolding of childhood, and this without closing the doors of the home on the thoughts and demands of modern times. Motherliness will teach the mother how to remain at the same time Madonna, the mother with her own child close in her arms, and Caritas, as pictured in art: the mother who at her full breast has room also for the lips of the orphaned child.

Many are the women in our day who no longer believe that God became man. More and more are coming to embrace the deeper religious thought, the thought that has given wings to man created of dust, the thought that

men shall one day become gods! But not through new social systems, not through new conquests of nature, not through new institutions of learning. The only way to reach this state is to become ever more *human*, through an increasingly wise and beautiful love of ourselves and our neighbors, and by a more and more perfect care of the budding personalities. Therefore, if we stop to think, it is criminal folly to put up as the ideal of woman's activity, the superficial, instead of the more tender and intimate tasks of society. How can we hope for power of growth when the source of warmth has been shut off?

The fact that the thought of our age is shallow in regard to this its most profound question — the importance of motherliness for the race — does, however, by no means prove that the future will be just as superficial. The future will probably smile at the whole woman-question as one smiles at a question on which one has long since received a clear and radiant answer! This answer will be the *truly free* woman of the future, she who will have attained so fully developed a humanity that she cannot even dream of a desire to be 'liberated' from the foremost essential quality of her womanhood — motherliness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WOMAN — ONE WORD MOST

IN the August *Atlantic* an article entitled 'Woman' probably attracted the attention of every reader answering to that name. In the Contributors' Club appeared a comment upon it which, though more comprehensible than the article, still left one bewildered by much analogy and analysis. These two processes beset us behind and before, whatever subject we discuss. Cleverly handled as they are by Miss Anderson and Contributor, we humbly submit that neither writer analyzed according to the Century Dictionary, or any other daily guide to the common way-faring mind. If Miss Anderson or her German backer, Dr. Groddeck, had given us a definition of personality, we might understand them better, but the only attempt at it reminds one of a saying of Alcott's. On the occasion of one of his floating discourses, a downright auditor demanded that he define some word or term that he had used, to which the sweetly nonplussed philosopher replied: 'Mr. —, we may confine, but not define.' Miss Anderson not only fails to define personality, but even to confine it — except in confining it to man. It is no definition to say, 'that curious katabolic thing, personality'; it makes one feel as if one had started for the gate and run his head against a particularly bumpy stone wall.

What is 'katabolic'? We dash for a dictionary and lug the 'k' to the light, only to be kindly referred to 'catabolic.' It looks more harmless beginning with 'cat,' but presents an uncomfortable family likeness to 'cata-

leptic.' We chase the 'cats' and read: 'catabolic — relating to catabolism.' You see, it gets gentler the more you stroke it. Finally we learn what catabolism is: —

'In physiology that phase of metabolism which consists in a downward series of changes in which complex bodies are broken down with the setting free of energy into simpler and simpler waste bodies. (M. Foster.)'

Does this mean that personality, 'that katabolic thing,' is a downward series of changes by which a complex body (which man undoubtedly is) is broken down by setting free his energy (we were assured that he is by nature a perfect dynamo of energy) into a simpler and simpler waste body? We judge that a completely simplified waste body must be a corpse.

Thus refreshed, we tackle the next phrase concerning personality — 'a quality or state of being peculiar to himself (we devoutly hope it is), the natural outcome of his inherent nature and training. This dynamic force has been man's strongest asset.' Now, we started with man's energy as his great dynamic asset — and it was energy that developed 'the katabolic thing' which is now his strongest asset. Is the 'katabolic thing' chasing its own tail? Of course it has a perfect right to do it, but it appears to be a peculiarly vicious circle.

Having painfully acquired the information that this strange 'thing' is something or somebody which, or who, is going to pieces just as fast as it can (the asset of a physiological bankrupt), we are told that, with this most valuable asset, man has accomplished 'the

entire mechanism of things done in the world.' He is undeniably a wonder, then—woman should be forever abashed in his presence. But she need not be envious, for she has a complaint almost as bad, the antithesis of his. She is 'anabolic in her habits of body, different in her disposition,' and to her 'this fact and feeling of personality is foreign.' One would think that this deprivation must be *her* most valuable asset.

But let us pursue 'anabolic' to its lair. We discover first that anabolism is the equivalent of assimilation, and then we remember that in our eagerness to grasp 'the katabolic thing' we almost overlooked the meek little quotation giving 'dissimilation' as the synonym of catabolism. It so much resembles 'dissimulation' that we look twice to make sure, not unprepared to accept that word as an apt substitute. But dissimilation?—why, of course—the opposite of assimilation, conveying a vague, unpleasant suggestion of indigestion. We put this idea down firmly, and return to study anabolism—'ascending metabolic processes whereby a substance is transformed into another more complex, more highly organized, more energetic.' Aha! here we discover a perfectly satisfactory explanation of why women are the mothers of men, 'those katabolic things.'

Well, now do we know what personality or non-personality is? Not I, for one. So far as I have a nebulous theory of what it does n't mean, I fail to see why it is n't a *human* 'thing,' as likely to develop in some women as in some men, and to be undeveloped in some other men and women. Defend us from the generalizer! The scientific fact-finder, after years of study, correlation of thousands upon thousands of details, may be justified in striking an average and calling it a general law, but when it comes to the psychological analysis of humanity, the dogmatic

generalizer is dealing with such imponderable complexities and unknown quantities that he had best beware of glitteralities.

So far as one can make out this proud masculine monopoly, 'personality,' woman is not missing much without it, but one agrees with Contributor that if one has any heart-burning on the subject, it is no consolation to be called 'a symbol'—'a power working through man to accomplish what she will.' The facts seem to be contrary to this irradiating theory.

Having been battled and shuttled between Biology and Idealism all through the article, one is in doubt on which level to approach this bomb; but we think that it must be admitted that, in the biological sense, man stands for the creative force more than woman, and therefore he works through woman to accomplish what *he* will. Miss Anderson does not wish to prove inferiority or superiority in woman, and if her statement, 'Both are superior; both are complete,' means both *together* are superior and complete, it is the one indisputable statement in the article, but rather ambiguous in form, and merely by the way, whereas it should be the crux of the whole matter.

The author says that so long as the woman movement tries to prove that 'woman is equal or superior to man' it will fail. The woman movement as a whole is not trying to prove any such thing. The equal of man is an utterly different proposition—equality does not spell identity. The woman movement is not taking man's stride, distancing him on his own road, and turning to fling in his face, 'Now who's superior?' It is aiming to persuade him (some of it I grant aims to force him) to permit woman to walk at his side, where we have been told that she was placed by the *Divine* creative power.

Miss Anderson and her learned Ger-

man Doctor say that man alone creates *in* life. In the creation of life we know that neither alone can bring to being the tiniest atom, and it is a legitimate argument for equality of rights, duties, and endowments, not identity in them. Granting that biologically, as I have said, man more than woman stands for the active creative force, it is a waste of time, gray matter, and good black ink to argue which is the *greater* part.

Why the anti-suffragists, anti-feminists, anti-modernists — balk so at the word 'rights,' in relation to woman's new needs, it is hard to see. But we waive the question as to whether the ballot, or equal pay for equal work, be a right, a privilege, or a concession, it matters not to the present point. Miss Anderson puts *Rights* in scornful italics, and asks, what has any one to do with rights? Well, if man had not called the franchise and economic justice by that name, woman would not be asking for them in that name. Then Miss Anderson comes down with heavy emphasis on woman's *duties*. The advocates of all the claims for women are perfectly willing to call them duties: nor do they hesitate because they are told that woman already has more of them than she can properly fulfill; or worse, that she rebels against those that she was created to fulfill. As to adding duties like voting or municipal housekeeping to the women now working overtime at their private duty, we recognize the fundamental truth of the common saying, 'When you want a thing done, go to the busiest man you know.' As to the shirkers of duty, we would apply to them Miss Anderson's own remark on the real uprooting of an evil being beyond the ballot, and would say that the remedy is 'within the woman,' and that the right, privilege, or duty of voting is as likely to help as to hinder her reform; at the worst the effect would be *nil*.

The Eternal Feminine is certainly growing tiresome, because of the misplaced accent on the Feminine. If women had not attended so strictly to their 'natural duties,' they might have had time to express themselves on the Eternal Masculine — surely as eternal in her life as she is in his.

It is amusingly pertinent, after reading Contributor's comment, to catch the first words of the next contribution, 'Stars and Stockings,' for the Palmist Lady's remark to her client sums up the real facts of the eternally threshing controversy, — 'You have a composite hand, my dear.' Just so, — be it man or woman, — each is a composite hand, and no two of the same composition. 'Personalities' or 'symbols' of a cloud of ancestors, with free will and election both working hard, and new influences and environment cropping up hourly. Such heterogeneous '*Compositae*' as the human family are pretty nearly incapable of classification. The world's aim to-day in religion, in international policies, even in 'new party' politics, is to emphasize likeness and minimize difference. In society, civics, and ethics, treat the feminine as human first, and nature will keep alive that element of her which must be eternal. The one word most needed is, Woman is Human.

A CASE OF UNREVEALED IDENTITY

No, I am confident that he could not have been Mr. Fagan. He sold pillow-sham-holders, and the date was right, but he was a small wiry man with sandy hair, and an expression of disgust, which deepened when I told him that we did not own a single pillow-sham. Mr. Fagan's countenance would either have shown approval at such a confession, or would have remained absolutely indifferent, as he continued his meditation on

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

But the question that perplexes me is, did Mr. Fagan ever sell silver polish? And, if not, when will the silver-polish man write his autobiography? Or — unwelcome thought — has he already written it and have I somehow missed the book?

The silver-polish man was Somebody. There is no doubt about that. I, who have even more than the usual prejudice against agents, opened wide the door and invited this distinguished stranger in, though he told me his business upon the threshold, with no attempt at concealment.

He stayed perhaps five minutes and sold me the polish, which proved to be all that he claimed for it. He said, too, that it would not polish either brass or copper. It would surely be like Mr. Fagan to give that warning; but if not he, 't was his peer. I do not remember

that he said anything else, but he left me with the kind of feeling one has at a college commencement on being introduced to the president or to a very distinguished alumnus. The great man merely says that the weather is going to be fine after all, but the occasion is memorable.

If this should meet the eye of the unknown stranger, will he be kind enough to take notice that I am still expecting him to reveal his identity through some sociological treatise; but, failing that, I should like to renew my supply of his excellent polish, which I have been unable to obtain elsewhere. He will remember me as the middle-aged lady in the blue apron who was ironing napkins by the kitchen fire. I gave him a little spoon, on which to try the polish, that was dented with the tooth-marks of three generations of babies.

THE LAST OF SMITH

SOME LETTERS ON THE SUBJECT

KEYSTONE, SO. DAK., August 9, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

Sir, — We are all interested in Mr. Smith of non-churchgoing fame. The Outsider has depicted his character most clearly, no doubt because he is better acquainted with him than are Mr. Nicholson and the Churchman. The trouble, says Mr. Outsider, is altogether with the church; but his argument rather convinces me that there is simply a divergence of character between the church and Mr. Smith, which precludes sympathy between them.

Mr. Smith is not a Christian, and the church is Christian. Mr. Smith makes the preposterous demand that the church give up its Christianity in order to gain his membership. First he makes the objection that the sermon's reasoning is strained. But Christianity is not founded upon reason. It rather assumes an intuitive knowledge on the part of man of what is right and what is wrong, and then attempts so to develop his affections and will that they will enable him to do the right. Does Mr. Smith think that logic can ac-

comply this? One cannot reason intelligibly about spiritual things to the common man. Does Mr. Smith, disappointed in the illogical sermon, go home and read the 'Critique of Pure Reason'? Perhaps, however, Kant's reasoning appears strained to Mr. Smith; but even Hume, whose reasoning suits Mr. Smith better—does he read him? Were the minister to preach philosophical sermons he would empty the pews, and Mr. Smith would not be found there either. The pulpit must continue to be the inspirer of men's wills and not the satisfier of their intellects, as Mr. Smith so much desires.

This illogical sermon is, however, but a very small point of difference. His opposition to foreign missions shows more clearly his natural antagonism to Christianity itself. For the most part he tries to give the impression that it is because of the church's dogma that he absents himself; but here it is clearly shown that it is the precepts of Christ to which he objects, for the evangelization of the world was very plainly one of Christ's principles. Mr. Smith hopes for the day when Paul and Peter and John shall cease to speak with authority. He does not tell us just which teachings of these apostles he wishes deposed from their position of authority. Is it 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak,' or, 'Be ye kind one to another,' or, 'Beloved, let us love one another'? Perhaps he would not ask us to overthrow the authority of these; but he surely would request that we do away with 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace,' and, 'How shall they preach except they be sent?' As well ask the Socialist no longer to use Karl Marx as an authority upon economics as to tell the Christian that Paul and Peter and John must not be his authorities upon religion.

Then he tells us that the church must cease to curse. Mr. Smith is not the only one who desires this. Every man who wishes to do wrong and yet have a quiet conscience makes the same demand. That is what the Pharisees asked of Jesus. They never would have crucified him had he lived by love alone; but when he hated their hypocrisies and made his hatred known in the most vigorous of denunciations, they rose in their wrath to destroy him. The church, even though she lose her influence over Mr. Smith, cannot truly follow her founder and cease to denounce the wrongdoer. Were the church to abandon Christianity (we use this term in its broadest sense, meaning no dogma as to the substance or nature of Christ, but the idealization of his character and the attempt to realize that ideal), as Mr. Smith seems to desire, would he not laugh at the absurdity of its still calling itself a *Christian church*?

There is some truth, however, in Mr. Smith's objection that the church is wedded to dogma; for while few churches to-day give any prominence to their creeds, many yet retain them, and ask their members to subscribe to theological doctrines of which the best that can be said is that they do no harm because no one pays any attention to what they mean. Still there are plenty of churches, which will receive into membership any one who will take Christ as his life's guide, regardless of his theological views; but even this Mr. Smith calls dogma, and will have none of the church until it becomes a mere gentlemen's club, discussing public questions, but making no mention of religion, and ceasing to talk about Christ, and to quote the Prophets and Apostles. But even then, I fear, Mr. Smith would prefer the golf links.

Yours truly,

H. DARLEY LAMB.

NEW YORK CITY, August 20, 1912.

REV. H. D. LAMB.

Dear Sir, — The editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* has been good enough to send me your letter to him for perusal, — I being 'The Outsider.' It was my earnest endeavor to write the article in question without giving offense, but I fear I have failed in this, and even in the more important task of expressing clearly what I meant to say.

My point was that Smith is frankly not a Christian; therefore that it is idle to say that he should go to church if he does n't want to; and that he should not be criticized for not going any more than he should be for staying away from a synagogue. He is really not a part of either establishment.

The Outsider did not mean to complain about the churches. Mr. Nicholson did and, being a churchman, I suppose he has a right to; but Smith as I understand him sees no reason why they should change themselves on his account. He does n't want the minister to preach philosophical sermons for him. If he wants philosophy he can go to university or university-extension lecture for that.

What I tried to bring out was that while Smith does not oppose organized Christianity, it does not seem to him to be the way unto God. Also that persistent reference to Smith as a man morally defective because he has not some official church affiliation seems to me a wrong view to take. That's all. If the church means something to him and he goes there to worship, it is certainly good for him to go. If he only goes because custom and public opinion condemn him if he stays away, it will do him no good. It is better for him to worry out his own salvation than to assume things he does not believe in

for convenience or for profit. And I will go a step further and hope I shall not be misunderstood: it is better for him to work things out for himself and come to a wrong conclusion, than to guess right and let it go at that.

Yours sincerely,

THE OUTSIDER.

P. S. — I do not play golf.

MILTON, MASS., August 13, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

Sir, — Perhaps the following quotation from the works of the great Swedish scientist, philosopher, and seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, would be an aid to Smith's reflections on church-going. The phraseology is rather odd, but it can be understood. The brackets are mine.

'Man is continually in [internal] worship when he is in [a state of] love and charity, external worship being only an effect. The angels are in such worship; wherefore with them there is a perpetual sabbath; whence also the sabbath, in an internal sense, signifies the kingdom of the Lord. Man, however, during his abode in this world, ought not to omit the practice of external worship, for by external worship things internal are excited [*i.e.*, called forth], and by external worship things external are kept in a state of sanctity so that internal things can flow in [to the mind]. Moreover, man is hereby imbued with knowledge and prepared to receive [into his understanding] things celestial. He is also gifted with states of sanctity, though he be ignorant of it; which states are preserved by the Lord for this use in eternal life, for in the other life all man's states of life return.'

A. H. WARD.

